

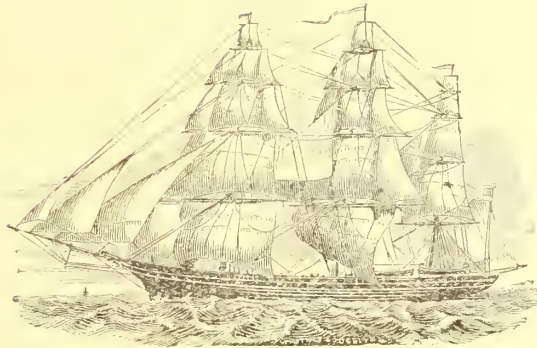
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THE HOLCAD:

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE
STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

September, 1885, to July, 1886,



MERCER, PA.:

THE REPUBLICAN BOOK AND JOB OFFICE.

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THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., SEPTEMBER 15, 1885.

NO. 1.

IN SEPTEMBER.

Mornings frosty grow, and cold,
Brown the grass on hill and wold;
Crows are cawing sharp and clear
Where the rustling corn grows sear;
Mustering flocks of blackbirds call;
Here and there a few leaves fall,
In the meadows larks sing sweet,
Chirps the cricket at our feet,—

In September.

Noons are sunny, warm, and still;
A golden haze o'erhangs the hill,
Amber sunshine's on the floor
Just within the open door;
Still the crickets call and creak,—
Never found, though long we seek,—
Oft comes faint report of gun;
Busy flies buzz in the sun,—

In September.

Evenings chilly are, and damp,
Early lighted is the lamp;
Fire burns, and kettle sings,
Smoke ascends in thin, blue rings;
On the rug the children lie;
In the west the soft lights die;
From the elms a robin's song
Rings out sweetly, lingers long,—

In September.

Elizabeth Cole, in St. Nicholas for September.

THE MURRYSVILLE NATURAL GAS.

BY J. CLINTON KISTLER, '86.

[Read in the Adelphi Literary Society, Sept. 11, '85.]

Murrysville is a village near the western boundary of Westmoreland county eighteen miles from Pittsburgh. The population at present is probably not over three hundred. It is situated in a valley and is surrounded by high hills. Its nearest railroad station is Stewarts on the Pennsylvania R. R. six miles distant. There is nothing in its location, appearance, or in the energy of its inhabitants that would make it noted, except that it happens to be situated on the sum-

mit of an anticlinal strata in which there is the greatest vein of natural gas that has ever been struck.

In 1878, the Haymaker Bros., in company with some others, leased a large tract of land in and about Murrysville, for the purpose of testing for oil and in the fall of that year put down the first test well. When at a depth of something over fourteen hundred feet an immense vein of natural gas was struck and boring had to be suspended on that well. The Haymaker's did not know then that their strike was equal to if not superior in value to a good oil well.

For several years the gas was allowed to go to waste. The Haymaker company was not able to pipe the gas to Pittsburgh; but after five or six years, they succeeded in getting a number of capitalists enlisted with them, then the product was piped to the Bessemer Steel Works at Braddock.

When the movement was fairly begun it was not long till rival companies entered the field. All the available land that could be leased was soon secured by some one of the companies. Then came the competition to obtain the right to lay pipe lines through the various towns between Murrysville and Pittsburgh. Before this was secured high prices had to be paid in many cases. In one instance two thousand five hundred dollars for the simple right to lay a line through one farm. Then in the gas field, the title of one company to hold some of its leases would be disputed by some one of the other companies. Out of this grew many costly litigations, and in one instance loss of life, viz, in the murder of Mr. Ob Haymaker by Constable Bowser in 1884.

At present about twenty wells have struck the vein and three are being drilled. Most of the wells are within an area of one hundred acres. During the past month, two very powerful wells the "Howard" and "Duff" have been struck. Under favorable conditions of the atmosphere the "Howard" can be heard roaring at a distance of twelve miles. The sound produced by it is similar to the rumbling of a train of cars.

Of all the wells in the field, the "Duff" is the only one that is burning now. The gas from this well is carried about two hundred feet from the derrick and then escapes from the top of a perpendicular pipe about ten feet high. From the top of this pipe, a grand mass of flame bursts into the air and shoots upward to the height of over one hundred feet. A grander sight is seldom seen. Though situated in a valley, the light from this well is so great that objects at a distance of five miles from the well cast shadows on light surfaces. It is said that the product of this well is to be piped to Johnstown, a distance of over fifty miles.

Of the eight pipe lines laid from Murrysville, that of the Philadelphia company is the best. It is a twin-line, that is two lines of pipe in one trench. Starting from the field with pipe eight inches in diameter, the line is run three miles then the diameter of the pipe is changed to ten inches for the next three miles. The next three-mile section has a diameter of twelve inches. At the end of this section the Allegheny river is reached and from this point to Pittsburgh the product is conveyed in one twenty-inch pipe laid in the bed of the river. At the end of every three-mile section, "gates" for diminishing the pressure of the gas on the conducting pipes are put in. When the gas leaves the wells for Pittsburgh it is at a pressure of several hundred pounds to the square inch, but when it reaches the consumers in the city, they

take it from pipes having a pressure of less than four pounds to the square inch. The device for bringing the gas to the consumer at a very low pressure is the invention of Geo. Westinghouse, Jr., the principal stockholder of the Philadelphia company.

No register powerful enough has been invented to test the direct pressure of the gas at the wells. Gas escaping unobstructed from one of the wells showed a lateral pressure of one hundred and sixty-five pounds to the square inch. When a well has once been struck the flow of the gas cannot be stopped by any means.

The importance of natural gas as a fuel is rapidly increasing and while it is doing much for the manufacturing interests of Pittsburgh it is ruining her coal trade. A large proportion of the iron mills about the city are now using gas for fuel and as a fuel for private residences it is rapidly growing in favor. It is much cheaper than coal both in its first cost and in the labor necessary to handle it. The pumping engines of the Hiland reservoir whence Pittsburgh derives most of her water supply have been supplied with gas instead of coal during the past year saving the city over ten thousand dollars in a single year.

Fuel consumers derive a decided advantage from the use of gas, but the furnace tenders and coal miners lose every time it is introduced into any of the large mills. When gas was introduced into the Braddock steel works one hundred and twenty-two men were thrown out of employment by the change of fuel. The coal trade in and about Pittsburgh has received a check from which it will never recover while the gas supply holds out. One year ago, the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal Co. selling its coal mostly to Pittsburgh firms, paid its miners three cents per bushel for mining. On the 1st of Sept. this year, the price of mining was reduced to one cent

per bushel by this company, simply because the natural gas had so largely supplied the fuel demand in and about Pittsburgh. Thus we see that this new fuel which has proven an advantage to many has been and is a decided injury to some classes of laborers.

How this wonderful supply is produced, and how long it will hold out are questions that have not had as yet any satisfactory answer, nor will I take time here to give any of the common theories advanced to answer them.

Closing, I give to little Murrys ville the honor credited to her by those who know whereof they speak, the honor of being the largest gas producing field in the world.

"SEEKERS."

A. B. T.

Man's inclination for research is a well known characteristic of his nature. Ever seeking the more remote, he removes from ocean, earth and sky, the barriers that guard nature's rarest treasures.

Mind gains the mastery over the material world, and the forces concealed within her mystic chambers, man uses to aid him in his labors and to add unto his wealth.

The diver makes his own the wealth of ocean. The daring explorer solves the mysteries of earth's remotest bound. A Herschel tells of what is hidden in the vault of heaven. A Franklin snatches lightning from the clouds; a Morse makes it the speedy messenger of mankind. Through the rough exterior of the marble a Michael Angelo sees the radiant angel face. To him it requires but the clearing away of the superfluous rock and the fancied face becomes a reality.

The physical world is not alone in presenting objects for mans research.

There is a realm of thought, a kingdom of the soul. Here are truths more precious

than ocean's sparkling gems. Here is beauty excelling the statue's exquisite perfection.

As the searchers after truth in the natural world, unguarded, wander blindly forward; so seekers after God grope their way in the thick gloom.

In the darkest ages, in lands where superstition and idolatry have held sway, there have been those who have risen above the degrading vices of the times and sought knowledge from the great Source of Truth.

In the wildest period of Rome, her pagan philosophers surmised the immortality of the soul. Among those who labored to unravel the mysteries of the spiritual world are Seneca, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius,

Unaided by the light of revelation, the analogy of nature, the longings of their own hearts and the operations of the Spirit were the fountains of their knowledge.

Amid the greatest difficulties, and surrounded by a corrupt society, they devoted themselves to an earnest search after those truths which would make their lives beautiful in the sight of God.

Pantheism held the hearts of men in cruel bondage. Boundless luxury and wildest intemperance enslaved the loftiest souls. A single blow severed the life-channels of the Roman citizen, and his deep sorrows ended with his life. The gladiator fought with more than brutal fierceness, while emperor, prince and jewelled lady beheld with intense admiration. Rome had fallen to the grossest degradation. Surrounded by influences so pernicious, abhorring the heartless immorality of his countrymen, Seneca pursued the study of philosophy. Happily his efforts were not in vain. Hidden truths were revealed, and words of wondrous wisdom flowed from his lips. Conscience and nature whispered to him of God and the future.

Less famed in history, but nobler in life and purpose, stand Epictetus, the Phrygian

slave, and Marcus Aurelius, the Roman emperor. The one was reared among the lowest of Phrygian bondmen, the other, under Italy's calm skies, was the scion of a noble family. It is strange that the monarch was the humbler of the two. The serf displays, now and then, some passing touch of "stoic arrogance and apathy." A tinge of sadness shades the emperor's life, a sadness that discloses how woful was a philosophy that revealed so little of immortality.

There is in the life of both enough to show that through the prevailing darkness they saw a faint glimmer of the Eternal Light; how from slave to monarch, from the lowest depths of ignorance to the glorious heights philosophy has gained, the Light of God, shining in upon those who seek Him, will illuminate the soul with immortal lustre.

THE WHITE RIBBON ARMY AT NEW ORLEANS.

BY CORNIE A. ANDREWS, CLASS '77.

(CONCLUDED FROM JUNE 15.)

It was with many misgivings that I sent that last article to the HOLCAD. Observing heretofore that there had been but little temperance literature in its pages, thought it might be considered an innovation to offer anything like Prohibition sentiment for its columns. Nor does the editor's hint that it "will be read with interest, etc.," put me entirely at rest in this, for I have no doubt but there are, in the vicinity of Wilmington, and among the friends and alumni of Westminster, temperance people, who hate the Prohibitionist, and any thing that savors of the named or they or the cause he maintains; and look upon him as belonging to that multitude of "fanatics" and "cranks," who vainly pursue "a forlorn hope." I know this to be the case in many places, and why not in Wilmington? But they of the firmer faith think this subject should be kept in constant agitation, and I thought one way to help to do this would be to place it in this way before the readers of the HOLCAD. As for the subject of Prohibition I have always left that for older and wiser heads to discuss, and not departing from any ordinary paths, will, as in my last, let the soldiers of "The White Ribbon Army" defend my cause.

As our obliging reporter showed no signs of relent-

ing in his kindness, at the outset, I still retain my seat near the distinguished body and listened next to Miss Willard.

As she stands prominent in many respects among the women of our times, it might not be amiss to add just here a little of her history.

Miss Willard is a native of Churchville, New York. After this she has lived in Berlin, Ohio, and also in Wisconsin, then she went, at the age of eighteen, to Easton, Illinois, where she now lives, and where she was at one time engaged in the interests of The Women's College. Her advent to the world as a public speaker, was said to be brought about by what some would call "chance." A. U. P. would call it "forordination."

While in the Holy Land she had "visions" of a new crusade for the women of this country. After her return, she spoke of this in a meeting in Chicago. A wealthy layman, impressed by her confession, came to her, and upon the developments of her talents, offered to gather her an audience. She consented, and he filled his engagement, and her house to overflowing. The city papers reported her words the next morning and from this time she became famous throughout all the Northern States.

We next hear of her in the temperance work, as corresponding secretary of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union—this was at the time of its organization, and shortly after its origin at Chautauqua.

Miss Willard was a strong advocate, from the first, of the National Home Protection Party, and was among the "busy bees" of Illinois, working up the famous "Hinds Bill," which consisted of a petition 215 yard's long, and contained 180,000 names. She is ever busy with voice or pen, and when the one is at rest the other is not idle. In 1881 she and her secretary wrote ten thousand letters, apart from their other labors.

She was at the head of that band of women who conceived and carried out the plan for placing the portrait of Mrs. Hays in the White House, and was the "honored one" who made the presentation speech to President Garfield. The picture now hangs in the "Green Parlor" of the Executive mansion—a faithful witness of their efforts.

Previous to 1885 she had made the trips through the South and met with a hearty welcome at the last coming in the spring of '85.

Miss Willard will soon have completed her sixth year as President of the National Union. As an organizer, she is said to have great success, and as a public speaker few are her equal. She is the soul of ease and moderation on the platform, and though possessing a voice not uncommon strong, has the tact of making herself heard in very large assemblies. 'Tis

here she proves herself complete mistress of her position, for what her voice lacks in strength it makes up in richness of tone and elegance of expression, and holding it in perfect control, she can make melody in her clear articulation, or bring tears by her pathos at her bidding. I thought, as I stood before her that day, it would be a pretty hard-hearted saloon man that would not quail under her earnest pleadings.

Keeping pace with the times she has not been behind among the Chaataqua lecturers, and we remember her as having made the best speech in favor of the nomination of St. John at the Pittsburgh convention last fall.

Miss Willard ascribes much of her ease in speaking to the early training of her mother, upon whom she dotes, and speaks of her often in her lectures and letters, and did not forget to mention her name at the World's Great Fair.

On this occasion she began by stating what was perhaps not known to all in the audience, that while the World's Exposition was a celebration of the Centennial of Cotton, the temperance people, in their meetings, were celebrating the Centennial of Temperance Reform. It was in 1785 that Dr. Benj. Rush, a friend of George Washington, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, wrote the first work on temperance. It was a marvel of a level head and a true brain that first saw, as in this work, that temperance was necessary to the safety of this country.

The praying bands of Ohio were the origination of the woman's temperance movement. Recognizing that the methods of visiting houses of ill fame and the haunts of poverty, was a work insufficient in character to obtain the results desired, they organized the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This she called the sober second thought of the crusade. In this work the women of the South had met the women of the North half way, and she had no warmer or firmer friends around her than the women of the South.

The evolution of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, she said, was something wonderful. Starting with the work of raising some unfortunate man from the gutter, the idea gradually developed of starting at the beginning of the child's life, at home and introducing temperance literature and scientific instruction into the school, so that through the study of laws of effect of alcohol upon the system it would lead the young man gradually into paths of virtue, and from what might be paths of sin.

The movement she said is not a sudden enthusiasm but the workers in the cause have buckled on the armor to fight to the end. They had learned its reinforcement was backed by good men. They had learned that it is better to have men than a law on the statute books. The women had no ballots but they

were using their influence to put men in office who would see that the laws were enforced. Those who had declared that there would be nothing further heard of the temperance agitation after the November election have learned better. For since that fatal 5th of November more temperance legislation has been enacted than ever before and the question was never thought of as much before. The women in all the States have been on the alert and since November 5 no less than seven States have enacted laws favorable to the temperance cause and other laws now pending before Legislatures of other States will be passed before they adjourn.

Further on, she spoke of Dr. McDonald as one of the most generous friends of the cause, and said she took charge willingly of the meeting because it had been published far and wide that the W. N. C. T. U. would at this time be in New Orleans, and she felt that the eyes of all the world would be upon them to see what the women would do. Speaking of her last interview with Longfellow she related how she had quoted to him his poem that, "To Stay at Home is Best," and believed it till the call came to her, and he said, touching his brow, "we differ to the eyebrows, but when it gets to the heart we believe alike."

She spoke touchingly of her first visit to the South, and how kindly she was received, and of her first acquaintance then with Mrs. Sallie Chapin, the South Carolina temperance leader, and also of her first visit to Charleston and how Bishop Stevens escorted her to her first meeting, and how with lowly courtesy had stood by her all the evening during her address, because, being a woman, she might feel lonely.

Miss Willard's speech was thought to be the best of the occasion.

Mrs. Lathrop followed with some brief remarks but made the speech of "the day" at Werlein Hall on the following afternoon. She is very logical in her arguments and when she gets fairly "warmed up" in her discourse goes deep into politics.

We have not time to go further into detail, but must not forget to mention the names of A. A. Hopkins, of Rochester, N. Y., and Hon. George W. Bain, of Kentucky, both men of marked ability in the temperance work and who were present and took part in this convention. As for the ladies who took part in the meeting much might be said of the manner in which they conducted themselves on the platform. They did not impress one that they were there on exhibition, or that they had come there to make a display of person, voice and dress. I thought as I passed them in their wanderings in and out of the Exposition that they were the most dignified set of ladies I had ever seen. In this last I tried to follow their example as nearly

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,

New Wilmington, Pa.

THE HOLCAD now begins its second year, and it is hoped that the friends and students of Westminster will continue their interest in the enterprise. There are few who will question the advantage derived by both college and students from a paper that works to their interest. All the first-class educational institutions publish a paper, and it is out of a desire to tell to the college world what Westminster is doing and why she deserves a place among the best, that the HOLCAD is carried on. The motive surely is a worthy one and one deserving the encouragement of all the students and friends. Without the active co-operation of the students and others who should be interested, such an undertaking must necessarily fail. The hearty support of all is sought; both those who are now students and those who have been and those who will be, but of those who are now stu-

dents, in particular. Let it not seem that the editors only are interested in this work or be thought that they do not desire the suggestions or assistance of others. We begin this year in the hope that students will support and encourage the work and that the HOLCAD will never cease to be an advantage in many ways to college and students alike. We are sorry that this issue is a few days late, but it could not be avoided. The contract for printing has been given again to the *Mercer Republican* and we feel safe in promising our patrons a paper that will be neat and readable.

THERE are few towns that have improved as rapidly in the last few years as New Wilmington. Were a resident of twenty years ago, or an old alumnus of the college to return to-day, he would surely be surprised and gratified by the enterprise that has been shown. The buildings that have been erected recently have added much to its appearance and those now approaching completion will add still more. But there are other ways than by the erection of fine buildings to improve a town and especially New Wilmington. The surroundings of every house whether public or private, should be taken into consideration. Why should every private residence in this village be shut up by a fence, either board or pale, or post and rail, or worm—not in itself beautiful—when without the fence, with a grass plot in front or around, the dwelling would present a neater and more attractive appearance? Why should the Ladies' Hall, so fine a building and with such beautiful surroundings be made any less beautiful by being so enclosed? Why should the campus be guarded by a fence, especially such a poor one? Ah, but there is a reason for this: an insuperable objection to the removal of the fences and to beautifying the town

by this means, which objection our economists perhaps, can explain; the pigs, the big pigs and the little pigs, the cows, etc., for which the streets of our village are at all times a popular (if the word can be so used) resort, must be permitted to exercise their rights unmolested. Property holders must not leave their gates ajar, or such an act will be regarded by every quadruped that walks the streets as an invitation to enter and appropriate whatever may be found desirable. Now these things are unpleasant and unnecessary. Means can be taken and should be to prevent the use of the streets of the town as pasture land for any one's cows, or a common for any one's pigs. Cows and pigs have their rights, but it is elevating them too much to give them the same privileges as the citizens.

WHAT has become of the lamps that were bought almost a year ago for lighting the Campus? After running into two or three trees on a dark night, one feels that they (the lamps or the trees) should be put in their proper places. The lamps were surely bought to be used and if so they ought to be where they can do the most good. They give a very dark light as long as they are stored away in some room or cellar.

WESTMINSTER has begun another year's work in earnest. All the departments are full and good work is being done by both students and Professors. The prospects are even brighter than they were a year ago. There is no longer any doubt as to Westminster's rank among the colleges of the land. She ranks among the best and is prepared to offer advantages superior to many, and inferior to very few of our higher institutions. The labors of other years have not been in vain. Grad-

uates have been sent forth, of whom she may well be proud of, men who stand high in every profession and every honorable business, whose reputation for ability in their respective fields of labor bespeak their educational advantages and are sufficient to show why Westminster prospers so well to day, and why her claims are worthy of consideration by all those who contemplate taking a college course.

The fact that the College classes proper are yearly becoming larger is extremely gratifying and indicative of efficient work. The present Senior class numbers twenty-eight and the Junior class thirty-five, larger than for many years, while the Sophomore and the Freshmen classes are not far behind. The preparatory department, too, is full. Fifty new students speak well. We welcome all, knowing well that if they have come determined to do well their part, they will be amply repaid.

EVERY class has advantages over the preceding class in one way or another. This appears particularly in the case of the present Juniors in the study of Physics. Interesting and instructive as was this branch to last year's class, it is doubly so to this year's, because of new apparatus and Prof. Thompson's unwearied efforts to raise the standard of his department. It is really an inspiration to attend one of the recitations. Never before in the history of the College has the department been in such good condition, and could the Board of Trustees only know how much good their small appropriation has done, they would certainly regret that it had not been made long ago.

AMONG the valuable presents, to Westminster recently should be numbered the Egyptian mummy. It is all that re-

mains of what was once a young lady, the daughter of a priest, and it is hoped that she will be well received, and will prove "a valuable addition to that department of this institution." She has not yet been permanently located, but after an air-tight case has been made for her reception, she may be seen at any time in the museum on the third floor of the College building. Though she does not now possess the beauty of her earlier years, we doubt not that she will still possess many attractions to the students of the College, and will be far from lonesome in the place where she has come to abide. She comes well recommended and fully prepared for the course she desires to take.

FIFTY years have wrought many changes in almost every department of human knowledge. Investigation and observation have exploded old theories and ascertained new facts in every branch of science, until the world of thought has been revolutionized. In no department of thought and investigation has this change been going on with greater activity than in that of popular education in every grade, from the common schools to the universities. Old methods of teaching have been replaced by new and improved ones. The text books of fifty years ago would be considered clumsy tools in a modern school room.

The human mind is the same in all ages, and the question naturally arises, "Has the efficiency of the work done been in proportion to the improvement, or the supposed improvement, in the method of teaching?" The facts show that great advancement has been made in the way of popular education and the interest among the people has been greatly increased. Illiteracy in some of the Northern States is becoming almost unknown. The standard of education is rising and the day is at hand when what is now

known as a common school education will not be considered sufficient for the average citizen.

There is no doubt a real advantage in modern school economy, but there is still room for improvement. The work in our colleges ought to be as much as possible like that of a successful man in active life. It should all tend to cultivate originality and the power of investigation rather than to make the student a receptacle for facts. A man is estimated for what he can do, not for what has been done to him.

TO THE ALUMNI.

In considering the success of a paper, one must not forget to view it from a financial standpoint. This, in fact, is one of the most essential points of view, for it is evident that a paper cannot live without sufficient support. It will die for want of means as quickly as from a lack of brains or energy to conduct it.

A college magazine does not differ greatly from other journals in this respect. It is true that it is able to exist with a shorter subscription list than other papers of a different nature, from the fact that the editors, except in some of the larger colleges, give their services free, and are content to look for their reward in the practice it gives them in writing, and journalistic work in general. Nevertheless there are very many expenditures which are absolutely necessary and which require a considerable outlay. This must be furnished largely by subscriptions, and if a paper is unable to secure these it will undoubtedly fail.

The HOLCAD has passed through its first year successfully, at least, so far as its finances are concerned. However, in conducting it during the past year it was found that a greater expenditure was required than had been, at first, anticipated, and it

was soon discovered that the subscription list was meagre enough. It is of the utmost importance, then, that the list should not be diminished any during the coming year, and in proportion as it is enlarged, just in that proportion will the ability of the editors to render the paper attractive be increased. Its patrons must be largely alumni of the college, and it is to them that the editors look mainly for support. Few indeed of them but have ties which bind them to their *Alma Mater*; few who would not wish to see her prosper. Perhaps in no other way can the good of the college be better or more cheaply promoted than in a liberal support of its paper.

Circulating as it does through a large number of the states, it is, undoubtedly, used by friends of Westminster in bringing her before the minds of those who intend to enter a college. Besides this, it exchanges with journals from nearly all the leading colleges of the country, and with some from Canada and even from England. Thus, a knowledge of the institution is widely diffused among other colleges, and its status is established, where, perhaps, it may not previously have been known.

In this way it is worth much to the college as an advertising medium, and takes the place of many catalogues and circulars. A subscription to the paper, then, is a subscription to the college, for whatever tends to increase the circulation of its paper increases, in a measure the influence of the institution in whose interest it is published.

In addition to all this, and aside from these considerations, the paper itself is certainly of some interest, to the alumni at least.

The matter which fills its columns may, in fact, not be regarded by them as literature proper, but it will, at least, enable them to trace the development of thought among the students, and in a measure, to gauge

their literary ability. Its columns also are open to all, and any communication is gladly received. It thus serves as a connecting link between the college and those who have gone out from her halls; between those who have already taken their places in the ranks of life, and those who are now undergoing their preparatory training.

Certainly, then, these things should have weight in influencing alumni and friends to support the paper, and the editors hope that a newly awakened interest in the college may lead to a large increase in the subscription list.

EXCHANGES.

Another year of college life has begun, and with it the trials and tribulations of the college editor. The editing of a college paper is no sinecure if the editors take a proper pride in endeavoring to make the paper what it should be. A college paper should not only be the vehicle for the expression of the opinions of the student but it should also give its readers some news of what is being done in other colleges and schools. To accomplish the latter it is indispensable that the exchange table be well supplied with good exchanges. We derived not a little good from our exchanges last year and we extend a hearty invitation to one and all of them to continue their visits during the coming year.

SEPARATION.

Alas! how easily things go wrong,
A sigh too much or a kiss too long—
And there comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

Alas! how hardly things go right,
'Tis hard to watch in a summer's night,
For the sigh will come and the kiss will stay,
And the summer's night is a winter's day.

—George McDonald's *Phantastes*.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—The latest "craze" is artificial freckles.

—Wanted! A subject for Junior oration.

—Prof. Wallace spent his vacation in Michigan.

—The Junior class numbers 36. The Senior, 27.

—Miss Anna Templeton, of Allegheny, is visiting in town.

—Prof. Thompson is making things interesting for the Juniors.

—Rev. T. W. Best, '75, has purchased the St. Clair property.

—Samuel McWilliams, a former student, was in town last week.

—The firm of J. A. Lininger has changed to the firm of Martin & Co.

—Rev. Mr. Orr, of Ohio, led the chapel exercises on Thursday morning.

—Miss Sadie McElree and W. H. Moore are employed as tutors in college.

—The college boys are much elated by their success in the late ball games.

—Rev. A. J. Lindsay is attending the M. E. conference in Sharon this week.

—The public schools opened on Monday with the usual number of pupils present.

—This college is widely known. Two students came this year from Damascus, Syria.

—Mrs. Bell, of Wooster, Ohio, has moved to town for the purpose of educating her daughter.

—Dr. Van Orsdel moved into the Best property, on the corner of Market and Vine streets, this week.

—Miss Hattie McElree, of Allegheny, spent last week with her sister, Miss Sadie, of the Senior class.

—Mr. Kuhn has been hired as college janitor for '85 and '86. His work was well done during the past year.

—All are cordially invited to attend the lawn fete at Rev. A. Y. Houston's on the evening of September 21, 1885.

—Mr. Kuhn had a nice bouquet on the President's table, in the Leagorean Hall, on Friday. Many thanks for his kindness.

—Mrs. Shaffer left for Allegheny on Monday. She will take charge of the house of her son-in-law, Rev. J. M. Fulton, D. D.

—The new church when completed will present a fine appearance. The workmen have commenced erecting the timbers.

—College opened this year with bright prospects. Almost sixty new students. There is a large increase in the number of ladies.

—The students have commenced to go one by one to the Fairs. We think there is a sufficient number of Fairs for us all to get there.

—Prof. J. W. Lytle, of the Pittsburgh Academy, and his brother, Prof. R. C. Lytle, of the Mansfield Union school, were in town last week.

—Messrs. John Swan, Sam McNaugher and Joe Ricketts, were elected as the lecture committee in connection with the reading-room.

—The Young Men's Aid Society, of the 2nd church, has arranged to give a course of lectures during the fall term. The first lecture will be delivered by Rev. W. J. Reid, D. D., of Pittsburgh, on Thursday evening, September 17. Proceeds for the new church.

—Mr. J. A. McLaughry, Sr., died on Wednesday the 2nd. Mr. McLaughry was an old citizen here, and very highly esteemed. He was for many years a ruling elder and Sabbath school Superintendent in the 2nd U. P. church. His presence and words of advice will be much missed in this community.

—The following officers were elected at the last meeting of the Leagorean Society: President, Anna Shaffer; Vice Pres. Bessie McLaughry; Rec. Sec., Hattie Shontz; Cor. Sec., Luella Donaldson; Critics, 1st. Flora Irons, 2nd. Edith Shontz; Treasurer, Mattie Poppino; Marshall, Lizzie Houston; Executive Committee, Etta Brown and Jennie Vance; Excuse committee, Bessie McLaughry, Mina McElwee and Jean Robertson; Debate, Luella Hays and Jennie Duffield.

PERSONALS.

—J. W. McClung, '86, is again in college.

—Mr. T. W. Swan, '83, is visiting in town.

—Rev. N. E. Wade is to move to town soon.

—Miss Mattie McElwee, '87, is resting this year.

—A Mr. Hutchinson, of Pittsburgh, is visiting at John McKee's. He seems to have some at-

traction here, as his visits are frequent.—*Carroll County Chronicle, Ohio.*

—R. J. Tetten, '87, will not be in college this year.

—R. E. Stewart, '85, is teaching at Nobles-town.

—Anna Wallace, '87, will enter college in two weeks.

—J. P. Vance, '85, has returned from his western trip.

—Mr. T. W. M. Huston, '87, will not be in college this year.

—A. L. Davidson, '85, entered Alleghenia Seminary last week.

—J. P. Whitla, '83, was elected to a position in Oxford Academy.

—Mr. T. F. Cummings, '84, will remain at home and study law.

—Miss Maggie Telford, of the Sophomore class, will not be back until January.

—Mr. R. P. Allen, '85, has been elected principal of the Middlesex schools.

—Miss Hettie Scott, '87, will not be in college this year. She expects to teach.

—Miss Eva Donaldson, '87, is out of college this year on account of ill health.

—Mr. J. P. Vance, '85, takes charge of an academy in Zelienople the coming year.

—R. J. Love, '85, enters Allegheny Seminary this fall as a student of the first year.

—Miss Maggie Brown, '85, has been elected to a position in the Greensburg Academy.

—F. B. Davis, formerly a student of this College, has been quite sick for some time past.

Rev. J. P. Gibson, '71, was installed pastor of De Witt congregation on the 26th of August.

—Miss Mattie Poppino, '86, returned home last week, after a few months' visit in the West.

—Miss Etta Reed, '86, is staying out of college this year. She is, no doubt, waiting for a better class.

—Miss Stella McMillan, of the Senior class, is out of the college on account of the death of her mother.

—Mr. W. G. Hope, '84, will return to Philadelphia to complete the course in the study of medicine.

—J. O. McConnell, '83, who has been studying law during the past year, entered the Seminary this fall.

—Rev. D. R. McDonald, '87, has received and accepted a call to Tarentum congregation, Penn'a.

—Miss Anna Rowland is again among the number of students. Her principal study is German.

—Miss Maggie George and Miss Emma McKee, '88, of Scroggsfield, Ohio, will not be in college this term.

—Messrs. Charles Park and S. N. Warden, '84, enter Allegheny Seminary this fall, as students of the first year.

—J. R. Millin, '84, went to Knoxville, the first of September, to fill the position left vacant by J. A. Parker, '83.

—H. W. Moore, '85, was elected to a position in Norfolk Mission College. He enters upon his work this month.

—Mr. J. L. Cotton, '85, has been visiting friends in Mercer the past week. He expects to enter the Seminary soon.

—The installation of Rev. J. A. Brandon, '68, as pastor of the Greensburg congregation, took place on September 1.

—Mr. H. G. Golden, '85, left last week for New York, where he will attend the Seminary during the coming year.

—Huldah Campbell, '84, left last week for McDonald, where she has been engaged to teach a seven month's term of school.

—Messrs Logan, '82, and Aiken, '83, who have been studying medicine with Dr. Allen, returned to their homes on Tuesday.

—Rev. H. S. Boyd, '75, was in town this week procuring spoons and dishes for Synod meeting. Ben Butler was after spoons once, too.

—J. S. Crawford, '84, is in Allegheny taking a course in Hebrew under Prof. Harper. After completing this course, he will enter Union Seminary.

—W. M. Shields, '85, has been elected to the Mathematical chair in Tarkio College, Mo. His salary is \$700 a year, as good as \$1,000 in this State. Good beginning for Will. Hope he will be successful.

THE WHITE RIBBON ARMY AT NEW ORLEANS.

(Continued from page 5.)

as possible during my stay in the city but failed in one instance.

The contest over and the victory pretty sure on the side of St. John against the rum traffic, we decided "to do" some of the city. A lady who had come down with the Tennessee legislature had joined us during the day and we were returning towards dusk to our boarding-place, and woman-like, talking very busily over the events of the day.

As we hastened our pace to catch the first car in the corner, a passing crowd seemed to demand a little more generosity on our part by way of room on the side walk, and I losing my balance walked into the gutter was only kept from getting deeper in the mire by the efforts of a gallant southerner who "appeared on the scene" about that time. My friends thought it a fine joke and particularly amusing on account of my having been so enthusiastic over the temperance meetings the day before—to think I was the next night found in a New Orleans gutter. What a record! I enjoyed the joke with them, of course, after I "sobered up." Previous to this I had heard my Creole hostess and her daughters and their guests from the Southern States extol in high-sounding praises "the rosiness of the Northern girls"—"how thorough in their attainments," "how dignified in their deportments," and I, not wishing to be outdone had, in turn, pronounced the quaint old Crescent City the most charming city in the world with the most charming people. But after this episode I felt that in their opinion I must, in one respect, at least, remain an exception to all Northern ladies, though not willing to withdraw entirely my former assertion with regards to the city of New Orleans must likewise take our exception to it, *i. e.*, I don't like its gutters.

After remaining about ten days in the city we went a distance of four hundred miles into northern Louisiana to visit some relatives and also the southern home of my companion, Mrs. A—. Here I found some ardent followers of the White Ribbon cause and they told me that by their efforts they had driven the sale of intoxicating liquors from the entire parish. I was surprised all along my journey at the vast proportions this anti-liquor legislation had assumed.

We tarried in New Orleans on our way back to bid farewell to the Exposition, leaving the greatest trial of all till the last, which was to spend one evening, our last, in Music Hall and there view, that magnificent spectacle, the electric lights. As I sat there waiting for their coming I was carried back in memory to five weeks ago and more when I sat for the first time in that great hall before the people of the "new era"

and heard them advocate so earnestly the one idea which they represent. And as I looked up in the darkness and watched those myriad jets and clusters of a rosy hue gradually deepen and then suddenly bloom into existence I thought I could frame a comparison and read a prophecy. Was not this bursting forth of the electric flame like the letting loose of this "one idea" into the world of temperance thought and reform? Once started on its career it knows no limit. One of uncommon faith and foresight ventures to preach it to the multitude and it touches the heart of humanity. Another carries it to the home circle and a third sows it broadcast in the school, sweeping on in its course it permeates society, and the church gives it her warm approval, and finally, in its searching grasp, it reaches, and pervades the government, its proper realm. And as this wonderful light fills this immense hall with its amazing brightness so shall this one grand idea, in its culmination, fill the whole earth with its power, and it shall not only become the wonder of the South, and the strength of the North, but the glory of many nations. By the time we had reached Cincinnati we gave up our plan, made going down, of visiting the zoological gardens there, and decided, like most people on a home stretch, to make our stay brief. Mrs. A. informed me on our arrival that we had distant kin in another part of the city but we concluded we could hunt up "kin" at another time, and agreeing that we had no further acquaintances in the city repaired at once to the Gibson House to snatch a few hours sleep. As we neared we noticed quite a confusion in that quarter, and on entering found it in complete holiday attire. The halls and parlors were arrayed with pots of ferns and blooming plants, the curtains were festooned with smilax, and the tables profuse in bouquets. Cincinnati's best orchestra was rendering some of its finest productions, and the speaking was loud and long. I had, by this time about concluded that St. John and his followers had besieged that city, too, but on further investigation found that they were banqueting in honor of Senator Pendleton who was about to depart as an ambassador to a foreign country.

Another night found us back in Crawford county, where I have since lived another May and June in a region not half so sunny as the one I left, and where, in the quiet of my country home, I have found time to digest what I saw of the World's Fair and ways to profit by what I learned from the White Ribbon Army at New Orleans.

MARRIAGES.

August 6, 1885—At Cuylersville, N. Y., Rev. W. R. Harshaw, '83, and Miss Ada C. Rippey, '84.

September —, 1885—At Lumber City, Penna., Mr. J. B. Work, '82, and Miss Watt.

August 18, 1885—At New Wilmington, Pa., Rev. T. R. Lewis, '79, and Miss Ella Reed, '77.

August 10, 1885—At New Wilmington, Pa., Rev. J. A. Duff, '81, and Miss Fannie Lewis.

August —, 1885—Mr. N. M. Crowe, '85, and Miss Liz-zie M. White, '81.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

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NO. 2.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

See that gentle streamlet, flowing swiftly on its glad-
some way.

How it leaps with joyous pleasure as the sunbeams on
it play :

See how very few its ripples, soft the breezes o'er it
blow,

Smooth and glassy is its bosom, gentle is its steady
flow.

Light canoes are o'er it skipping, youthful hands the
oarlets glide.

Merry peals of ringing laughter gently float across
the tide ;

Swiftly onward rolls the current, fast the flitting
scenes go by,

Soon they're lost to human vision, thus does happy
childhood fly.

Faster, faster rolls the river, here and there the rocks
appear,

Clouds are seen above it floating, threatening storms
are gathering near ;

Now the stream begins to widen, dangers rise on every
side,

And our bark, so frail and slender, well nigh sinks be-
neath the tide.

Ah ! how changed is all around, gloom is now where
mirth had been ;

Howling winds disturb the waters once so tranquil
and serene ;

Scenes that once had charmed our vision now forever-
more are gone,

Youth now ripens into manhood, thus the years fly
swiftly on.

Fiercer grows the raging tempest ; hark ! I hear a dis-
tant roar ;

'Tis the rush of many waters o'er the cataract they
pour ;

Swift the fated bark is gliding onward to its fearful
doom ;

One dread leap and all is over, 'neath the rocks it finds
its tomb.

Thus life's tempest rages fiercer as old age fast creep-
eth on !

Youth and manhood like dim shadows, each come
quickly and are gone ;

Soon the precipice approacheth, life is swallowed up
in death.

Life is but a walking shadow, fleeting as a summer's
breath.

G. T. Low.

SCIENCE OF MIND AND ART OF TEACHING.

BY E. T. JEFFERS, D. D.

When I last met with you in the State Association, my paper closed with the sentence, "Nothing is education which does not aim at culture, which does not lead to culture, which does not practically end in culture ;" culture being defined as the complete development of the whole man, body and soul, soul with all its varied powers and capabilities.

It gives me no little satisfaction to find in the latest important contribution to Psychology (Sully's Outlines, pp. 8, 9), the following, "I may perhaps assume that modern pedagogics have adopted the idea that education is concerned not simply with instruction or communicating knowledge, but with the training of faculty." And it seems a necessary corollary from this enlarged view of education that it should directly connect itself with the science of mind.

I shall "assume" that the teachers of Pennsylvania are up with the most advanced pedagogics, and have adopted the idea that training of faculty, and not mere imparting of knowledge, is the end of our instructions ; and that we agree with the eminent English psychologist, that a knowledge of the science of mind is of prime importance in perfecting the art of teaching.

Teaching, we shall all agree, is an art. Every art is the application of the principles of some science. Whether the result is the learning of a science or facility in the practice of an art, the result is reached through the *art* of instruction. Whether you teach the alphabet or astronomy, gym-

nastics or geometry, you are practicing the art of the pedagogue. The mind of the pupil is the material to be handled, whatever the mind is occupied with; and science of mind lies at the bottom of the methods we follow in the daily work of the school room. This point needs no discussion in this presence, but the mere statement which has been given. It remains only to pass, in the briefest review, a few of the many points in mental science which suggest rules in this art which we all practice more or less imperfectly.

I. The mind which we are employed in training is not pure spirit, but an *embodied soul*. Of the existence of the soul before or after its union with a body, of the possibility or capabilities of such an existence, we, as teachers, are not required to know anything. The mind, as we find it, and as we are obliged to deal with it, and as we are responsible for understanding it or handling it wisely, is a mind with a body. It is the undivided half of a unit. The pupil is a mind-body individual. Not a confederacy, but a union; two in one, "one and inseparable," as known to us in our art. It is this mind with which mental science deals.

Aristotle ridicules the Pythagoreans and others who taught the transmigration of the soul. He reminds his pupils that every soul is made for its own body, and every body for its soul, so that it would not be the same soul if in another body, if being in another body were possible. Speaking of these theorists he says, "They act as if it were possible for *any* soul to clothe itself in *any* body . . . like speaking of the carpenter's art clothing itself in flutes; the truth being that just as art makes use of its appropriate instrument, soul must make use of its fitting body." Whether we agree with him or differ when he adds that the body is not the physical basis of the soul, but the soul is the reason for the existence

of the body, we shall at least accept the conclusion, in which he is followed by all reputable psychologists, that in this practical life the mind to be studied and taught by us in our class-rooms is the undivided half of a psycho-physical unit.

A primary rule from this first principle of psychology is that the nervous organization the health, the weakness and the strength of body must be noted, and the knowledge acted on, in the case of each pupil, just as carefully as we respect differences in mental power. Minds are generically, even specifically, alike; yet so unlike, individually, that no one is confounded with another. So with bodies. These varieties of mental being are carefully studied by the true teacher; no less so are the peculiarities of physical temperament. While the lesson assigned is the same for each member of the class, yet in praise and blame, in correction for mistakes and in punishment for offences, in his conduct towards his pupil in the myriads of instances of personal contact in class and out of it, the intelligent educator will secure mental excellence in his pupil by a judicious use of his knowledge of the physical environment of the mind he wishes to train. There are teachers so idealistic that they forget their pupils have bodies, or regard these bodies only as caskets in which the mind, like a jewel, is enclosed; they strike the casket periodically, to quicken the activity of the encased gem. Such instructors belong to the dark ages when the body was forgotten, or reduced to a minimum of vitality by stripes, to insure the purity or rapid progress of the soul.

II. The mind has powers. Of these the three characteristic faculties are intellect, emotion, and will. From many discussions of methods of teaching, and of the aim of teachers, and more from the prevalent methods in our school-rooms, the world

might gather that we suppose the pupil to have no body, only mind; and of mind no powers either of emotion or will, only intellect, the power to know; or at least the public might infer that we felt ourselves responsible only for his intellectual training, and in effecting this training we were free to ignore the existence of all other capabilities, and in short that our jurisdiction as teachers lay wholly within the sphere of the brain.

Mental science gives us this fact, useful in the art of teaching, viz.: the faculties, intellect, emotion and will, are not parts but simply powers of the indivisible soul. One of these powers is the intellect, and no one will deny that to develop the intellect is the teacher's business. His art aims at a well-disciplined intellectual being. The school is not up to the true standard unless the pupils show themselves quick in perception, accurate in memory, correct in expression of thought, and sound in reasoning. But no teacher ever succeeded in training pupils of such excellence who forgot that the child has other powers besides intelligence. Volition and feeling must be trained too.

(1) If the chief end of the school-room is to insure intelligence, which we do not admit; if the teacher works solely to secure keenness of perception and readiness and infallibility of memory, and in general thoroughness of intellectual development, he must remember that the pupils can love and hate, and have "minds of their own," and must be trained to decide and act as he wishes them. They are self-determined beings; they do best what they like to do and do not do at all what they determine they will not do, and only do in a slipshod way what they are forced against their preferences to undertake. The art of instruction must proceed on this unquestioned fact of mental science.

Geography *e. g.* is the subject. You have finished Europe and are taking your class on to the next topic, Asia. The mechanical teacher will say, "For the next lesson take the next page and a half, and the map-questions on Asia." The majority of the pupils probably know no more of Asia than they do of the other side of the moon. The lesson is studied faithfully by some, poorly by others, and scarcely at all by many. No pupil will get the most mental growth out of his study of that lesson. You will do differently; you will act on this scientific truth, that pupils do best what they are interested in, and what from some point of view is agreeable, and you will secure the alliance of will and emotions with the intellect in the study of that lesson by telling the class something of Asia, of Siberia and the use Russia makes of it, of the quarrel of England and Russia over the little wedge of land in the north part of Afghanistan, of China and Palestine, and Japan and India. You will read Stepniak on "Russia under the Tzars," and Chas. Marvin's "Russia at the Gates of Herat," and other works, which will enable you to preface a lesson on Asia with interest enough to carry your class many days through the dry details of map questions, and to preface many a subsequent lesson on the particular countries of a continent which is usually repulsive to scholars, and hence comparatively unknown. You have accomplished two things by such an introduction—won the good will of the pupils by the interest you have shown in them, and put the new lesson in geography in a pleasant light; both of which will add to the intellectual activity expended on the lesson. Many a teacher who knows nothing of the technicalities of psychology acts on this principle, but no teacher familiar with the science will fail to apply it in this rational use of emotion and will in quickening the mind and persuading it to do its

best work on a given lesson. A subject thus introduced will be studied excellently by the majority, poorly by a few, and neglected only by the hopelessly idle and vicious. Every subject of a recitation is taken up by the pupil either with a positive liking for it, or dislike; either the positive hatred or the mild aversion called indifference. The teacher whose art does not provide for the removal of the dislike, vainly attempts to throw light on a subject shut off from the pupil's mind by a solid wall. The art founded on mental science wisely drafts emotions and will into the service of intellect.

(2) But the intellect is only a power of the indivisible mind, we forget. Intellect is simply *the soul knowing*. In order to do the best at knowing, the *mind* must be made strong. The pupil should be educated all around. To crush out the emotions and override the will, or even to neglect these powers, is to dwarf the soul; and hence to weaken the power to know, and make the finest intellectual work of which the soul was originally capable, an impossibility. Teach a pupil to love the true, beautiful and good, and to hate the false, the moral yugly, and the malevolent; teach him to choose the good and refuse the evil; and you have done much toward making that mind grow up healthy and strong, and capable of the best work in all directions, including the mastery of textbooks, and of subjects which all recognize as belonging to the school-room. If we could forget that the object (not the highest, perhaps, but one of the higher) of all schools, especially the public schools, is to lay the foundation of good citizenship, and that good citizenship is more certainly secured by the development of right feeling, and the rational exercise of a good will, than by the mere knowledge of books or of the whole of nature itself, the science of mind will not permit us to forget that the intellect cannot be trained by itself to its

highest efficiency; but, in order to do the best intellectual work, we must have a good well-rounded, healthy mind.

(3) These faculties act in a fixed order. The mind knows before it loves or hates; it has emotion before it determines to act. You will not use these technical terms in your instructions; but, you will, before expecting your pupils to have enthusiasm, or to show any, for a study, give them some information about it to awaken enthusiasm; and before commanding them to obey you, give them good and sufficient reasons for their obedience.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GEMS IN LITERATURE.

Numerous and large volumes of so-called "Popular Quotations" are published every year. That these contain many rich and beautiful thoughts no one will deny, but so far are these from being *popular*, that the majority of readers never saw them elsewhere. Many quaint sayings, household words wherever our beloved mother tongue is spoken, are uttered without the slightest knowledge of the parentage of the universally adopted waifs. It should be a pleasure to every seeker in the fields of letters to trace to their fountain heads the sparkling rills of English wit and wisdom. We, therefore, offer no apology for the publishing of a few well-known and oft-quoted sayings with the names of their authors and the work in which they occur.

Through the whole fabric, Shakspeare's maxims run like threads of gold. "Comparisons are odious;" "They laugh who win;" "Make a virtue of necessity;" "Care killed a cat;" "Grief that's beauty's canker;" "A Daniel come to judgment;" are only a very few out of the many. Perhaps no other author is so frequently misquoted as the "Bard of Avon." How often do we

hear of the "man that hath no music in his soul." Shakespeare wrote:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils."
Merchant of Venice, Act V, sc. 1.

Obituaries frequently speak of the deceased as having gone to that *bourn* from which no traveler returns. "That undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns," is found in *Hamlet*, Act III, sc. 1.

"Consistency's a jewel," is often misquoted and attributed to Shakespeare and others. In Murtagh's collection of ancient English and Scotch ballads, (1754) under the title of "Jolly Robyn Rough-head," the following lines appear:

"Tush! tush! my lassie, such thoughts resign,
Comparisons are cruel;
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine,
Consistency's a jewel."

"Infinite riches in a little room" is from the drama "Jew of Malta" by Christopher Marlowe. "Love me little, love me long" sang the same poet.

To Wordsworth we are indebted for, "The vision and the faculty divine," which occurs in Book 1 of the *Excursion*. "Thoughts too often lie too deep for tears" is the last line of his ode on Intimations of Immortality.

From the point of Alexander Pope's keenly sarcastic pen came the graceful sayings; "Order is Heaven's first law," "Whatever is, is right," "A little learning is a dangerous thing," "Lo! the poor Indian," "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

In Campbell's *Pleasure of Hope*, occurs, "Distance lends enchantment to the view." From the same another is,

"Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadow before."

"An axe to grind," "Forewarned, forearmed," "Constant dropping wears away stones" are from the maxims of our American sage, Benjamin Franklin.

Thomas Tusser of the sixteenth century, bequeathed to us the apothegms, "Better late than never," "The stone that is rolling gathers no moss."

From the many good things of Tennyson, none is probably more often heard than these from *Locksley Hall*: "Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers." "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Keats asserted that, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

From Edward Young we cull the following: "Procrastination is the thief of time," "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

In Butler's *Hudibras* we find, "Count their chickens ere they are hatched," and "Make assurance doubly sure."

One of Longfellow's *Poetic Aphorisms* says: "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small." In most quotations we see, "The mills of the gods grind slowly," which may be true.

Sterne gives us that beautiful thought of comfort so often quoted erroneously from the Bible: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

—Men, whose names are on the church register, do not hesitate in some instances to tell indecent stories. To such a rebuke of Grant to one of his generals is applicable. An officer, high in rank, came into a company of his brother officers, saying, "I have a good story to tell. I believe there are no ladies here." The General quietly responded; "no, but there are gentlemen." The reproof was sufficient.

—Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.—*Irving*.

—Joseph Cook is busily engaged with a revision of his Boston Monday Lectures.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY
THE STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD.

New Wilmington, Pa.

WE would call the attention of our readers to the paper of Dr. Jeffers which was read before the State Teacher's Association at their recent meeting in Harrisburg, and a part of which appears in this issue. It is full of instruction and shows the doctor to be deserving of the estimation in which he is held as one of Pennsylvania's foremost educators. It will be found profitable reading by all teachers and by students in Mental Philosophy. The Doctor's connection for a long time with Westminster as her President makes it doubly interesting.

THE First Synod of the west has re-elected the Rev. J. W. Witherspoon, D. D., the Rev. J. M. French and Joseph McNaugher, Esq., as members of the Board of Trustees. This is a compliment well deserved. The gentlemen have been faithful

in the discharge of duty and have done much to advance the interests of the college. Messrs. Witherspoon and McNaugher, as members of the Building Committee are worthy of special commendation. Through their successful management, Westminster is now able to offer inducements to young ladies, equalled by few, indeed, of our higher institutions. The Boarding Hall, with the Musical Conservatory, is a decided success and speaks well for Westminster, well for the Committee and well for the Board.

An excellent opportunity is now offered to any one desiring to take lessons in French. Mr. Louis Juillerat, a native of Switzerland, but now a resident of Mansfield, Ohio, has entered college and is prepared to teach any who may desire to study the language. He has already organized a class which recites three lessons a week. Mr. Juillerat comes very highly recommended by former patrons and the good satisfaction which his teaching gives here justifies us in believing him to be a very efficient instructor. It is a fact to be regretted that until now Westminster students have had no opportunity to take a course in French. Unfortunately for many, the studies of the regular college course are so many and difficult as to prevent their joining the class, yet it is hoped it will be larger. No one should let pass such an opportunity, who expects ever to study the language.

PRINCETON and Yale, two of our model colleges, have again been seeking notoriety. It seems impossible for the year's work to be successfully undertaken in these institutions without a period of hazing. The custom has grown up with the colleges and it would be a disgraceful departure for any class to fail to observe it,

notwithstanding the terrors of suspension and dismissal. The experiences of former years are but incentives to renew the time-honored practices with the entrance of every new class. It is strange, indeed, that institutions like these should cling so sacredly to such barbarities, and stranger still that students should thus endeavor to defeat the very object that has brought them together, simply for lack of courage to ignore a custom so long-established. What avails such loyalty? The past proves that it never results in any good for either students or college. It is a noticeable fact that hazing is confined to the eastern colleges, and that it finds no favor with the students of our more advanced western institutions. This proves certainly that new colleges can be founded that shall have all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the old ones. Their students do not have any desire to introduce any custom that would injure rather than benefit themselves, content to let Princeton and Yale sustain their reputation and enjoy their notoriety. Their object in entering upon a higher course of study, is not to develop warlike propensities but to prepare for future work, and to advance the interests of their Alma Mater by setting a good example rather than following a bad one.

THE State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. met at Reading last week and we hope to be able in our next issue to give an account of its proceedings. The organization is certainly one of great importance to the Colleges and we would be glad to see more frequent notice of it in the columns of the college papers. If properly managed we see no reason why it should not supply a need that has long been felt among the higher institutions of learning, both in this and in other countries. The history of many

colleges and universities will show that there is a tendency among them toward skepticism and materialism. This is not due to the nature of science but to a mistaken application of it. No candid mind will deny that Christianity is the true basis of modern society. Skepticism is revolutionary not only in religion but in government and all social relations of modern civilization. It is of the greatest importance that the most highly educated class in any country should recognize the true position of Christianity. The Y. M. C. A. in the college is in a position to have a strong influence in the right direction and certainly it can do much toward keeping the book of revelation in its proper place as the companion of the book of nature.

EXCHANGES.

The *University Courier* claims to have the largest circulation of any college paper in the United States. For the past six months the regular issue has been 1,000 copies. Surely the *Courier* is to be congratulated on its circulation.

* * *

We are glad to number among our exchanges for the coming year the *Illini* of Illinois University. It has made a great improvement in its pages by the addition of a scientific and engineering department. The scientific department devotes a column and a half to the "Poisonous Qualities of Tobacco." We sincerely hope that all readers of the *Illini* who are addicted to the use of this evil luxury may be brought to realize the awful danger they are in and turn from the error of their ways.

* * *

The *Literary Gazette* for September is full of good solid reading matter. The sound, wholesome advice contained in the letter

written by Hon. Edward Pierrepont to his son while the latter was a student at Oxford, should be read and heeded by every college student. We quote the following: "Study well whatever the college course requires, and never say this or that will be of no use. All is of use which disciplines and strengthens the mind. When training for a boxer you strike the sand-bag, you would not tell the trainer that you did not expect to fight sand-bags in life, and hence you will not strike them now. You lift weights to strengthen your hands; you do dry work to strengthen the head, and remember that you must do it; no one else can do it for you; as well might you get some one else to strike the sand-bag or lift the weight that was to strengthen your muscle."

* * *

Hazing at Princeton this year has been beyond all precedent, and the encounters between the two lower classes have been the more bitter on account of the numerical strength of the freshmen. The fall term only opened a week ago, but the outrages have already reached such a pitch which has resulted in the indefinite suspension of four sophomores, with an almost absolute certainty that many more will follow. Few hours were allowed to elapse after the opening exercises before the signal was given and the entering class were put through a course of cold water baths and burlesque imitations, not only once, but twice or three times. Young Alexander, a son of Henry M. Alexander, of New York, who is one of the trustees of the college, was visited on Wednesday night and on the following night three times between sunset and midnight. A cane rush on Friday, in which the freshmen won at the cost of a broken shoulder-blade, two dislocated arms and several sprained ankles, was followed by the decoration of the town with the legend, "Freshie 89" in green paint, and the same thing was

daubed in big letters over the handsome marble slabs in front of the Maynard chapel when the students came to prayers on Saturday morning. A meeting of the Faculty was called, but on Sunday another visit was paid to young Alexander, whom the young scapegraces compelled to write to his father, telling him that he had been playing cards and throwing dice, and that the sophomores had taken good care of him. Naturally Mr. Alexander hastened to Princeton and to Dr. McCosh. The sophomores had just started out on their nightly roams when they were summoned before the Faculty, then in session, and, after taking testimony for some time, David G. Adler, of Philadelphia; Alexander Britton, of Washington; O. Harvey, of Baltimore, and Robert F. Tod were indefinitely suspended. The latter returned from Europe only last Saturday. President McCosh says the investigation will continue and dismissals will follow as fast as the guilty ones are found out,—*Pittsburgh Leader*.

—A Russian dispatch relating the circumstances of the Czar's visit to Kremsier, says that despite the efforts to make it appear that no dread of personal danger to the Czar was entertained, Alexander was really alert and uneasy, and he added to the secret precautions arranged for his safety more than one device of his own. He was pale and careworn during his entire stay, and he himself suggested several precautions to the Austrian authorities. A few unimportant arrests were made during his stay. The Czar owns a large mastiff possessed of uncommon strength and intelligence. The mastiff has been carefully trained as a bodyguard, and, as is well known in St. Petersburg and Moscow, watches beside his master's couch every night. This dog accompanied the Czar to and from Kremsier.

HUMOROUS.

Silk socks are cheaper than silk stockings. It seems hardly necessary to explain that they come lower because they do not come so high.

—Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, was upset one day in his carriage, near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, said, "We are happy to state he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces."

—"I say, Bobby," whispered Featherly, "was your sister pleased to learn that I had called upon her?" "Yes, indeed, she was," replied Bobby. "When mother told her that Mr. Featherly had called while she was out, she said, 'Thank Heaven!'"

—They were sailing on the beautiful waters of Minnetonka, and she looked up into his eyes and asked him to tell her about all the different boats. "George," she said, "what's a brig, and a schooner, and a yacht? and oh, George, what's that little fishing boat out there?"

"That, Angie, is a smack."

(Sweetly.) "George, couldn't—er—could you not give me a—er—a fishing boat?—*Minneapolis Saturday Mail.*

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

This is one of the curious things floating about: Take a piece of paper, and upon it put in figures your age in years, dropping months, weeks and days. Multiply it by two; then add to the result obtained the figures 3,768; add two, and then divide by two. Subtract from the result obtained the number of your years on earth, and see if you do not obtain figures that you will not be likely to forget.—*Scientific American.*

—It is stated that the Presbyterian college at Emporia, Kansas, will cost \$75,000

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE LIBRARY.

To complete sets of magazines for the library of Westminster College, the following volumes and numbers are required:

The Century, (formerly *Scribner's*), the November number 1870, volume 3 and volumes 5 to 22 inclusive, also November and December of 1881, November 1882, June 1883, May 1885.

Harper's Monthly, December 1881, June and November 1882, January and February 1884, September, October and November 1884.

Popular Science Monthly, August 1883, April 1884.

North American Review, July, August, September 1883, February 1884.

Atlantic Monthly, February and July 1882, May 1885.

Friends of the College who have any of the above named volumes or numbers which they are willing to present to the College, are requested to send a postal card, stating what volumes or numbers they can furnish, to the Librarian, Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa.

—A somewhat novel scheme to carry on mission work has been instituted by the Catholic missionaries laboring in the Congo State. In order to secure children for training purposes, the *Mission's Catholiques* states that it has received 1,570 francs "for the purchase of pagan children" and another sum of 676 francs "for the purchase and baptism of pagan children under the names Marie Theresa, Theodore, Elizabeth, Marie," and such like. Such work is not only original and fresh, but appears to us of very doubtful propriety and utterly beneath the dignity of the title Christianity. It is but making whole handed slaughter of the sacredness of the family bond.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Beautiful weather.

—Subscribe for the HOLCAD.

—Deputy Sheriff Douds was in town last Saturday.

—About 160, exclusive of music students, are in attendance at college this term.

—The tower to be built on the Second U. P. church will be about 118 feet high.

—Rev. Geo. B. Smith and John Miles, old students of Westminster, were at the Youngstown fair.

—Rev. Mr. Stone has been appointed to succeed Rev. Mr. Lindsey as pastor of the M. E. church at this place.

—Lawrence county was well represented at the Youngstown fair and carried off more than her share of premiums.

—Mr. Geo. B. Boswell, of the firm of Boggs & Buhl, Allegheny City, was visiting at Prof. Graham's last week.

—The Rev. H. W. Crabbe and Rev. H. G. McVey were in Chapel Monday morning. Rev. Mr. Crabbe conducted the exercises.

—The Lawn Fete at Rev. A. Y. Houston's on last Thursday evening was a success. Twenty dollars and fifteen cents were received.

—Dr. Reed's lecture in the chapel on Thursday evening, Sept. 17, was very well attended. It was both interesting and instructive.

—Another game of base ball was played at Pulaski, between the Second Nine, of this place and the Pulaski nine, resulting in favor of our boys. Score 37 to 19.

—"The Republicans must go." W. R. Mehard, '80, our polite and obliging postmaster for the past four years is to be succeeded by Hugh Wilson of this place.

—On last Friday evening the Adelphic

Society sent a challenge to the Philo to a literary contest. The communication was laid on the table for one week by the Philo's.

—Frank Dawson has bought the livery stock of Bent. Hunter, and will open a first-class livery in the Central Hotel stables. He asks the college boys to give him a call.

—A game of base ball was played last Saturday at Eastbrook between the First Nine, of New Wilmington, and Eastbrook Nine. The score stood 31 to 7 in favor of the New Wilmington boys.

—Prof. Austin has purchased a very fine Fischer's piano from Mr. D. O. McLaughry. The Professor is very much pleased with it. Mr. McLaughry is also agent for the Estey organ and other musical instruments.

—The following officers were elected at a regular meeting of the Philo Society Friday evening, Sept. 18.; Pres., Alexander; V. Pres., McNaugher Sr.; Rec. Sec., Golden; Cor. Sec., Purvis; Treas., McNaugher Sr.; Marshall, Byers, Sr.; 1st Critic, McNaugher, Sr.; 2nd Critic, Irons; Library Com., McNaugher, Sr., Lindsey and Dunn.

—The following is a list of the officers of the Adelphic Society: Pres., Wilson; V. P., Vance; Rec. Sec., Huey; Cor. Sec., McClimands; Treas., J. L. Snyder; 1st Critic, Barackman; 2nd, Hover Sr.; Marshall, Webster; Sergeant-at-arms, Swogger; Excuse Com., J. D. Barr, and J. C. Adair; Library Com., Fisher, Anderson and Burrows; Executive Com., Donald, W. C. Adair and Moffatt.

—The following is a list of the new students:

Senior Class—M. B. Griffith, Stoneboro.

Junior Class—Miss Jennie Black, Indianapolis, Ind.; Annie Dickson, Midway, Pa.

Freshman Class—Misses Alice M. Crawford, Damascus, Syria; Lottie B. Byers, Pulaski, Pa.; Mary R. McMillan, Allegheny,

Pa.; Messrs. Daniel Redman, Andover, N. Y.; J. N. Dunn, Utica, Pa.; Thos. W. McNaugher, Allegheny, Pa.; Paul Stewart, Xenia, O.; Reid Kennedy, Freeland, Ill.; Arch Robinson, Allegheny; J. R. Burnside, Canonsburg, Pa.; E. B. Ferguson, Dry Run, Pa.; Jas. A. McCracken, New Lebanon, Pa.; W. H. Brown, Jacksonville, Pa.

3rd Prep. Class.—Misses Mattie McBride, Sandy Lake, Pa.; Annetta Bell, New Wilmington; Messrs. M. W. Kilpatrick, Walton, N. Y.; Wilber McNall, Imperial, Pa.; Chester W. Wallace, Bradford, Pa.; — Johnson, Nigley, Pa.

2d Prep. Class.—Misses Mattie Glenn, New Wilmington, Pa.; Mary Reed, New Wilmington, Pa.; Libbie H. McElroy, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Messrs. F. L. Juillerat, Mansfield, Ohio; J. F. Crawford, Damascus Syria; J. C. Mitchell, Phila., Pa.; Thos. P. Trimble, Allegheny, Pa.; Wm. Alter, Parnassus, Pa.; S. W. Gault, Worth, Pa.; J. A. Aiken, Remington, Pa.; J. F. Murdoch, Sewickley, Pa.

1st Prep. Class.—Misses Sarah Lindsey, Salineville, O.; Cora Forsythe, Mansfield, Pa.; Mamie L. Porter, New Wilmington; Ella Thompson, New Wilmington, Pa.; Daisy Morris, New Wilmington, Pa.; Messrs. J. C. Linninger, New Wilmington, Pa.; E. R. Munroe, Allegheny, Pa.; D. W. Moore, New Wilmington, Pa.; Dick S. Hoffman, Karns City, Pa.

Unclassified.—Misses Mollie E. Schwarberg, Allegheny, Pa.; Ella J. Madge, Wheeler P. O., Pa.; Luella Purvis, Butler; Pa.; Rosa R. S. Elliot, New Wilmington, Pa.

—The Mexican government has resolved on undertaking a geological survey of the whole of Mexico, as far as practicable, and they have appropriated \$10,000 for the preliminary expenses.

PERSONALS.

—J. P. Vance, '85, was in town over Sabbath.

—J. E. Drake, '87, will teach during the winter.

—D. R. McDonald, '81, declined the call to Buffalo, of Aug. 25th.

—Rev. J. A. Reed, '82, can now be addressed at Emporia, Kansas.

—Rev. S. H. Moore is slowly recovering from his severe attack of fever.

—Rev. J. C. McElree, '65, has accepted a call to Grove City congregation.

—Cards are out for the wedding of D. R. McDonald and Miss Libbie Kline.

—Mr. J. L. Cotton's address is Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa.

—R. P. Allen, '85, has been received by Mercer Presbytery as a student of the first year.

—R. T. Campbell, '86, has been out of college for a few days on account of sickness.

—S. S. Warnock, '88, has recovered from his illness, as he was seen out at Dr. Reed's lecture.

—Rev. J. E. Sands, '72, was on one of the trains that collided on the E. & P. R. R. last week.

—J. S. Crawford, '84, has been received by the Presbytery of Argyle as a student of Theology.

—Miss Alice Bowser, a former student of Westminster, is visiting her sister in Dunlap, Iowa.

—W. R. Harshaw, '83, has received a unanimous call to the U. P. church of Buffalo, N. Y.

—Rev. G. H. Getty, '80, has received a unanimous call to the congregation at Kingston, N. Y.

—J. B. Ricketts, '87, commenced a six

months' term of school at the Wilson school on the 13th.

—Rev. N. Winegart has been chosen as pastor of the Neshannock and Oak Grove congregations.

—D. S. Littell, '57, has been elected to the chair of Hebrew Literature in the Allegheny Seminary, *i. e.* by the First Synod of the west.

—Rev. Samuel Kerr, D. D., of Harrisville, conducted the chapel exercises on last Tuesday morning.

—W. J. Golden, '80, has been ordained and installed pastor of the church at Service, Beaver Co., Pa.

—Rev. A. S. Abbey, '62, has tendered his resignation of the pastoral charge at Summit, Erie county.

—Rev. N. E. Wade, a former student, has received a unanimous call to the congregation of Carrolton, O.

—G. R. Edmundson, formerly of the 3rd Prep. class, is in the Freshman class at Washington and Jefferson.

—Rev. H. S. Boyd, '75, of New Bedford, occupied the pulpit of the First U. P. church last Sabbath morning.

—J. A. Van Orsdel, '85, principal of the Connoquenessing Academy, spent Sabbath week with his parents in this place.

—Rev. R. N. Hammoned, '74, has been installed pastor of the Thompsonville congregation, Presbytery of New York.

—Misses Duffield, Lindsay, McElroy and McMillan, and Messrs. Swan and Purvis paid a pleasant call at the HOLCAD office on Saturday evening.

—C. N. Winger, '81, sent files of the Seattle, Washington Territory, papers to the *Globe* office last week. His address is changed from Neah Bay to Seattle.

—Prof. Levi Ludden, of the Western

University, was in town recently. The purpose of his visit was to see Rev. S. H. Moore. He also called on Miss Elizabeth Hastings McElroy at the Hall.

PROGRAM OF LEAGOREAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

FOR OCTOBER 2.

Reading Class, { Jennie McKean,
Jessie Wilson,
Anna Rowland.

Recitation Class, { Luella Donaldson,
Lemira Mealy,
Bessie McLaughry.

Essay Class, { Jennie Duffield,
Minnie Lewis,
Olive Porter,
Maggie Campbell.

Debate. { Aff. { Sadie McElree.
Hattie McLaughrey.
Neg { Mattie Poppino,
Anna Wallace.

Question—Was Grant as great a man as Washington?

FOR OCTOBER 9.

Reading Class, { Franc. Donaldson,
Flora Irons,
Marguerite Swartwood,
Miss Dickson,
Miss Purvis.

Recitation Class, { Carrie Hay,
Edith Shontz,
Jennie Vance,
Miss Byers.

Essay Class, { Estella McMillan,
Etta Brown,
Mary McElwee,
Jean Robertson.

Debate, { Aff. { Luella Hayes,
Lizzie Houston.
Neg { Mina McElwee,
Florence Mealy.

Question—Is assassination of tyrants ever justifiable?

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., OCTOBER 15, 1885.

NO. 3.

SONG OF THE NIGHT.

BY E. D. WINGWORTH.

Rest and peace,
Peace and rest.
With a Sable garb
And spangled crest
I robe thee, Earth,
For rest, for rest.

Then night with her tresses all raven and streaming,
With footsteps as soft and as light as the dawn,
Robed Earth with her mantle and caest all a-gleaming,
And kissed her repeating the rest giving song:

Rest and peace,
Peace and rest,
With sable garb
And spangled crest
I robe thee, Earth,
For rest, for rest.

The valleys and mountains,
The plains and the hills,
The brooks and the fountains,
The rivers and rills;
The waves of the ocean,
The rippling lagoon,
The stars in their motion,
The silvering moon—
All echoed the greeting
With raptured delight,
Repeating, repeating,
The song of the night

—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

WHEN SIRIUS SHINES.

When Sirius shines, a fulgent fire,
And locusts in a drowsy choir
At noon amid the maples drone,
And pines at nightfall make sad moan,
Like waves upon the rocks of Tyre.
Then strike the softly-sounding lyre
And let the soaring song rise higher,
Or fall to minor monotone
When Sirius shines

But should the chiming voices tire,
And thoughts of past and vain desire
Refill the mind, as birds once flown
Return to cotes aforetime known,
Then let the soul to heaven aspire
When Sirius shines. —*Clinton Scollard.*

WILL IT PAY?

One of the essentials of a college is students. This fact has led to the invention of a great variety of methods by which to secure students. There are two methods, now quite common, which deserve some attention. One of these is to make the terms of admission so easy that almost any body can get through. Some colleges do this on the sly, so to speak. They publish terms of admission, and the stranger who reads these terms thinks, it is no use for him to apply there. But in the same publication he sees an urgent appeal to write to the officer in charge of the correspondence and inquire for further particulars. This is all right on the face of it, but when the correspondence has gone to a certain point, the candidate is possession of information that leads him to hope that his chances are not so bad after all. He tells other boys what he has discovered and the end of it is that the whole company are admitted to a standing far above what the published terms seem to permit.

There are many other ways of communicating the information and of reaching the end I have described. Some institutions resort to this trick because they are afraid to publish lower terms of admission, lest competing institutions should place them in an unfavorable light by comparison.

Another inducement is the possibility of "gaining a year;" perhaps more. It is a fact known to at least some of the Alumni of Westminster that students, who for all other reasons would have entered Westminster, have gone elsewhere because they could by that means complete their course

a year sooner. Cases are on record, and that of recent date too, where a transfer has been made from the third preparatory class at Westminster to the Sophomore class in another college; where students have entered the Sophomore class at Westminster on examination, while their classmates in the academy, having the very same preparation, have entered the Junior class at another college without examination.

Another illustration of this scheme will bear telling. From a well-known preparatory school in Western Pennsylvania, a class of young men went out, all having the same preparation, and not differing very much in natural ability. Some of these entered the Freshmen class at Westminster and are now serving out their four years, which every student that enters Freshmen there must do before he can be graduated. Others entered the Freshman class of a competing institution and were graduated, some in three years and some in two. These statements are not imaginary, my dear HOLCAD. Your correspondent has looked this thing up and for the very purpose of answering the question now being asked in many places: Will it pay for Westminster to do as other colleges are doing in this respect? At least two classes of parties are competent to give testimony on this point: the students who are in the higher classes at Westminster, and the Alumni. I know nothing about what the students think or say on this matter, but I infer that their presence there to the number of 28, as I am informed, in the Senior class, and 35 in the Junior, must mean something. But for the Alumni I can speak without doubt. Their opinion, as I have it from many sources, is that neither these or any other such methods, will pay Westminster. Two things convince them of this. First, students can leave Westminster and enter Princeton at the same point in their course.

This establishes the reputation of the Westminster course of study, and reputation is one element of success. The Alumni realize *now* the advantage of doing what Westminster requires, and hence the wisdom of her requirements. Ability to make one's way successfully when placed in competition with the educated talent of the country is far more to an Alumnus of any college than one or two years of the time of preparation. Therefore Westminster is right. She must not adopt the schemes here described nor any others just in order to secure students. The best advertisement for any institution of learning is the respect and support of its graduates. Westminster has this in view. But she can only keep it by keeping up a respectable course of study and requiring those fit for the work to do the work.

ALUMNUS.

SCIENCE OF MIND AND ART OF TEACHING.

BY E. T. JEFFERS, D. D.

III. Sense-Perception is a power of the mind, important, some say all-important, but at least second to none, in the work of education. Aristotle says, "Without the aid of sense-perception we never come to understand anything," (p. 173, *De Anima*). One recent writer (Miller), makes the science of mind to be the science of perception. We all know the controversy over the theory of Locke, whether or not he held that all our ideas come first through the senses. Many are willing to assent, that all our ideas are either through sense-perception, or are occasioned by it. But without a decision on this much-debated question, we can agree that a great deal of attention should be given to the cultivation of this power by the educator. The teacher's art trains the pupil to observe carefully and

constantly, first sense objects, then expressions of thought, and then the ultimate relations of things, but especially sense-objects.

How early sense-perception may be cultivated is scarcely a teacher's question. It belongs to the nursery rather than the school-room. One educator insists that the best specimens of literature should be read with musical and accurate pronunciation, by the cradle, in the hearing of the infant, that the ear and the mind may be impressed before there can be any comprehension of the meaning of the words. On the same principle, that part of education which is carried on while the pupil is unconscious of it, by what he sees and hears, should be conducted with intelligent adaptation of means to the desired end. When the mind is not occupied with books or recitations, and the eye wanders around the room, let it rest on maps, in order that the shape of countries, relative size of States, width of oceans, etc., may be fixed in the memory; or busts and statuettes of orators, statesmen and scholars, that their lives and deeds may inspire the pupil with a purpose to be wise and useful; or paintings of scenes in national life, that the love of liberty and of the nation may grow. All unconsciously the pupil will thus be educated through perceptions that are trained with art by the thoughtful teacher.

The power of accurate and rapid observation can be acquired. Ruskin, who sees more beauty in a summer cloud than some men see in the whole universe, credits his wonderful power of observation to the training in close inspection which he received from his father in trips they took together into Scotland when John was a boy. One would infer from his writings that his superiority was due to extraordinary natural gifts.

A conductor on an accommodation train determined never to ask a passenger a sec-

ond time for his ticket. He cultivated his power of perception daily and hourly. He observed every one from whom he took a ticket most carefully. He did this at first by sheer force of will. Soon it became a habit with him to take in enough at a glance to fix a passenger and recognize him when he passed through the car a second time as one who had paid his fare, and this even when the passenger disguised himself in duster and traveling cap in the meantime.

I have seen somewhere the account of a prisoner who had sharpened his wits in order that he might the more effectively prey upon society, and who could describe, to the minutest peculiarity of dress and feature, a visitor whom he had seen but a moment.

A child is naturally observing. A very slight encouragement will lead him to become an accurate and enthusiastic investigator in history, letters and nature. If the teacher has the tact to create an interest in books in the mind of the boy, he will soon observe all they can teach as quickly as he now sees that the new horse his neighbor has bought has a white foot; and the girl, under the same conditions, will soon observe on sight the difference of similar words, as she now does that her playmate has a new flower or ribbon on her hat. But discourage or neglect to train children to observe, and they are left with eyes and ears untrained and all their powers of observation blunted permanently.

Effective and final rules cannot be supplied for this branch of our art, any more than for others: (1) The first rule is that there can be no specific and universal rule by which to train the powers of perception. The teacher must be guided by his own taste and tact and inspired by his own enthusiasm. (2) There should be care not to overdo the trial of the senses. Too many objects may be brought before a child's

mind in a day. Especially at first, and with children accustomed to few toys at home, objects should be few, and time given for careful inspection. (3) No school-room is so bare, and no apparatus so meagre, as to furnish the teacher a valid excuse for neglecting this essential feature in elementary education. Younger pupils can be trained in paper-folding, stick-building, singing and marching to music; older, by drawing, modeling (where facilities can be secured), and always by description of scenes, objects and pictures which the pupils are permitted to examine with reference to description. Pupils in the Academy, High School, Normal School or College, have the finest opportunity of cultivating their powers of exact observation in the study of the empirical sciences. (4) I think we all agree, in theory at least, with Mr Spencer (*Education* p. 121), that everything should be studied first in the concrete, and that abstractions and generalizations, should be reserved for a later stage of mental development. Progress should be from the simple to the complex, from the few to the many, from the empirical to the rational. To proceed otherwise as we often do, in Grammar, *e. g.*, is to discourage the pupil by failure to understand what he learns by rote, and to stop the exercise of faculties which he should be using, and so to make his after knowledge dim and defective.

IV. Of Memory something should be said. A hackneyed subject I know it is, yet one by no means understood or appreciated, or at least rationally treated. No one who has suffered or has seen the beginning of mental decay in loss of memory, and who knows enough of the science of mind to discover that the decay of this faculty and of intelligence generally is delayed in proportion to the early development and healthy use of memory, will underestimate

the training of this much despised power. Memory is not properly trained for two reasons. First, it is not prized in this age. We live in an age of cyclopædias, concordances, dictionaries, index rerum, vade mecum, and such helps. We need only memory enough to retain the alphabet, and even this is not absolutely necessary. Second, the methods used to train it are irrational. The lesson is learned merely for recitation time, the student crams for an examination at the end of the term for a biennial. The memory obediently does what is expected of it and no more. It is trained to forget.

If a pupil comes up to class with a poorly prepared lesson, he is instructed to go over it again. "Why do you repeat that sentence twenty times to John," said Wesley's father to the boy's mother, when he had become impatient listening to the effort to teach the young reformer his lesson. "Because nineteen times are not enough," answered the persevering mother. Her zeal was commendable, but a little more tact or knowledge of the science of mind would have lessened her labors and increased the result.

This principle underlies all sound instruction on improvement of the memory. In order to recollection there must be clear perception and vigorous apprehension. This is effected only by concentration of mental energy on the object of study. In order to this concentration there must be interest in the object, either original or created, but interest there must be or there will be no knowledge gained that can be recalled. This principle is so well established that it needs no further discussion. Not that the subject is one easily disposed of in practice. Sully well says, "To judge in a given case how much time and energy should be given to pure memory work is one of the nicest problems in the art of ed-

ucation." (p. 299.) But I should discredit your intelligence if I should undertake to give you rules for awakening interest in the minds of your pupils, in the topics of recitation, and your enthusiasm if I should exhort you to fulfil the necessary conditions of training the memory of your pupils.

V. "Two or more mental phenomena which have occurred together tend to recur together." (Sully, p. 50.) This is called the law of association. This law, scarcely noticed by the older psychologists, but magnified into the whole science of mind by some moderns, holds a high place in its bearing on our art. I shall notice but one application of the law.

If one of the two phenomena occurring at the same time is a book and the other a feeling, love or hate, when the book is seen again the feeling will arise. Some parents punish their children for disobedience or neglect of lessons, by compelling them to commit to memory a chapter of the Bible. That chapter will always be hated, because associated with the feelings which accompanied the study of it. If the parent makes a practice of inflicting this kind of punishment the Bible will soon be hated thoroughly. On the same principle certain text books are always hated. They are associated with the feelings that were always uppermost when those books were before the mind.

Horsemen warn drivers against striking a horse when he stumbles. The pain associated with the stumble will be recalled when he stumbles again, will confuse him and perhaps lead to a fall. Human and equine nature are so much alike that the warning is in place in a school-room. Punishment for a slip of memory, or any other intellectual stumble, will be so associated with it that any subsequent mistake will be

worse; and mistakes will be more likely to occur. The law of association should teach us to do better. Many a nervous child has been made a hopeless blunderer, and some helpless stutterers, by unscientific treatment in the school-room.

Punishment for a mistake due to lack of self-possession increases the nervousness, associates pain with the error, and makes correction next to impossible. When a teacher so far neglects the law of association as to make such punishments common, his recitations become to the pupil mere mixtures of pain and mistakes; the memory of them is a revival of misery, and the recollection of school days is so intensely disagreeable that they are forgotten whenever it is possible to forget them. The evil is not simply in adding to the sum of human wretchedness, but beyond that, in creating a dislike in the mind of the pupil for all study and all schools. The child treated in disregard of this law counts the days till the term closes, marks the last day a red-letter day in his calendar, and rejoices to end all study with the end of his compulsory common-school life.

The discipline of the school, if based on this well-known though often neglected law of association, opens windows in all directions on pleasant fields of investigation, into which the pupils will be impatient to enter. Nothing will be so desirable as study, or so much coveted as an opportunity to go on into its higher branches of learning by the properly-trained pupil. Hatred of study in a boy or girl is almost invariably proof of criminal mismanagement on the part of parent or teacher. A knowledge of the law of association, and an application of it by teachers, will convert all the drones into students, and all the students into enthusiasts for learning.

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.)

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY
THE STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

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All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 11th and 27th of each month.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

THE lecture on Germany by Dr. Scovel, of Wooster University, was very fine, and was very much enjoyed, being both instructive and entertaining. The Doctor's manner is pleasant, his enunciation clear and his selection of words remarkably happy. It is seldom we hear a more pleasant and forcible speaker, from whom the words seem to come more easily or with such good effect. He told us much of Germany, of the people, their institutions, and public and social life. He dwelt at length on their military discipline and its effect, and emphasized the good results of their system of education, and seemed to think that there was much that we, as Americans, can learn from the Germans. We long for the time when illiteracy shall have disappeared in this country, when every man, who wishes, can be a scholar, when even the common people shall delight in

metaphysics, etc., and often write Sanscrit for amusement. The views and the explanations of them added entertainment to what was an intellectual treat. We hope to be able to hear Dr. Scovel again and that soon.

THE announcement of the Lecture Committee for the coming year will be found in another column. The list gives the names of many popular lecturers and we doubt not that any seven of those mentioned, with an entertainment by the Meigs-Underhill combination will make a very interesting and instructive, as well as entertaining course. Many of those whose names appear in the list are not strangers to the people of New Wilmington. They are not known simply by reputation, but such names as Conwell, Bain, Bruce, etc., seem as those of familiar acquaintances. It is hoped that the committee will be supported by all the students, citizens, and lovers of this popular means of instruction and amusement, in their endeavors to secure the best talent on the platform. New Wilmington's reputation as "the little giant among lecture towns" is deserved and should be preserved. It speaks well for the people. We trust the patronage given this year will even be more liberal than in previous years.

"ALUMNUS" contributes an interesting article to this issue. It should be read by every thoughtful student and by every friend of Westminster. Those, especially, who have not yet entered any college but who contemplate doing so, should know the standing of this institution. The facts, as related by "Alumnus" have come under the observation of more, perhaps, than he supposes, and it is a knowledge of these facts that makes every

student think more of his Alma Mater as he approaches the close of his course. He sees that the aim of the college is not to increase its enrollment by gathering into its ranks everybody fit or unfit for the respective classes, but to send out from her midst year by year men who will make their influence for good felt in the world, who will be an honor to the institution which has prepared them for their work. It pays no college to increase its attendance at the expense of thoroughness. It will never pay Westminster to lower her standard for the accommodation of those who lack the energy, or perhaps the capacity, to take a course such as she now offers. The fact that her students are admitted to the same standing in Princeton, the fact that her graduates occupy high and responsible positions and are regarded as men of ability and worth, speaks more for her than would hundreds of graduates every year less thoroughly disciplined and consequently less thoroughly prepared for the duties that await them. Rather than lower the course, let it be gradually raised; at least, let it remain as it is, and let the good work of the past be repeated for many years to come.

DR. SCOVEL, in his lecture on Germany said, that the time would come when the colleges and universities of America would be supported by the public treasury, as they are in Germany. The day may come, and we hope it is not far distant. Such a system would place the higher institutions of learning on a firmer basis and bring them within reach of a larger portion of the population. In their present condition, the success of a college depends entirely upon its influential friends and the number of students it can attract. Many inconveniences arise from this fact and the

temptation to sustain a reputation at the expense of character is too great.

The old plea that the public money should be used only so far as it was necessary to give a practical education to the average citizen, will not hold good against the higher schools in America. The standard of practical education has been raised till it is entirely beyond the reach of the common schools. The system was a good one for the time when it was introduced, but the time has come when those who wish to become intelligent citizens must look beyond the common schools, and certainly the high schools and colleges to which they must go should have public support.

The ability of the country to sustain such an extensive system of education is fully demonstrated by its ability to endure the constant draining of its resources by the liquor traffic. If the energy which is wasted in this direction were turned into the channels of education, the country would soon reap an abundant harvest of scholars instead of the present harvest of criminals.

THE influence of every college is enormous. Each year she sends forth hundreds of men who have been under her discipline during the most important period of their life, and whose future is to a large extent directed by the training they have received while within her walls. As they engage in the active duties of life the influence of their Alma Mater still accompanies them; the principles and habits which they imbibed there will remain with them and to a large extent determine their success or failure in life.

Mental power is one object of college training, but it should also be one of the prime objects of every institution to keep before her students the high aims and worthy aspirations that are essential to the

truly successful and to the development of that purity and honesty which constitutes a truly manly character. A college which does this will never lack the respect and support of her students and Alumni.

SEVERAL books which either belong to some one of the editors or have been left in their care, have been taken from the HOLCAD office since this term began. Doubtless, these have been taken by mistake. It is hoped, however, that they will be returned as soon as possible, as inquiries have been made about them.

THE lecture this evening by Dr. Borland, of Pittsburgh, on "How to Use the Eye," should be attended by every student. There are no persons who abuse the eyes more, for want of a little knowledge than do students, and a lecture on such a subject ought to do good, and, it is believed, will. The doctor is highly recommended by a member of the Board, and we hope he will have a good audience.

EXCHANGES.

WE acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Colby Echo*, *Illini Hatchet*, *University Courier*, *Academy Student*, *Cabinet*, *Delaware College Review*, *Literary Gazette*, *Christian Statesman*, *Christian Nation*, *Midland*, and others.

* * *

WHILE reading accounts of oratorical contests among the colleges of other States we often wonder why no collegiate contest association has ever been formed among the colleges of our own State. Why cannot the colleges of Western Pennsylvania form such an association? Let us have an expression

of opinion on the subject. We suggest that Washington and Jefferson, Allegheny, Western University, Geneva, Thiel and Westminster take measures to form an Intercollegiate Contest Association. Brethren, let us have your opinions as to when and where we shall meet to consider the subject.

* * *

THE thirteenth annual contest of the Illinois Intercollegiate Association took place on October 2d, at Carlinsville, Illinois. Eight colleges were represented, viz: Chicago, Lincoln, Knox, Blackburn, Illinois, Champaign, Monmouth, and Wesleyan. The first prize was carried off by Mr. F. J. Walsh, of Chicago; the second by Mr. T. H. McMichael, of Monmouth. The former gentleman spoke on the "Mission of the Anglo Saxon"; the latter on "France and the Huguenots." Mr. McMichael's oration appears in full in the *Collegian* and certainly reflects credit on its author. If the gentleman speaks as well as he writes we do not see how he failed to gain the first prize.

Bound to Monmouth by the strongest of blue-stocking ties, Westminster offers her heartiest congratulations on her well-earned triumph.

* * *

THE October number of the Pennsylvania Teacher contained an excellent article on the "Conditions of Success," delivered to the graduating class of the Ohio Normal University, by Rev. I. A. Thayer of New Castle. We regret that we have not space to print the whole article. His remarks on mastering "what is called temper" contains truths of universal experience. We quote the passage for the benefit of our readers:

Master yourselves with regard to what is called *temper*. You go forth with tender skin to meet swarms of flies, burning suns and biting frosts. Prepare to receive these

as ministers of heaven to try your mettle. Unjust criticism, slurs, lies, selfishness, envy, open hostility, stupidity, ignorance, coarseness, vice and crime lie across your path. You must meet it all, and answer it all with a smile and a blessing. You can only conquer darkness with light, hatred with love. If you frown upon the world, ten thousand frowns will be the answer. You *must* toil in patience. You *must* smile when you face the world, though your heart be bleeding. If you have tears, go to your closet and let them fall on the hands of Him who has said, "I will never forsake you." Good nature won success to countless quacks, and rogues and fools. How much more fitting for him whose heart and head are now prepared to bless the world. Avoid cynicism; avoid pessimistic tendencies, and when you must censure, do it in such a spirit that the wounded will come to you for balm.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

COURSE OF LECTURES FOR SEASON OF 1885-6.

The Reading Room Association of Westminster College will conduct a course of lectures, as usual, this season. The Lecture Committee desire to make the following announcement:

The course will consist of at least *Seven Lectures* and *One Musical Entertainment*. The lectures will be taken from among the following:

Rev. Russell H. Conwell,	
Geo. R. Wendling,	Dr. J. H. Vincent,
Col. J. P. Taylor,	Mrs. Belva Lockwood,
Benj. F. Sanford,	Geo. W. Bain,
Wallace Bruce,	Henry H. Ragan,
Prof. R. L. Cumnock,	Dr. J. Jay Villers,
Frank Lincoln,	— Sauahbrah,
	Jehu DeWitt Miller.

The musical entertainment will be given

by the Meigs-Underhill combination, if possible.

Comments on any of the above names are unnecessary as they are all widely known. It shall be the endeavor of the committee to secure the best talent to be had for the money, and we trust that the people of New Wilmington and vicinity will give the course the liberal patronage the association has enjoyed in the past. Tickets will be sold at the following usual rates:

Single ticket, for course, - - - -	\$2.00
Single ticket, to ladies attending college, for course, - - - -	1.50
Tickets for families not exceeding 3 members, for course, - - - -	4.00
Tickets for families not exceeding 5 members, for course, - - - -	5.00
Tickets for families of 6 or more, per member, for course, - - - -	1.00
Admission to single Entertainment, -	.50

Half the price of the season tickets to be paid in advance, and remainder at the fourth lecture. Tickets can be purchased at McKinley & Haley's drug store, or from any member of the committee.

J. N. SWAN,
J. B. RICKETTS,
SAM'L MCNAUGHER
Committee.

New Wilmington, Pa., Oct. 12, 1885.

—The Prohibition Party in New York and Massachusetts have held state conventions and nominated state tickets. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has written to the New York *Evening Post* denouncing prohibition and favoring high license. That is just what we would expect of him. It will not hurt prohibition but it will hurt Beecher.—*Midland*.

—A \$60,000 Y. M. C. A. building is to be erected at New Haven, Connecticut.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Mr. Kuhn is lifting the plants in the campus.

—Miss Kline, of Sharon, is in town giving painting lessons.

—Mr. Flem. McDonald, of Allegheny, was in town last week.

—Miss Patterson has a number of plants in her recitation room.

—Miss Hastings, of Allegheny, was the guest of Miss Patterson last week.

—Dr. Ferguson made an address at the Connoquessing Academy last week.

—Some of the town people are inquiring what has become of all their grapes.

—Dr. Ferguson preached in the First church, Mercer, on last Sabbath week.

—Prof. Taggart occupied the pulpit of Rev. Mr. Cummings, of Bethel, on the 4th.

—English examinations the day before Thanksgiving. No limit has as yet been given.

—Rev. J. A. Kennedy has been unable to preach for two Sabbaths on account of quinsy.

—Dr. Mehard is having a flag walk laid in front of his house and up to the Day property.

—Mr. Bracken, the clothing agent from Greenville, is in town taking orders for winter suits.

—Miss Patterson has been chosen as one of the judges in the literary contest at Connoquessing Academy.

—Misses Carrie Hay and Georgie Wilson made a short visit at the HOLCAD office on Friday evening. Come again, ladies.

—Mr. Hugh Wilson is making his house in readiness for the postoffice. He has had a flag walk laid along the side of his house.

—Mrs. Poppino, Mrs. Reed and Mrs.

Houston were appointed judges at the Adelpic Literary Society, on Friday night last.

—The following officers were elected at a recent meeting of the Junior class: President, J. S. Hill; Vice President, G. U. Fisher; Secretary, Flora Irons; Marshal, D. C. Morrison.

—There was a game of base ball played here last Saturday between the College nine and a nine from the New Castle High School, which resulted in favor of our boys. Score 40 to 8.

—A game of base ball was played at Pine Grove, October 3d, between the Westminster College nine and the College nine of Pine Grove, resulting in a score of 8 to 5 in favor of Westminster.

—Dr. Scovel, President of Wooster College, delivered a lecture on Germany, in the college chapel on the evening of the 7th. The lecture consisted of a beautiful description of Germany, closing with illustrations.

—Eight of the Senior class requested the Faculty to take Laboratory Chemistry through the year. Their request was granted. They are the following: Miss Duffield, and Messrs. Alexander, Byers, Adair, Campbell, Hover, McNaugher and Swan. The following twelve, including Miss Thompson, who is unclassified, take German: Misses McMillan, Mary McElwee, Mina McElwee, Poppino, McElree and Thompson, and Messrs. Harrah, Hay, Byers, W. A. Moore, Wilson and Webster. The following take Hebrew: Campbell, Krohn, Kistler, W. H. Moore and Snyder.

—The class of '81 will be rejoiced to know that its number of honorary members is increasing. Several of the class witnessed Rev. D. R. McDonald leading one of Mercer's brightest and most accomplished ladies

to the marriage altar October 8th. The company invited by Mr. and Mrs. Kline, parents of the bride, was composed of her best friends and showed the estimate in which she has always been held. The party from Wilmington consisted of Misses Oella Patterson, Maria Patterson, Emma Mehard, Mollie Schwarberg, Aggie Irons, Flora Irons, and Messrs. McNaugher and Johnson, all of whom spoke in the highest terms of the whole proceedings.

—Prof. Taggart has introduced a new book into his department. It is the Companion to the Greek Testament and English Version, by Philip Schaff. The book only costs one dollar and seventy-five cents (\$1.75), and it would be well for all the students to have one. Prof. brings other books to class for reference, among which are: *Commentarii Linguae Gulielmo Budaeo Auctore, Parisiis ex officina Roberti Stephani typographi Regii, MDXLVIII.*

Stephens first brought printing to perfection and the above is a splendid copy of one of his best books at that time, and still an authority in the Greek.

The following are the title pages of some others:

*EXPLICITI ALPHABETUM AMORIS,
de elevatione mentis in deum.*

Anno domini: 1489.

(Title printed on last page.)

The Utrecht Psalter Reports,
with three fac similes.
edited by Dean Stanley.
London, 1874.

The history, art and palaeography of the
manuscript styled
The Utrecht Psalter,
by

Walter de Gray Birch, F. R. S. L.
London, 1876.

First book published by the British Palaeographical Society.

—The first lecture of the course will be given by J. P. Sandford on the evening of November 4th.

—The Philo Society, on last Friday evening accepted the challenge from the Adelphics for a literary contest.

—We were very much surprised and mortified last week, to learn that the Seniors could so far forget their dignity as to engage in a rush with the Sophomores. There were several visitors about the college that day, and we are afraid they would go away with the impression that our college was entirely destitute of that superior dignity which is always the principal characteristic of a Senior, and is especially becoming to the profound learning of those about to leave the walls of Westminster. As the two classes entered the hall from opposite sides, the two adverse currents met and formed a perfect whirlpool of hats, books, Sophs. and Seniors. Those behind rushing forward to see what was the matter, caught the frenzy and added their strength to the terrible cyclone.

It is probable that it was entirely involuntary on the part of the Seniors, but the preponderance of evidence is still against them. They will give ample compensation to any one who will invent a perfectly satisfactory scientific explanation of the occurrence, which will remove all the blame from their shoulders. The affair raised quite a commotion in almost every department of science and literature. The venerable representative of Hebrew stood in the door of his department and smiled with evident satisfaction upon the frantic struggles of his "Hebrew Children," apparently perfectly contented to let the law of the survival of the fittest decide the contest. When one of the Sophs attacked, with the vigor of insanity, the walls of the Greek department, using the last of a Senior as a battering

ram, the leader of the Greeks became very much agitated, and earnestly remonstrated against such unseemly conduct in terms as polite as the urgency of the case would permit. The head of the Latin department was disturbed by the unreasonable noise, but refrained from any demonstrations. The representative of German and English Literature exhibited considerable anxiety for the safety of the Juniors but did not lose her presence of mind. The departments of Chemistry and Mathematics were at a safe distance and were not seriously agitated, while the Professor of Physics was in the third story pursuing his investigation of the laws of force and motion perfectly unconscious of the practical illustration which was going on beneath him. The chief executive put forth every effort to calm the storm and restore the equilibrium of the contending elements. He was at last successful. The loss of the Seniors was about 000 killed, 0000 wounded, and 00000 missing, that of the Sophomores was about the same.

PERSONALS.

—Rev. W. J. Best, '75, was in town Oct. 9th.

—Miss Dorcas Crowl visited friends here last week.

—Rev. G. H. Getty, '80, was at college Tuesday, Sep., 29th.

—Miss Aggie Irons, spent Sabbath, Oct. 4th, at her home, this place.

—Miss Bell Campbell, '80, spent last Saturday at her home, this place.

—I. N. Moore, '85, is a judge in the contest at Connoquenessing this week.

—S. S. Beggs, a former student of Westminster is now at Geneva College, Beaver Falls Pa., He participated in the bicycle

race at New Castle last week, but we are sorry to say, "got left."

—H. D. Gordon, '87, went to his home, Richmond, Ohio, last Saturday to vote.

—Miss Jennie Duffield, '86, who has been ill for a few days, is able to attend college again.

There is to be a literary contest at Prof. Alex VanOrsdel's Academy, at Connoquenessing, this week.

—Ed. Wallace, Mr. Jackson, Pa., returned to college last week. We are glad to have him with us again.

—Rev. N. Winegart, '74, was in chapel last Friday morning, and spent part of the forenoon visiting classes.

—Rev. N. E. Brown, '62, has offered his resignation of the pastoral charge of Slipperyrock and Harlansburg.

—Rev. R. H. Hood, '87, passed through town on last Thursday on his way to Rev. D. R. McDonald's wedding.

—Dr. Will Wilson, a former student of Westminster, now of Portersville, spent last Sabbath with his parents, this place.

—Rev. J. D. Rankin, '82, is home from Denver on a short visit. He has exchanged pulpits with his father for the next three months.

—Miss Sophie M. Smith, '78, and Mr. H. Riley, were married at the residence of the bride's parents, Wellsville, O., by Rev. J. G. Kennedy.

—Rev. D. R. McDonald, '87, was ordained on Tuesday the 6th, married on the 8th, installed the 13th, and will hold his first communion on the 18th.

—Miss Anna Rowland, of the Freshman class, was visited last week by Misses Rowland and Heasley of Pulaski, Pa., They visited several classes Wednesday forenoon.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., NOVEMBER 2, 1885.

NO. 4.

SPINNING.

Like a blind spinner in the sun
I tread my days ;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways ;
I know each day will bring its task,
And being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin ;
I only know that some one came
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall ; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place
In some great fabric to endure
Pastime and race
My threads will have ; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young,
So young I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
I never doubt.
I know He set me here, and still,
And glad, and blind, I wait His will.

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

PERE MARQUETTE.

One fair, summer evening, while staying at Mackinac Island, just as the sun was burying its rays in Lake Michigan, we sailed across the strait to the village of St. Ignace. This little village lies at the southern extremity of the northern peninsula of Michigan. Far to the east across the waters lies "Fairy Island," its lofty summit crowned by Fort Mackinac, with its white-washed walls gleaming in the sunlight ; while to the south just outside the ruins of the old fort sleeps peacefully the quiet town of old Mackinaw. Each of these localities has its history, but none more interesting than that of St. Ignace.

Formerly it was only an Indian village where a little chapel with its white cross-spire kept watch and ward above the town. A few years ago, however, the mining interests of Michigan gave an impetus to the growth of the village which ceased only with the depression in the iron trade. Yet the visitor comes not here to pace its quiet streets, or its mighty ore dock reaching far out into the lake, nor yet to wander through its manufactories : he comes to visit the tomb of one who yet lives in the hearts of his countrymen dwelling along the strait, for here lies the dust of that noble missionary to the Red men—Pere Marquette. It is a remarkable fact that while the Puritans were enforcing their stern doctrines along the Atlantic coast, never passing beyond the border of the vast forests, the French missionaries had traversed our western rivers, carrying the news of salvation to the Indian, and planting the banner of the cross

of Christ thousands of miles towards the "setting sun."

One morning, over two hundred years ago, as the Indians turned their eyes toward the east, a canoe was seen coming through the gateway of the strait. The occupant, who was none other than Father Marquette, soon beached his canoe upon this point and spoke in friendly tone to the Indians who gathered around him. Here upon these shining sands he planted his cross and preached to the dusky warriors the glad tidings of a Saviour. His little band of listeners grew, and soon the news reached the neighboring islands. Not long afterwards from all directions could be seen the Indians coming, day by day, to hear the white man's message. Speaking no less than twelve different dialects, eloquent in speech, fiery in zeal, it is not surprising he soon became beloved of the Red Men. His success gave him more energy and he determined to build a chapel for worship. Willing hands lent their aid and soon the first church on the shores of our inland seas was dedicated to the service of God and named in honor of Ignatius Loyola. The following year Marquette erected a college, the first institution of this kind west of New England. Into this college he gathered the Indian youth and instructed them in secular and heavenly knowledge. But a shadow fell across the mission and across the life of this great missionary, for while earnestly engaged in his labors the order was received from France to join Joliet on his expedition to the Mississippi. This great river was then supposed to flow into the Gulf of California. The rules of the order of the Jesuits required implicit obedience, and Marquette reluctantly made preparation to obey the order and to join his fellow missionaries. On a bright May morning, he entered his canoe and sailed slowly down the waters of the strait toward the western

gateway. The sorrowing Indians followed in their canoes, It is said that Pere Marquette sat shading his eyes with his hand looking back earnestly at the little chapel of St. Ignatius which he was never more to see. Just in the gateway of the strait he rose and extending his hands gave his parting blessing to his dusky friends. The Indians, schooled to suppress their feeling, sat motionless in their canoes until the boat of the missionary faded to a speck and then returned sorrowing to their island homes. Some two years later, in 1675, worn out with the hardships of explorations, Marquette returned as far east as Green Bay, where, in the meantime, a new mission had been established. Feeling that the end of his life was drawing near, his thoughts turned to the little chapel in the strait. He longed to be carried back in order that in death he might rest beneath its shadow, that he might die within its loved walls. Faithful friends made haste to carry out his wishes. The little party sailed across the lake intending to travel northward along the eastern shore. Entering the river which bears his name, they tarried for rest. Here he begged to be left alone for half an hour.

"In the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication."

At the end of the half hour, says Bancroft, they went to seek him and he was no more. The good missionary—discoverer of a world—had fallen asleep on the margin of the stream. Near its mouth the voyagers dug his grave in the sand. When the Indians of St. Ignace heard of his dying wishes they assembled a large fleet of canoes and sailing swiftly down the lake, lifted the coffin, enclosed it in fine fur and beadwork; then returning they buried it beneath the walls of the chapel. During the wars that followed, the college and chapel were

burned and the locality of the grave lost. Some eight years ago, a society was organized for the purpose of searching for the lost localities. The society, however, failed in the object of their search. In 1879, Mr. Murray, a prominent merchant of the town, in digging a cellar came upon the foundations of the chapel and further investigation revealed the missionary's grave. Mr. Murray immediately sent for the priest who confirmed the discovery and by some means contrived to have the honor of discovery conferred upon himself. The dust was carefully collected, inclosed in a glass box which was sent to Paris, from thence to Rome, where, after lying in state, it was returned to the spot from whence it was taken. That the inhabitants of St. Ignace have no doubt but that this is the last resting place of this great man is shown by the neat little shaft that marks his grave. There is a possibility that they are mistaken but no matter, he sleeps somewhere here, and when the last trumpet will sound he will rise surrounded by a host of dusky converts, who have been redeemed by the blood of Christ through the instrumentality of the noble Pere Marquette. For the benefit of those studying Latin, I append the inscription taken from the stone that marks his grave. It may afford some consolation to know that such learned men as the priests sometimes make mistakes in their Latin composition.

In Memoriam.

Rev. di. Patris J. Marquette, S. J.

Qui Obiit

Die 18 Maii, MDCLXXV.

XXXVII Annos Nat.,

et sepultus est in isto sepulchro

A. D. MDCLXXVII.

R. I. P.

Lapis iste erectus est ab incolis opidi,

Sti. Ignatii,

A. D. MDCCCLXXXII.

J. B. RICKETTS, '87.

SCIENCE OF MIND AND ART OF TEACHING.

BY E. T. JEFFERS, D. D.

VI. *The Law of Habit* is simply that the mind tends to do again what it has once done, and with each repetition of the act the tendency grows in geometrical ratio; and with tendency comes facility. What one has done is a prophecy of what he will do. So the inference is plain, train up a child in the way he should go, and habit will bear him through temptations unharmed; and, on the other hand, the Ethiopian will change his color and the leopard his spots before one accustomed to do evil learns to do well. Teach the children habits of order, system, studiousness, truthfulness, honesty, and all else that is commendable. The teaching at home and in school educates when it teaches good habits, and in proportion as it teaches good habits, and not in proportion to the number of facts and laws imparted.

Of but one habit I shall speak to-day: the *habit of happiness* I shall call it. Happiness and misery are largely habits; they both become chronic and characteristic. We speak of the happy and the miserable man. The teacher can lay the foundations of the one character or the other by his methods in the school-room. There is no limit to the application of his art by the teacher in the effort to form a happy habit in his pupils; but the teacher himself must have a good temper. That the teacher's temper creates the atmosphere of the school-room is a stale truth. Not the ability or inefficiency of the instructor, not the idleness or studiousness of the scholars, but the disposition of the teacher to make the hours pass agreeably or otherwise, makes the room a prison-house or a palace to the children.

Perhaps you know of the teacher who is

capable of keeping his pupils in misery all day. He may not resolve when he rises in the morning to be as disagreeable as possible, but does it without a resolution. He is sour by nature. If this hyper-acidulated teacher should happen to be a woman instead of a man, she would not be worse than he is; but the contrast between what we expect and usually find, and what we discover in such a case, is so great that she seems worse than the male tart. But whether the irritating cause be masculine or feminine, the pupils kept in misery through six hours of five days in the week acquire the habit of being miserable, of complaining, finding fault, being dissatisfied with everything. If this continues for a year or two the habit is fixed, the character is permanently injured, and the youth saved from a fatal cynicism only by the most persevering and skillful treatment. No scholarship, wealth, family, success, can make the unfortunate victim of such a habit anything but wretched.

The teacher who knows enough of the science of mind to understand the principle on which habits are formed, and who recognizes happiness as habitual, will apply this principle in the art of making his pupils happy. He will studiously rid himself of cares and worries before he faces his charge. He will bring all the benevolence in his system to the surface when he enters the room. He will fill his room with sunshine; misery he will reserve for the offender, and even for him he would keep heaven in sight, and the way of repentance and reconciliation open. Besides getting more and better intellectual work out of his scholars, he will raise up a generation that will make the world happier while making it wiser.

The depressing influence of many a vicious home has been counteracted and supplanted by that of the well-ordered school-

room, presided over by a teacher whose very presence inspired the heart of the pupil with love for mankind and a desire for their good. How many men bless the name of a preceptor under whose guidance they formed the habit, which more than anything they have ever learned or gained, has secured their earthly happiness.

VII. *The Constructive Imagination* is a power of the mind by which one can picture whatever character he pleases for himself; create events in his own history; and, in general, fancy himself and others being and doing whatever he wishes them to be or to do. Further, these imagined acts produce all the effects on the author himself, which real acts do. A sin committed in imagination defiles the conscience. A good deed done in this fictitious world, intensifies the love of good in the heart of the dreamer. Further still, this power is always active. We are all creating a world of our own every day. Two other facts must be remembered; one is that childhood is an imaginative age, peculiarly so. When Shakespeare said,

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact."

he might have added the child. If the luxuriant and fertile imagination of the child is not intelligently treated, if materials are not furnished it out of which it can form good ideas instead of bad ones, and if it is not helped in the formation of this world of its own, it will certainly suffer. The imagination will run wild. A second fact is that this is an age of novels. Outside of professional reading, nine-tenths of the books read are works of fiction. Children must be educated in view of this prevalence of works of the imagination.

Only the most general rules can be given on this subject.

1. A distinct line should be drawn between the real and the imaginary, especial-

ly for the benefit of the more imaginative. Children who begin by telling fictitious stories for amusement, soon find the talent can be used for deception.

2. Lest fancy run away with the dreamer, it should be restrained, not so much directly as indirectly, by careful and frequent exercise of reasoning, exact memory, and judgment.

3. Place in the hands of the pupils the best works of children's fiction, not the "Arabian Nights," nor pretended biography with a fictitious coloring, but such books as avoid the two extremes of "Peck's Bad Boy," and the average Sabbath-school novel.

4. Instead of the stereotyped composition, let the exercises be varied sometimes by a description of the man the boy would like to be, the house he would like, even the kind of school he would fancy, and let the girl give her ideal in person, home and dress.

5. In every lesson the imaginative teacher can by a few fit words start the fancy of his class till they will all picture even the scene suggested by a question in arithmetic.

Here rules are specially useless. The unthoughtful will not know how to use them, and the thoughtful will not need them. One rule we shall all obey, not to suffer the imagination to grow uninstructed or unregulated as though it was a law unto itself, but we shall check, stimulate, or direct this power, as each case needs our care, so that it shall be a useful factor in the subsequent life of the pupil.

Passing over countless subjects which furnish principles for this art of teaching, I shall speak of but one more.

VII. The will, the soul's power of self-determination. The soul is self-determined in every subjective act. The will is not a separate faculty, but the soul willing. So largely is mental action will action, that a German philosopher mistaking makes the

will the soul. So closely is volition connected with intelligence that Jesus more truthfully says, "If any man wills to do my will, he shall know of the doctrine," etc. So closely is it connected with memory that an apostle exhorts, "Be doers of the word, and not hearers only," and adds that if no volition follows hearing, the word is soon forgotten. Further, every act of will contributes to the formation, and is also an expression of character. These principles suggest rules without number for a part of education which is little thought of, but which yields in importance to no feature in the training of mind.

1. We do not forget that in educating the will we are training responsible, self-governing agents to exercise their wills. We are not making mere creatures of habit, nervous and intellectual machines, the chief end of which is to act automatically, and exactly according to our notions of right. We are to teach them to will so that when they come to act for themselves, without the counsel of parent or teacher, they will freely follow the line of the highest principles of action.

2. In order to the development of will in pupils, there must be required of them exact and universal obedience. It has passed into a maxim, that only those who have learned to obey know how to rule.

3. Let rules be few and explicit, to avoid confusion and misunderstanding.

4. Exact obedience in the line of the child's intuitions of right and justice. These instinctive convictions are your strongest allies.

5. Be perfectly consistent. Let no promise or threat be made till it is clearly practical in fulfillment, and then fulfill it at all hazards. Children learn by contact and example. The pupils of the strong-willed teacher become like him in this character-istic.

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 48.)

THE HOLCAD.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,

New Wilmington, Pa.

WE have received a copy of the *Church and Home*, published by the Central Presbyterian church, of Cincinnati, of which the Rev. J. J. Francis, '65, is pastor. It is a very neat, little sheet, filled with interesting and profitable reading. It is devoted to the interests of the church and is edited by the pastor. This surely gives evidence of Mr. Francis' success and of the hearty co-operation of his people in his work. We trust that he may receive still more encouragement and be even more successful in the future.

CLASS-DAY will again be a feature of Commencement week. The class of '86 has decided to celebrate the close of its course with appropriate ceremonies and has accordingly arranged a programme which will be seen in another column. It is pleasant to know that this custom is to be revived, under such favorable circumstances. The election has taken place, the best feel-

ing prevailed, and every one seems to be satisfied. It should so be with future classes. The exercises of class-day are often the most interesting exercises of Commencement week, and it is unfortunate, at least, for any class to graduate without the benefit and pleasure derived from such a celebration.

WE see by some of our exchanges that spelling-bees and pronouncing-bees are being revived again. This is a good sign, if it means that a better acquaintance with the mother-tongue is desired, for we know of nothing of which people generally are so woefully ignorant as the English language. Correct spelling and correct pronunciation, even in well-educated communities, is too often the exception, not the rule. People who pride themselves upon their acquisitions in various departments of learning are too seemingly indifferent about the spelling and pronunciation of the words they use. How often is a letter marred by miserable spelling, or a conversation by the mispronunciation of the simplest words. This should not be. No one, whether he be poorly educated or well educated, is excusable for thus mutilating the language. No word should be used that cannot be used correctly. Even the man whose vocabulary is limited to comparatively few words cannot be excused if he misspells or mispronounces them, since every man can have and ought to have a dictionary, by an occasional reference to which he can settle every question. And to the student especially, is accurate pronunciation and correct spelling important. No book, except the Bible, should be more frequently consulted by him than the dictionary. His aim should be always to use good English, for he well knows that the first and best mark of the finished scholar is his accuracy in these two particulars. By proper attention at the

proper time it can be acquired. A dictionary will give all the necessary information, if there is only the inclination to search for it.

In view of the fact that English examinations are approaching, and that spelling is one of the branches in which examination is required, it might not be out of place to devote a few evenings between now and Nov. 25, to spelling-bees, at which the words spelled should be taken from the limit given by the Faculty. This would be an easy and a pleasant way of preparing for that unwelcome day. The proceeds, should admission be charged, can be given to some good purpose. We would suggest that the base-ball club take this in hands. Surely they have done work good enough this term to merit the presence of citizens and students at such an entertainment.

EVERY college needs the support of influential friends, and nowhere has she more right to look for these than among her alumni. Many colleges seem to overlook the importance of securing the cooperation of those whom she had graduated, and we think that this is to some extent true of Westminster. When her students have finished their course, their connection with the college is entirely broken off, and the associations of their college life are the only ties which remain to keep them in remembrance of their Alma Mater. A closer connection ought to exist, and it would certainly be to the interest of the college. At least one member of the Board of Trustees should be elected by the alumni. Such an arrangement is desired by many and would, no doubt, be a grateful change to all. It would do much to keep alive their interest, and we cannot afford to be without their influence.

It is true there are alumni among the Board at present but they are elected by

other bodies and represent other interests. There should be some one there whose duty would be to represent the wishes and sentiments of those whose connection with the college has been more intimate than that of any others except the Professors, and who should have a deep interest in her welfare. The matter is worth the consideration of the officers of the college.

Westminster has no reason to be ashamed of the work she has done in the past; her representatives occupy positions of honor and influence in almost every profession and calling. If she could secure the hearty support of all who are indebted to her for their education she would have as many friends that could keep her halls and her coffers full.

THERE are few students, indeed, who do not realize the fact that they need exercise regularly, and fewer still who do exercise regularly. Heretofore this part of the course has been sadly neglected in this institution, but now a good opportunity is afforded to all to learn how to breathe, how to expand the chest, and how to exercise. Prof. Austin's work will, doubtless, have a good effect. Every morning after Chapel exercises he forms all the students and the remaining members of the Faculty into a class and drills them in breathing and simple gymnastics. He does it well and we believe his efforts will be very much appreciated by all who engage. No one should neglect the opportunity.

OUR base ball club has covered itself with glory this term. The boys have played better and more successfully than ever before. Every club with which they have engaged since the opening of College has found the Westminster nine more than a match, except the one from Beaver Falls. On Saturday Oct. 24th, they met with

their first defeat, but it was a defeat which added new laurels. The visiting club consisted of five students of Geneva College and two alumni of the College and two professional players—not the college nine which was challenged. The result of the game does credit to the home nine, and discredit to the team that would palm off alumni and professionals as college students.

THERE has been no lecture given to a New Wilmington audience lately more interesting than the one by Dr. W. T. Me-
toy on the evening of Oct. 26th. The subject was "Now and Then" and it included almost everything. Old times and present times and future times were considered; and old customs and new customs, old ideas and new ideas were referred to, and the whole was interspersed with anecdotes and experiences and observations of the most pleasing character. Some of the Freshmen are not yet done talking about that lecture. They cannot understand what the Doctor meant when he said that the back logs of the olden time gave too much light. Strange, too!

SUBSCRIBERS will please remember that their subscriptions are due. The editors find that in conducting a paper even money is needed, and it is hoped that patrons will not forget this. We request that all subscriptions be paid as soon as possible. We would be grateful too, if every old subscriber would send a new name with his \$1.50.

EXCHANGES.

WE notice that the *Wooster Collegian* again offers prizes to the students of that college for the best essay and for the best short sketch or story, to be handed to the editor on or before November 25th, 1885. As an incentive to literary effort among students, we think this is a valuable plan. It is by using or attempting to use the knowledge acquired in the class room in composing essays, orations, etc., that the student ac-

quires readiness of memory, facility in composition, and learns to systematize what he has acquired. Exercises of this character should go hand in hand with class room work. They are just as important, and any move to stimulate students to attempts of this kind should be encouraged and commended.

* *

FROM the University of the Pacific comes a new visitor to our exchange table. The *Epoch*, a neat paper, published in journal form and containing twelve or thirteen pages of good reading matter. Its editors seem to have learned that variety is the spice of a newspaper as well as of life. All the departments of the paper seem to be well conducted.

* *

WE regret that our limited space forbids the mention of the many excellent exchanges we have received since the last issue of our paper. Were we to quote half the good things that appear in the columns of our exchanges we would have no space for anything else. The last number of the *Purdue Chronicle*, *Bates Student*, *Earlhamite*, *Oberlin Review*, *Sibyl* and *Beacon*, all deserve more than a passing notice.

* *

THE *Press and Badger* contains a sensible article in regard to how a college paper should be conducted. We quote its remarks about the local department. "In this department pith and wit are the desirable qualities. Euphemistic circumlocution in reports is abominable. The personal columns demand conciseness and accuracy and plenty of items. The more the better. A compact alumni is of great assistance to a college and a good personal column will greatly aid in securing this." After reading this sound and sensible advice of our neighbor we glanced over its "Local" and "Personal" columns but failed to see that its advice had been followed to any marked degree. Reformation, like charity, should begin at home.

TO THE JUNIORS.

BY A FRIEND.

As the Juniors are busily engaged in preparing their orations, perhaps a little advice would not be amiss. First—Don't tell us how civilization traveled from Egypt to Greece; from Greece to Rome; from Rome to Germany; from Germany to England, and from England across the turgid, rolling billows of the stormy Atlantic to the New World.

Don't call back the sad scenes of the Cru-

sades. Let the bones of those noble martyrs rest and bleach in peace. Let your aspirations rise higher than to keep up the "rattling of dry bones" in our ears.

Don't heap ignominy and shame upon the poor Mormons. Of course, Mormonism is a disgrace to our nation, but you need not make our days a burden on their account, especially when they are minding their own business in the great mountain fastnesses of Utah. Consider the trials of a Mormon husband and you will see that Mormon life is not all happiness. If your wife had been cruelly torn from your weeping family by a Mormon outlaw, you might justly, perhaps, indulge in the hideous practices of tearing your hair and stamping your feet. Job cursed his day, and if you don't want us to curse the night on which you speak you had better let the Mormon down easy. Remember, also, that the Mormons would have nothing to do with a man of your capacity.

Don't harangue us on intemperance, we have been on your side of the question for the last fifteen years, and besides, we have heard Gough, Finch, Bain and St. John on the subject and now to be compelled to listen to you for half an hour would, doubtless, be very distressing.

Don't nail Luther's theses to the church door at Wurtemberg. Try *Spaulding's glue* once.

Don't tell us what grand men our pilgrim fathers were. You had better talk about folks that have a chance to talk back. True they may not have had the glorious advantages of an education, but we don't doubt that they acted decently under very trying circumstances.

Don't tell us about corruption in politics. We know that the returns from Ohio have been tampered with time and again, but the other fellows can shuffle postal cards just as well as you can.

Don't praise the beauties of nature. All

of us know the place where the rag-weed flourisheth, and the crows warble forth their sweetest songs of praise, and flowers give forth delightful fragrance gently wafted by balmy breezes to cheer the children of sorrow. We have all been in the country and have learned enough about it to know that plowing is done in the spring; that hay seed is found in the farmer's hair, and that apples are gathered in the fall—by the neighbors' boys.

Don't tell us about the formation of character. Are you sure that your own has been well taken care of? Perhaps closer attention to morality might benefit this community, but if you do intend becoming a missionary, please don't mistake us for heathens.

Don't forget to insist upon the improvement of the spare moments. From the dawn of our existence we have been as prone to forget this advice as the sparks are to fly upward.

Don't tell us about the shackles that were stricken from the limbs of the four million slaves. Please let them lie where they fell. It is too late now to think of pounding them into pruning hooks.

Don't tell about Cromwell or the French Revolution, or about those noble men and women from creation's dawn up to the present. You evidently have overlooked the fact that Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases and promotes civilization and reform.

Don't forget to lay your hand on your heart and trill your r's. The small boy regards this part with wonder and glee, taking it as a sign that you think you will get through all right, and the music will start up soon.

Don't forget to throw out some leaders for the Faculty. Some points as to how Euclid and Newton elaborated Geometry; or as to the labors of Darwin, Humboldt

and J. Stanley Grimes may bring tears, to eyes hitherto dry.

Don't let us escape without a few remarks on the beauties of literature. You should remember that poetical quotations are very impressive and that a reference to the "Garden of Eden" will awaken enthusiasm in any town of ordinary intelligence west of the Alleghenies.

Don't tell us about down-trodden Ireland, or the war in Soudan. We know it is all England's fault.

Don't saw the air, but rather make round sweeping gestures with both hands, and if it needs emphasis bring down your heel.

Don't feel bad if your oratorical powers, when you rise, take the wings of the morning and fly to the utmost parts of the earth.

Don't stir up the people by introducing new ideas. It is well to remember that St. Paul, and St. Peter and several of the other saints were put in the stock for stirring up seditions among the populace. Try to keep from raising an insurrection.

Don't forget to tell us of "our departed chieftain," and call back to our minds those noble old philosophers, Plato and Socrates.

Don't bring down reproach on the Pyramids because they have been standing still for 3000 years. The phynx has a prettier face than you will have at the same age.

Don't "roll up the heavens like a scroll" and then shove the scroll into the "Gibraltar of the ages."

Don't try to disgrace Mr. Robert Ingersoll. He probably was once as popular as you now are.

Don't allow yourself to betray your fiendish anger when you find that you have not been elected as a contestant. Remember that the Faculty did it and thus be reconciled. Save your wrath for the great war which is near at hand between the Catholic, beer-swillers, political "repeaters," mugwumps and Mormons

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Junior orations begin Nov. 9th.

—Mrs. Barnes and family removed from Butler to this place last week.

—Where are the lamps for the Campus? Are they ever going to appear?

—Prof. Sherrard, Superintendent of this county was in town last Saturday.

—Kirk's orchestra, of New Castle, will furnish music for Junior orations.

—The Junior class spent the afternoon of the 16th, very pleasantly, chestnut hunting.

—President Ferguson attended the meeting of the Synod, of Pittsburgh, at Canonsburg last week.

—It is twenty-four years since New Wilmington had a Democratic P. M. until the present one, Mr. Wilson.

—Prof. Austin, is conducting a series of lessons in Gymnastic and "How to breathe." These lessons will be given in the chapel every morning immediately after chapel exercises. They are free to all the students and members of the faculty.

—The limit in grammar is Etymology; in history Development of the English colonies, pages 45 and 96; Development of the States, pages 149 and 209; Reconstruction, pages 281 and 292 Barnes' History; in spelling, the chapter on figures in Hart's Rhetoric.

—The following is a list of the officers in the Freshman class for the present term: Pres., J. D. Borrowes; V. Pres., Paul Stewart; Sec., Miss M. Swartwood; Treas., Daniel Redman; Marshall, Reid Kennedy. One class day performer was elected, Thomas McNaugher as historian.

—The following is a list of the performers for Class Day exercises, class of '86:

Historian, J. L. Snyder; Prophet, Swan; Poet, W. H. Moore; Lamentator, Wilson; Presenter, Hay; Orator, W. A. Moore; Essay, Jean McKean; Chairman, Webster; Committee on Music, Hay, Miss Duffield, Kistler, Miss Poppino, and W. H. Moore.

—The following is a list of those who joined the Philo Society this fall: M. B. Griffith, Stoneboro; J. N. Dunn, Utica; Thos. W. McNaugher, Allegheny; Arch. Robinson, Allegheny; E. B. Ferguson, Dry Run; Jas. A. McCracken, New Lebanon; W. H. Brown, Jacksonville; M. M. Kilpatrick, Walton, N. Y.; Wilber McNall, Imperial; Thos. P. Trimble, Allegheny; J. F. Murdock, Sewickley; E. R. Munroe, Allegheny; Ed. Wallace, Mt. Jackson; Will Campbell, New Wilmington.

—The following is a list of those who joined the Adelphe society this fall:

Paul Stewart, Xenia, O.; W. H. Johnson, Logan's

Ferry, Pa.; C. W. Wallace, Bradford, Pa.; J. R. Burnside, Canonsburg, Pa.; W. E. Porter, New Wilmington, Pa.; R. E. Porter, New Wilmington, Pa.; J. J. Elree, New Wilmington, Pa.; E. N. Elree, New Wilmington, Pa.; D. Redman, Andover, N. Y.; Reed McClure, New Wilmington, Pa.; J. H. Black, New Wilmington, Pa.; Reid Kennedy, Sandwich, Ill.; C. N. Perkins, New Wilmington, Pa.; D. H. Moor, New Wilmington, Pa.; J. C. Lininger, New Wilmington, Pa.; A. H. Elliott, New Wilmington, W. J. Alter, Parnassus, Pa.; S. W. Gault, Worth, Pa.;

—The following are the divisions of the essayists and orators of the Junior class:

First Division, Nov. 9.—S. P. Barackman, J. G. Berry, Etta Brown, Anna Dickson, W. A. Dunn.

Second Division, Nov. 16.—H. D. Gordon, T. B. Gormley, Franc Donaldson, Luella Hayes, W. H. Hay.

Third Division, Nov. 23.—J. S. Hill, F. A. Hover, Lizzie Houston, Flora Jane Irons, J. W. Hutchinson.

Fourth Division, Nov. 30.—W. R. Irons, W. M. Lindsey, Bessie McLaughry, Olive Porter, D. T. McCalmont

Fifth Division, Dec., 7.—D. O. McLaughry, J. M. McNall, Jennie Vance, Jessie Wilson, W. B. Peters.

Sixth Division, Dec. 14.—J. B. Ricketts, J. R. Vance, Jennie Black, J. P. Warden, C. B. Wilson.

—The most interesting game of base ball here this fall was played on last Saturday afternoon between the college nine and a nine claiming to be from Geneva College but in reality composed of players from different parts of Beaver county. Our boys played well but Beaver county came out ahead. The following is the result:

WESTMINSTER. R P O E A B I	BEAVER CO. R P O E A B I
McNaughton, L. 1 6 3 0 1	Toy, C. 2 10 2 2 4
Snyder, 2. 2 2 2 2 1	Kennedy, ss. 3 0 0 3 2
Kennedy, ss. 2 2 1 3 2	Milligan, 3. 2 3 2 1 3
Fisher, 3. 2 6 3 2 2	Sampson, 1. 2 8 2 0 3
Warden, r. 1 0 0 1 2	Emery, p. 1 1 0 2 0
Lindsay, c. 0 9 2 4 2	Thomas, l. 1 2 2 0 2
Robinson, p. 2 0 0 3 2	Howarth, 2. 2 2 2 2 2
Douthett, l. 2 1 1 2 2	George, r. 1 0 0 0 2
Munroe, m. 1 1 0 0 2	Wylie, m. 2 1 0 0 1
Totals. 13 27 12 16 16	Totals. 16 27 10 10 19

Innings. 1 2 3 4 5 7 7 8 9
Westminster. 0 1 0 4 0 3 0 5 0 13
Beaver Co. 2 7 3 0 0 0 0 2 2 16

Robinson struck out 11; Emery, 13. Umpire—W. R. McHard, 80. Time—2:20. Spectators—593.

PERSONAL.

—J. E. Drake, of '86, has returned to college.

—J. M. Mattox, '83, was married Sep., 30th, to Miss Kitt.

—Ex-President McClurkin, preached in Boston last Sabbath.

—Rev. J. M. Adair, of the Board of Trustees, spent Sabbath, Oct. 18th with his sons and was in chapel

the following Monday morning, and made a few pointed and concise remarks.

—Rev. H. S. Boyd, of '75, is now visiting in Washington county.

—Rev. J. M. Mealy preached in the chapel Sabbath evening, Oct. 18th.

—Rev. J. D. Rankin, '72, has exchanged pulpits with his father.

—Rev. I. F. Wright, '79, contributes an article to the U. P. each week.

—Rev. H. H. Houston, '74, has received a call to Poland congregation.

—Miss Purvis, of the Senior class, was visited by her mother last week.

—Miss Black, of the Junior class, will not read her essay until the last night.

—J. A. Anderson, '77, Mansfield, Ohio, preached in New Castle Oct., 18th.

—J. G. D. Findley, 61, Freeport, is slowly recovering from his recent illness.

—Dr. W. E. Van Orsdel and son, of Sharon, Pa., were in town last Sabbath.

—F. A. Blackstone, of '81, has been admitted to practice in the Supreme court.

—Prof. W. W. Wallace has been absent for a few days. Returned Monday evening.

—Rev. A. K. Strane, '78, has accepted the call to the congregation of Idaville, Indiana.

—Miss Duffield, '86, had friends visiting her last week from Allegheny and Glenfield.

—Miss McElroy, of the 2nd Prep. class was visited last week by her sister from Wilkinsburg.

—Rev. J. M. Adair, of the Board of Trustees, was made Moderator of the Synod of Pittsburgh.

—Rev. S. G. Fitzgerald, '70, of the 3rd church Philadelphia, is highly appreciated by his people.

—Prof. I. N. Moore, '84, of New Castle, was one of the spectators at the base ball game, on Saturday.

—Prof. R. B. Taggart occupied the pulpit of the Second U. P. church Sabbath morning, Oct. 18th.

—Miss Jean McKean, '86, entertained a number of her friends very pleasantly, on Friday evening Oct. 23.

—Miss Otta L. Caldwell, formerly a member of the class '86, is now at Ann Arbor, Michigan. '86, wishes her well.

—Dr. Ferguson occupied the pulpit of the Second U. P. church, New Castle, last Sabbath morning and evening.

—Rev. H. G. McNay was absent last Sabbath assisting Rev. L. C. Bingham, Plain Grove, Pa., at communion services.

—Miss E. McCarther and Mrs. S. R. Snodgrass, of Westford, Pa., were the guests of Prof. Thompson's family last week.

—Rev. J. A. Kennedy was absent Sabbath, Oct. 18th, assisting Rev. J. G. Carson, D. D., of Xenia, Ohio, at communion services.

—Mrs. Rev. W. A. Campbell and Mrs. Alexander were the delegates to the State W. C. T. U., which met at Huntington last week.

—Mrs. A. C. Anderson, of Xenia, Ohio, is visiting friends in New Wilmington and vicinity. Mrs. Anderson is a sister of Mr. J. H. Webster, of the Senior class.

SCIENCE OF MIND AND ART OF TEACHING.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 41.)

6. Never require obedience which you can't enforce. There is a margin of free action outside of your jurisdiction. Recognize it. You will be more likely to secure obedience within your own domain.

7. While the aptitudes and constitutional tendencies of children are to be considered, they are not to be allowed to determine their own course of study. Some one has said we must administer for the child not according to his preferences and whims now but in view of what he will understand his interests to be after a while. Electives are not wisely offered to Freshmen, much less to the infant class.

8. It may be necessary, in order to save the man from the graver penalties which nature inflicts on the disobedient, to secure obedience in the boy by the infliction of penalties that seem severe not to the sufferer only, but to the teacher. Let such punishment be imposed according to the coolest judgment, in exact proportion to the offence, and with the strictest regard to the principles that determine our art.

In conclusion I am compelled to say, I seem to myself to have touched in the most superficial way a few out of a great many possible points of interest and importance in the art of teaching which grow out of a study of the science of mind. Every one of these hints, however, is a surface indication of a mine of wealth which belongs to whomsoever I can persuade to seek for it. The selection has been determined, you might expect to find, by my experience in the work of instruction. But the laws I have discovered in my experience have revealed themselves generally in the consequences of my ignorance or neglect of them. That you may not only be able to profit by

my experience, but be persuaded to take up and study, or review the science of mind, for the sake of discovering the principles that furnish the essential rules of our art, is the object of this paper, and my earnest desire for every one of my fellow teachers in the State.

I heard a lady teacher say, after listening to suggestions such as I have made, "To do all that would require too much work. The salary is not large enough to pay me for putting my whole mind and heart into the work as I should be obliged to do if I taught in that way." I hope she has quit teaching, and that all men and women of that spirit have left the ranks of instructors. I am persuaded that the vast majority of teachers in this State are intelligent, thoughtful and scientific in their instructions, that they are enthusiastic in their profession, that they need only to know that it is possible to do their work better, and they will do and sacrifice all that is required in order to make that improvement. Further, that as a result the pupils in our public schools are every year becoming better in habits, tastes and disposition, and that they furnish a larger and more creditable representation in our schools of higher instruction. This result is not reached by the work of teachers who measure their work by their salary, but of those who, if obliged to teach for a living, are yet doing the greatest part of what they do every day because they love their profession and are proud of it, because they take genuine pleasure in watching the growth of minds under their instruction, and many of them because they regard their school-room work as part of their service to the great Teacher, from whom they learned the blessed lessons of repentance, faith and love, whom they have taken as Master and Model, both in teaching and in hearty, unselfish devotion to the chosen work of life.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., NOVEMBER 16, 1885.

NO. 5.

FOR ALL WHO DIE.

The following poem was regarded by Edgar A. Poe as the most beautiful and touching of its kind in the language:

It hath been said for all who die
There is a tear,
Some paining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier;
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
One farewell tear.

Who'll watch the fast departing ray,
In deep despair,
And soothe the spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my couch will come
In words of woe
And follow me to my long home
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my earthly bed
In icy sleep
Who then by pure affection led
Will come and weep?
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lonely rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground
One faithful heart would then be keeping
Watch all around,
As if some gem lay sarned beneath
That cold sod's gloom,
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel
From the halls or glee
And beauty's pressure one would steal
In secrecy
And come and sit or stand by me
In night's deep noon,
Oh, I would ask of memory
No other boon.

But ah, a lonelier fate is mine,
A deeper woe.

From all I've loved in youth's sweet time
I soon must go.
Draw round me my pale robes of white
In a dark spot
To sleep thro' death's long, dreamless night,
Lone and forgotten.

NEW WILMINGTON AND FREMONT FURNACE.

Some time near the beginning of the nineteenth century, a few enterprising farmers with their families set out for the then far west to make their fortune. Others followed, a settlement was made, and at length a little village grew up which was called New Wilmington; probably so named in honor of the loved home in the East, which had been left. In 1822 the ground south of the present College grounds, where now are houses, gardens and orchards, was covered with water forming a small lake, surrounded by black alder and other bushes. Wild ducks were to be seen in abundance and, in former times, this was a well-known hunting spot of the noble Red man.

In 1838 there were no buildings south of Mrs. Hunter's house in which the postoffice was lately kept or east of the Methodist Church. The nearest postoffice was at Mercer, nine miles away; and, judging from the advancement made in that direction during the last year, we will soon again receive our mail at that place. There were but few newspapers in those days and a letter from the eastern part of the State cost eighteen cents, so the distance was not so great a disadvantage as might at first be supposed. At length, however, the people began to tire of going so far for their mail and about the year 1840 a postoffice was

granted to New Wilmington. It was first kept by the late Mr. McLaughry in connection with his store, then the only one in town, and afterwards by a shoemaker named Clark. It consisted of a box divided into twenty-six departments, one for each letter of the alphabet. The shoemaker would sit pegging away at his shoes and when any demand was made for mail, without rising from his seat, he would take the paper from the box at his side, hand it to the applicant, and then go on with his work.

Soon after the excitement connected with the postoffice had died away, a rumor spread that a New Castle Iron Company was about to build a furnace south of town; and visions of wealth and grandeur filled both the waking and sleeping hours of the inhabitants. Who does not know of the excitement caused by a report that some men are in the neighborhood surveying for a railroad? Equal to this if not greater was the excitement caused by the expected furnace. Expectation grew into certainty, and "at length 'twas done."

About the time of the completion of the furnace a national event claimed the attention of the people; Texas was annexed and war with Mexico ensued. Then the weekly newspapers were watched for eagerly, and the account of each victory was read with joy, while pity for the brave but unfortunate Santa Anna filled the hearts of all.

The next event of importance to our little village was the founding of a college in its midst. The first session opened April 20th, 1852, with Drs. McLean and Vincent at the head. It was held in the old church building situated near where the First United Presbyterian Church now stands. This was used for a short time until the completion of a house built for the purpose, which is now the residence of Mr. Lewis. This was soon found to be too small and

another was erected, which was burned in February, 1861, and again the former house was used in connection with the Union Church next door until the present building was completed in 1862. And where once the dusky savage crouched in expectation of his foe, or aimed his arrow at the wild duck on the lake, is now the College Campus, infested, for the most part, by the small boy, whose frantic screams, as he vainly endeavors to settle some dispute in a base-ball game, are more hideous and terrific than even the ancient war-whoop of the Indian.

The Frémont furnace continued operations until 1857 when, failing, it was closed. The ore first used was taken from the surrounding land, but the last was brought from Lake Superior, and the cost of the transportation became too heavy. It was brought to Erie on the lakes, thence to Pulaski on the canal, and from there to the furnace by means of wagons. The iron also had to be taken to New Castle on wagons, although the furnace was on the line of the Underground Railway and near one of the stations. Only passenger trains were allowed on that road, its object not being to make money but to accommodate the traveling public. During the Civil War this enterprise was given up and was never again needed.

Great sympathy for the oppressed negro was felt around New Wilmington. Citizens and students were alike inflamed with patriotic zeal, and several brave College boys now sleep on Southern battle fields. Public sentiment was so strong against slavery that it was unsafe for one of the opposite party to express his views in public. A Methodist minister was at one time assaulted by some of the more reckless Abolitionists, for too freely proclaiming his distasteful ideas.

The last event of importance connected

with the old furnace occurred a few years ago, when a band of wicked Sophomores, with all the reckless daring characteristic of the class from its first existence until June, 1885, stole a barrel of cider and hid it in the long grass near the ruins of the furnace. As they were not in chapel the next day it was supposed that they had remained all night on the hill guarding their cider.

In 1882 the Sharpsville railroad was completed connecting New Wilmington with the outside world. The connection is not as yet very close but it is an improvement on the old stage-coach process and happier times are anticipated.

Time has wrought many changes in the little village; a few old landmarks remain, but many have been removed; new houses have been erected, old ones torn down or remodeled; families have been constantly coming and going; and of all the present inhabitants, not more than three or four were here a half a century ago.

HATTIE E. SHONTZ.

THE THINKER'S MISSION.

The thinker's mission is the search for, and the diffusion and guardianship of truth. To establish the correctness of this definition, we have but to turn to the past history of the human race, and there study the characters of those who reached the acme of true greatness. It can be so defined in words that a correct definition may be presented to the mind, but it can be better understood when we see the living definition, as presented in the lives of those who, having the true idea of the object for which the human mind is given, made it a life endeavor to so use it as to fulfil its mission. A faithful study of the characters of the truly great thinkers of history will reveal the object for which they thought, and which they regarded as the mission of the

thinkers—to search for the truth and when it was found to propagate and protect it.

Were we to push aside the veil which separates the present from the past, and gaze in imagination down the vista of the ages, methinks, amid the almost universal darkness of ignorance and superstition, shining as stars of superior magnitude, we would see the great thinkers of the centuries, as the devotees and martyrs of truth.

Should we seek to know what their social conditions were, we would not find them in kingly palaces or as receiving the universal homage of men, but in the homes of poverty and oppression, in the dim corridors of lonely monasteries, scorned and persecuted, but with a nobility of character uncommon to mankind, thinking not for self but for the profit of the ignorant and down-trodden. Unbounded in their zeal and unconquered by difficulties, the one object for which they labored, and which acted as the guiding star of their existence, was to search for the truth and when it was discovered, arduous in their efforts for its propagation and enduring martyrdom for its preservation. The stoic spirit evinced by them when surrounded by difficulties and jeered at by jealous enemies, should strengthen the hearts and hands of the champions of truth in this age of degeneracy.

We can better estimate the power they wielded for the truth, when we remember that they were the leading spirits in all the great religious and political movements which have resulted in the elevation of mankind and the progress of civilization. When we further consider what have been some of the results of strong and vigorous thought, we are ready to acknowledge the grandeur of the thinker's mission.

Reference, by way of illustration, need but be made to one, who was a great thinker and whose life reveals the true grandeur

of the thinker's mission. He first appears on the stage of action in European history at the end of the Middle Ages as an obscure monk. Were we to view in panoramic vision the moral and intellectual condition of the civilized world at that day, we would more clearly see the nobility of that character and better weigh the results of the work of that eventful life. At first we see him, like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, blinded to the truth because under the influence of the bigoted devotees of falsehood, but gradually coming to the full light of truth, and at last, with giant strength, resistless energy and dauntless courage combating with long established but false religious authority until the ultimate results comprised not alone the freedom of Europe from popish thralldom, but the giving of the first impetus to that power which has given us the advanced civilization of the Nineteenth Century. What history reveals to have been the thinker's mission in the past, is to-day his mission—to search for, and to propoagate and guard the truth.

They who seek to use the power of thought, and taking this to be the mission of the thinkers, shall live for the truth, shall at the call of the death angel ascend on spirit wings to the Land of Truth, and throughout an eternity of truth shall hymn their notes of praise to the God of Truth, while their fingers "sweep the strings of the golden harps of Paradise."

W. M. BARR, '88.

LITTLE DOES HE THINK.

The pompous turkey, swelled with pride,
At early morn doth stalk;
Spread is his tail, and dropped his wings,
And stately is his walk.

He gobbleth loud and raucously,
As he pursues his course,
Undreaming of Thanksgiving Day
And cranberry's red sauce.

—From the Boston Gazette.

THE COUNTRY-HOUSE SEASON.

I'm sure I don't care to see myself "as ithers see" me, although the whole world were made up of Robert Burns'es pining for information about themselves! I am quite satisfied as I am, and, indeed, I positively dislike compliments. But what I do like is to have such a good opportunity of studying those "ithers" as the country-house season affords. We are all specialists nowadays—women as well as men. "Who hath a tiny little wit must make content with his fortune's fit," says the poet. There is true philosophy in that; and it is quite wonderful to see how nicely we accommodate ourselves—at least some of us—to the capacities of our mental apparatus. Of course everybody must do one thing well—that is, in order to get on; but to tell the truth it does not much matter what that "one thing" is so long as it pays. It may be anything, from dressing well—and, as Emerson's lady friend remarked, "the sense of being perfectly well dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow"—down to painting or politics. Now, what I do admire about this "doing one thing well" system is that, if you succeed in your own line, success, like a magician's key, opens the whole world of society. Everybody rightly respects you, from princes and millionaires down to poets and barristers. You are made to feel that you have a right to meet the best of them on equal terms. You have succeeded in your line; they have done no more in theirs. This I call the true democracy of intellect; and nowhere can this be better appreciated than in some nicely selected country-house gatherings, although that is not the point upon which I would dwell just now.

There is nothing more comforting than to be able to regard the world with good-natured interest. Hating and loving violently are so terribly fatiguing, and are

really a mistake; for not only is such an attitude of mind quite unphilosophical, but it shockingly disturbs our perception of the right relations of things. Now, as I was just about to say, the opportunities a country-house affords for an unbiased and really diverting as well as scientific, study of our species, cannot easily be over-estimated. Everything tends toward this desirable end. Good living and pleasant people produce comfortable thinking, and thus one is able to avoid foolish extremes in forming one's judgment. I have always agreed with Aristotle that the great mass of the world was well-meaning and respectable; and although I quite believe them to exist, I have never had the good fortune to stumble upon the few exceptions who can rise to the very good and very bad! But I was going to remark how kind one's hosts are on these occasions, and how their thoughtful politeness in giving an interesting sketch of the history of each guest, just before he or she arrives, enables one to get through a really unprecedented amount of study of human nature with comparatively little fatigue. The human oyster is never allowed to come to the table unopened, and indeed, when one thinks of it, one cannot be too grateful. Economy of labor is one of the greatest blessings of the age, and just think how little instruction or diversion one could hope to get out of an average lawn-tennis party as a mere visitor in a new neighborhood were one not provided beforehand with a key to the very complicated puzzle. But on these occasions I have never failed, to my knowledge, to be able to contribute my fair share towards the intelligent and discriminating discussion that usually takes place immediately after the conclusion of the ceremony.

It is quite wonderful, too, how such discussions seem to draw together and harmonize the widely different natures that

make up a party of guests in the country! "Fellow feeling," they say, "makes us wondrous kind," and in the absorbing pursuits that I have indicated above, all discordant elements seem to be suppressed, at all events for the time being. Not only that, but an atmosphere of subtle humor peculiarly suited to the time and circumstance is rapidly formed, the which affords a common breathing-ground for all—but, let a sudden and incautious arrival beware how he attempts to breathe this fine air. If he be wise he will make it his first solemn duty to master the current wit and humor and delicately to approach them in a respectful and sympathetic manner. To know what and whom to laugh at, as well as when to do so, is the whole secret of life. Of course, I do not mean to actually and physically laugh, for no one, I should hope, would now think of so outraging the sense of public decency—unless his laugh were a production of art, which is quite another matter. There is nothing so abominable as a third-rate amateur laugh, and we should all remember that we have no right whatever to express our emotions publicly unless after such study and practice as will ensure their being adapted to the occasion. A really artistic laugh is the result of years of toil, and any person possessing this choice accomplishment should, like a soloist, always be allowed to laugh for the company. He will express our feelings much better than any untutored roar of laughter could possibly do, however spontaneous it may be.

But, in conclusion, I feel that a word of thankful appreciation is due to hosts generally. Their splendid self-denial and high courage must be patent to all of us when we reflect that they in their turn joyfully face the social festivals of their neighbors, and willingly contribute in their own persons the raw material necessary for the scientific studies of their friends' friends.—*Selected.*

THE HOLCAD.

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ROB. L. HAY,	- - -	BUSINESS MANAGER.

All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 11th and 27th of each month.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

COLONEL SANFORD'S lecture on the evening of Nov. 4, was very well received. The audience was large and showed its appreciation of what was said by repeated rounds of applause. China and Japan were presented in a pleasing light—so pleasing, indeed, that many, if not all, of his hearers could scarcely restrain the wish to see for themselves. The Colonel, evidently, travels for pleasure as well as for profit. He believes in both work and play as healthful and invigorating. His remarks in chapel the following morning were fully as much enjoyed.

The lecture course has opened very successfully. The next lecture will be given by Colonel Conwell on Dec. 16.

THERE is one subject which has upon more than one occasion received mention in these columns, but which it will probably not be improper to refer to again,

inasmuch as it is one in which all are interested. We trust we shall not be misunderstood in again calling the attention of our readers to its consideration. Every one knows that it is only by agitation, only by keeping it constantly before the public mind that any great work of reform is brought about. Public servants, officials of all kinds and people generally, are slow to realize the necessity of a change in existing circumstances. We mention this subject again not to fill up the editorial columns simply, not because there is any lack of material with which to make interesting reading, but because we have the welfare of this town and community at heart, and because we fear that a bad memory or else some other equally plausible excuse has caused the delay. We will not attempt to depict the horrors which may result, if the matter is much longer delayed, or the distress which may follow. All that we can do is to agitate the matter from time to time, and that we intend to do, unless maimed or otherwise disabled through the negligence of others. The subject we refer to is that of lighting the Campus. Let us have light!

IF there is any one cause of the church deserving of special attention at this time, it is the cause of missions. From every part of the world the cry comes—and comes pleadingly, for the Gospel, and surely when the heathen are not only ready but anxious, the Christian should not withhold. The work that has been done within the last twenty-five years has been wonderfully blessed. The very darkest places have received light, and the most benighted people have been made to rejoice because of the sweet experiences of the Christian life. Where is that country so uninviting that some earnest follower has not entered with the banner of the Cross, or that people so

degraded and savage to whom the Gospel has not been preached? It does seem that the very ends of the earth have heard of Jesus and are glad. But, though so much has been done, the need for laborers has never been as great as it is to-day, nor have there ever been before such opportunities for efficient work. How few in comparison are the missionaries of the church with the professing Christians. Does it not seem that there should be more who are desirous of lending a hand in this great work—more who are willing and anxious and who feel in duty bound to consecrate themselves to this cause? Shall these golden opportunities pass and so few respond? Shall thousands who thirst for the truth, perish every year, simply because they cannot hear it? This is a subject that should come home to every one. It should be particularly interesting to the student. No more satisfactory choice of a life work can be made than that of entire consecration to the missionary cause, and surely none so rich in reward. We have seldom, if ever, heard a more encouraging account of the work in foreign lands than that given by Rev. Mr. Alexander, of Wooster, O., a few weeks ago in the chapel before the members of the Y. M. C. A., nor have we ever heard a more earnest appeal for more laborers and continued support. His talk was soul-stirring, and there were few present that were not deeply impressed. We trust that his words were not heard in vain.

UNDER the leadership of Prof. Austin a recital was given by his pupils at the Ladies' Hall on Thursday evening. About a hundred persons were present in accordance with invitations given by the music pupils and the ladies at the Hall. The recital was a very creditable one, and spoke well for the Professor in charge of this de-

partment. The order was a very decided improvement on that maintained at the recital last year. It might, however, be still further improved. If conversation is allowable at all, it ought to be in so low a tone as not to interfere with the pleasure in hearing of one sitting near or to produce a pervasive sound that destroys the effect of the music. We heartily commend the improvement made and sincerely hope for more.

THE Juniors were much amused at what was apparently a synopsis of the orations of previous classes, in the last issue of the HOLCAD. It is presumed that the design of the article was simply to expose some of the errors into which so many students fall in the preparation of the public performances of the Junior and Senior years. This gives us an opportunity to say a few things with reference to this matter. There is often difficulty in selecting a subject, the desire being to get something new. No one should hesitate to take an old subject simply because it is old. As a rule, such subjects are the best. Almost a hundred orations and essays are given publicly here every year. Every one must see that it is impossible to get a new subject or a new line of thought for each one. A greater difficulty is to write in the right way. There is too great a tendency towards the Ciceronian or Websterian style without the Ciceronian or Websterian thought. It is too often forgotten that the thoughts which the average college student has on any subject are most striking when expressed in the simplest Anglo-Saxon. It is no indication of brilliancy to be able to speak in septisyllables or to soar away, in the rapture of the moment, into the ethereal regions. Those sentences which are expressed in the fewest possible words, as well as the simplest, are always the most forcible. One of the

most essential things is earnestness. A subject should be studied until it is so well known the thoughts will almost express themselves, that the right word will always come at the right place. An angry man never hesitates for a word; neither does the man who is in earnest, who has something to say and wants others to hear it. When a performance is once written, the writer should go through it with great care and cut out every word that is superfluous. Every word which adds nothing, detracts much. This may be hard to do, but the sooner one learns to do it the better it will be for him. It should be the aim of every one to say as forcibly as possible every thing which he has to say. If perspicuity and clearness are sought for, the figures and flowers of rhetoric will take care of themselves.

EXCHANGES.

THE *College Olio* is one of our most welcome exchanges. The editorial department of the last issue does credit to the paper.

* * *

THE *Pennsylvania Teacher* contains, among other good articles, Dr. Jeffers' address before the Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association, on the "Science of Mind and the Art of Teaching." In "School Room Hints" many valuable suggestions are thrown out to teachers.

* * *

WE are glad to notice among our visitors for October the *Denison Collegian*. It presents an attractive appearance outside and all the marks of a good college paper inside.

* * *

Too much care has been taken of the minds of young people of America at the expense of the body. It is now almost uni-

versally recognized by educators that a grand mistake has been made in the past, and that physical culture should occupy as prominent place in a college curriculum as Greek or Latin. Ladies especially need an athletic training. Gentlemen as a rule will find exercise of some sort in all extremities. Ladies are confined to a few outdoor games. Base-ball and all the more healthful games are denied to them. A gymnasium is therefore a necessity in the ladies' school. We also believe such exercise should be compulsory.—*Eclips.*

* * *

IN looking over the names of under graduate subscribers we often feel inclined to publish the names of those who refuse to have anything to do with the paper. One would suppose that all the students would subscribe if no one else did, and so they ought. If they don't take interest enough in the University to help support a school paper, they are not fit to belong here. In rare cases we can understand the lack of money is the real reason, but to see about a dozen students spend four years here and during all that time reading other boys' papers is provoking.—*Student Life.*

Ladies, skip this paragraph! It is really unfit for publication. It got into my letters by mistake, and I asked the printer to destroy it or set it up wrong side up:

If there's anything worries a woman
It's something she ought not to know;
But you bet she'll find it out anyhow
If she gets the least kind of a show.
Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing.
This poem she's already read—
We knew she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.

Eli Perkins in Chicago Tribune.

—It would never do to put John L. Sullivan's pliz on a postage stamp. It's hard to lick him.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

—Gen. D. H. Hill has been elected president of the Industrial College, at Milledge, Ga.

—Out of the 3590 graduates last year from the various colleges of the United States, 500 became ministers, 500 became doctors, 100 merchants and 1890 base-ball players.

—The Trustees of Beaver College have brought suit in ejectment to recover fifty acres of land situated in Sandy Lake township, Mercer county, which in their opinion belongs to the college.

—The U. S. government supports eighty-one boarding schools, seventy-six day schools, and six manual labor schools, for the education of Indians; and the demand for increased facilities is urgent.

—It is estimated that the school children of Pennsylvania will expend this fall the sum of \$200,000 in buying the required and lately adopted new "scientific temperance" text books. This is why the publishers laugh.

—Among the professors in the universities of Germany at the present time there are one hundred and fifty-seven between the ages of seventy and ninety, of whom one hundred and twenty-two still deliver lectures.

—About \$500,000, including the Caldwell endowment of \$300,000, has been raised for the new National Catholic University at Washington. The bishops expect to raise the sum to \$1,000,000 and start the institution on a basis which will allow them to carry out the work proposed. There will be \$150,000 expended on the theological department, which is the building to be first erected, and other wings to accommodate the medical, scientific and law courses, will

be added as they are needed. The first students will be priests, and they will have the opportunity to follow the prescribed course of study under conditions never before possible in this country.

—A chair of journalism has been established at Harvard, and is to be filled by J. B. McCulloch, editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*; the duties of the professor require his attendance at Cambridge two weeks every fall and spring, and for delivering two lectures he will receive \$4,000.

—A European letter to the Philadelphia *Times* says, that "the Prussian schools are over-crowded and the teachers underpaid. Pupils to the number of from 80 to 300 are placed in charge of a single teacher, often a boy not more than 16 or 18 years of age. The pay of the teachers is wretchedly inadequate. Most of them are forced to seek outside employment in order to get enough to live on."

—The Miami University, an old time institution of learning, situated at Oxford, Ohio, which has been closed for twelve years, was reopened Sept. 17. It was founded upon a grant made by Congress in 1787, which authorized the conveyance of a vast tract of land to J. C. Symmes and provided that an entire township should be reserved for its support. Gov. Dennison, Hon. Samuel Shellabarger and Whitelaw Reid are among her distinguished alumni.

—On a railway line recently, a passenger stopped the conductor, and asked, "Why does not the train run faster?" "It runs fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed, get out and walk," was the rejoinder. "I would," replied the passenger, sitting back in the seat, "but my friends wouldn't come for me till the train arrives, and I don't want to be waiting for two or three hours."

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—At the last meeting of the Synod of Pittsburgh held at Canonsburg, beginning Oct. 20th, the following were elected as Trustees of Westminster College: Rev. Dr. R. B. Ewing, Rev. Dr. J. R. Johnston, and Dr. J. G. Templeton.

—Rev. D. A. McClenahan, of New York, has been elected to the chair of the Old Testament Literature and Criticism in the Allegheny Theological Seminary.

—The Faculty announced to the Juniors on Monday, the day of the first orations, that the six taking the highest percentage on orations and essays would be the contestants.

—It has been a query to a good many why Mr. Whitla's horse should be allowed to stand hitched to a post in front of the Dormitory. Was there nobody to ride it home?

—The most fiendish thing that has been done here lately was that done by the Second Preps a few days ago when they destroyed, in some way, quite a number of Psalm books in the Chapel. Turn the rascals out!

—No more "rush" boys.

—"Pass it on to the next."

—Prepare for the spelling-bee.

—"Why didn't the young man from New Castle come to the sociable?"

—Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall, two of New Wilmington's oldest citizens, were pleasantly surprised by a number of their friends who called on them Nov. 6th. Mr. M.'s eighty-fifth birthday. Dr. McHard, in behalf of the friends, with a few well chosen remarks gave to them two purses and other necessary things, the tokens of heartfelt regard and esteem. Mr. Marshall feelingly responded, an appropriate prayer was offered by the Rev. J. A. Kennedy, and then the people withdrew, to give place to others who continued coming through out the day and evening. The presents were valued at more than forty dollars.

—The first class of Junior orators did well. If the other five classes do as well, it is probable there ought to be thirty contestants.

—We congratulate the young ladies of the M. E. Church on their success at their supper last week.

—Examination in Physics Thursday and Friday last. Who got a hundred this time?

—There will be a spelling match given for the benefit of the college base ball club Thursday evening before Thanksgiving. All are invited.

—The College lecture course was opened on last Thursday evening by Col. Sanford. His subject was "Travels in Japan." The Colonel is always welcomed by the students, especially in chapel.

—Misses Moore, Shields, Alexander, Irons, McLaughry, McBride, Minich, and Messrs Ricketts, Moore, McFarland and Alexander left for parts unknown this week. The supposition is that they are attending the County Institute.

—A number of persons, men and women, old and young, assembled at the house of Mr. Day on Thursday evening of last week. After a short time it was made known that there were baskets containing supper for two for sale. All rushed to the auction-room, and during much fun and merriment one "poor fellow" after another was seen searching his basket for the card of the owner, and then looking around with either a happy smile or a frown in his face in search of the lady. It was in every feature a success; the receipts were much larger than the young ladies anticipated.

—Mrs. Donaldson returned home on Saturday from attending the wedding of her nephew, Mr. Charles Craighead, of Philadelphia.

—Mr. McKee, of Portersville, will open a new drug store in a few weeks.

—The result of the election for contest is as follows: Adelphic—Disclaimer, J. R. Ricketts; Essayist, J. H. Webster; Orator, W. H. Moore; Debater, W. T. McConnell. Philomath—Disclaimer, W. R. Irons; Essayist, J. S. Thompson; Orator, H. D. Gordon; Debater, J. A. Alexander.

—The Philos are repairing their hall. The painters finished their work on Thursday and the paperers are now busily at work.

—The recital on Monday evening was a success in every way. Prof. Austin is to be congratulated. The music scholars acquitted themselves nobly. The following was the program:

Piano Duet	Mendelssohn's Wedding March
		Miss Wilson and F. M. Austin
Piano Solo	Six Variations, by Beethoven
		Miss McMillan
Vocal Solo	A Winter Story, by M. Watson
		Miss Morris
Piano Solo	Winsome Eye, Fr. Ritter
		Miss Ferguson
Tarantella	by Heller
		Miss McDowell
Vocal Solo, A Noble Knight	Oberthur
		Prof. T. M. Austin
Piano Solo	Leggiero, by Brahms
		Miss Hattie McLaughry
Piano Solo	Polka De La Cow, by B. del
		Miss Palmer
Vocal Solo	A Little Mountain Laid, by R. Eck
		Miss Florence Mealy
Piano Solo, (a) Rhapsodie	by Liszt
		(b) Spinning Song
		Miss Wilson
Vocal Solo, Bright Beyond	Howe
		r. Thos. McNamher
Piano Solo, Polonaise Le Bal No. 2	Chopin
		Prof. T. M. Austin

PERSONAL.

—Prof. Thompson, was absent Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, lecturing at the County Institute in New Castle.

—Miss Maggie Walker, of New Bedford, was visiting friends here last week. She spent Friday in college and was much pleased with the recitations.

—Mr. D. T. McCalmont, '87, is receiving barrels of—weekly.

—Rev. Mr. McVey and wife returned home last week. He occupied his pulpit in the First U. P. Church on Sabbath last.

—Mr. D. O. McLaughry, '87, has been quite unwell for the past week, but is slowly recovering.

—Messrs J. E. Drake, G. E. Fisher and C. E. Wilson '87, are excused from giving Junior performances.

—Miss Marian Marquis returned home last week after spending the summer with her brother in the west.

—Rev. J. R. Alexander, of the Egyptian Mission, lectured in the College Chapel the evening of the 3rd. He gave an interesting account of the work.

—Rev. W. R. Harshaw, '83, delivered his trials for ordination on October 20th.

—Miss Jean Glenn, of Mercer, will give a musical entertainment in the chapel on Nov. 17th. She comes highly recommended.

—Miss Flora Katz, a former student, is teaching at Gehrtown, Crawford county, Penna.

—Rev. R. C. Criswell, '74, has resigned the pastoral charge of Lebanon congregation.

—Rev. Mr. Cummings has purchased the property belonging to Mr. Crawford. The citizens and his many friends extend him a hearty welcome.

—Miss Aggie Hay is visiting friends in New Castle this week.

—Prof. J. R. Sherrard, Superintendent of Lawrence county, spent part of Nov. 4th visiting the Union school of this place. He remained over night and attended Col. J. P. Sanford's lecture.

—Miss Jennie Black, '87, has been ill for a few days.

—T. W. Swan, '84, in town over Sabbath Nov. 1st.

—J. M. Sword, '84, spent Oct. 31st, visiting friends here.

—J. G. Berry, '87, was absent from town Oct. 30, and 31, visiting friends at Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pa.

—Prof. R. B. Taggart was absent Sabbath Nov. 1st, assisting Rev. W. J. Snodgrass, '76, West Middlesex, at communion services.

—The Rev. O. E. McFarland, '82, was ordained pastor of the Presbyterian church of Darby, on Nov. 5th, 1885.

—Mr. James Smith is repairing his dwelling.

—Mr. W. R. Mehard will be through with his auction "bye and bye."

—Miss Maggie McLaughry, '74, spent Saturday last at home.

—David W. McNaugher, '81, spent a few days with his brothers, Samuel and Thomas, last week.

—J. R. Vance, '87, went home to vote. He was one of the Election Board.

—J. Alex. VanOrsdel '85, finished his full term at the Connoquenessing Academy a few days ago, and is now at home. He expects to remain at home during the winter.

—E. P. Logan, '82, is captain of the B. B. club of the University of New York City. He plays first base. Aiken, '83, is the catcher.

—J. A. McLaughry, '84, has stood the preliminary examination, and has been admitted as a law student by the Mercer Bar.

—Mr. John McIntosh, a former student of Westminster, spent a few days here last week visiting friends. He is always welcome.

—Rev. Mr. Henderson conducted the chapel exercises Tuesday morning, Nov. 3rd.

—J. K. Cochran, of the Sophomore class, has been sick for a few days but is able to be about again.

—T. B. Gormley, '87, began teaching last Monday. He will not be in college again this term, but expects to be back for the latter part of the winter term. Although he is absent from the class-room, we expect to hear him talk to us next Monday evening. '87 wishes him success in his teaching.

—Calvin Vance, brother of J. R. Vance, '87, was at the lecture Nov. 4th, and also in chapel the next morning.

—Rev. F. M. Spencer, '68, has resigned the Presidency of Muskingum College, but will still continue to discharge the duties of the Presidency, till the close of the present school year.

—Prof. R. B. Taggart, occupied the pulpit of the First church last Sabbath.

—G. E. Fisher, '87, began teaching Nov. 2d. We wish him success.

—Our Alumni are well represented in the U. P. Mission schools. Miss McBride, '84, and Mr. Millin, '84, are at Knoxville, Miss Snyder, '85, is at Chase City, and H. W. Moore, '85, is at Norfolk.

—J. P. Vance, '85, is taking a post graduate course at Yale.

—J. C. Adair, of the Senior class, assisted Prof. Thompson in showing "Force and its Transformation" to the teachers of Lawrence county, on the 9th inst. The lecture was very entertaining.

HUMOROUS.

—The best way to silence talkative persons is never to interrupt them.

—Some men and women are fond of butter, but, after all, it takes the worm to make the butterfly.

—Student (translating)—“And-er, then-er he-er went-er, and-er”—Prof.—“Don’t laugh, gentlemen, to err is human.”

—France presents America with the statue of liberty, and we put up the pedestal—a sort of base ingratitude.—*Texas Siftings*.

—It is with narrow souled people as with narrow necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make pouring it out.

—“Adieu,” she said sweetly, as he kissed her goodnight. “He’s adieu’d, aint he?” sung out her little brother as he vanished up stairs.—*Ex.*

—“Pat, what time is it?” “Oi don’t know, Mike. But let’s guess at it, and then, begorra, the man that comes furthest off can go to the kitchen and look.”

—“This world is all a fleeting show,” said a priest to a culprit on the gallows. “Yes,” was the prompt reply, “but if you have no objections, I’d like to see the show a little longer.”

—An exchange says that there is a large falling off in the population of the western part of Massachussetts. The bicycle is bound to make its way everywhere.—*Burlington Free Press*.

—“Silence in the court,” thundered a Kentucky judge the other morning. “Half a dozen men have been convicted already without the court’s having been able to hear a word of the testimony.”

—“Have you any malaria here?” asked a lady who was looking at a rural boarding-place for her family. “Well,” said the landlady, “we hain’t got none jist now; folks haven’t asked for it; but we’ll get it for your family if you want it.”

—She is as old as her husband but she conceals the dreadful fact. She said one day: “My husband is forty years old. There is just two years difference between him and myself.” And the friend was just mean enough to reply: “Is it possible? Why, I declare to gracious, you look to be as young as he is!” They do not speak now.

—A. H. Stevens is said to have weighed but seventy-four pounds; yet he was always considered in the south as a man of weight, their gentleman once severely worsting a gigantic western opponent in debate. The big fellow looking down on Stevens, burst out, “You!—why I could swallow you whole.” “If you did,” said the latter, “you would have more brains in your bowels than you ever had in your head.”

FALL SONNETS.

SONTA PATHETIQUE—IN THREE MOVEMENTS.

Audante con Sentimento.

Moonlight—summer—John—Jane;
Rippling rivers—fragrant lane;
Trembling—sighing—vows—kiss—
Love—forever—Heaven—bliss.

Allegro ma non troppo.

Morning—autumn—church—ring,
Flowers—favors—shoe—fling—
Bridegroom happy—bride fair;
Fitness wondrous—fortune rare.

Rondo Capriccioso.

Winter—dreamy—love flown;
John—club—Jane alone;
River frozen—lane cold—
Vows forgotten—story told.

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., DECEMBER 1, 1885.

NO. 6.

THE DAY IS DONE.

BY LONGFELLOW.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem—
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of Summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

THE FIRST FIAT.

The creation week was the beginning of time. The measurer of duration began primarily when those things were created that are meted by time. Then was the great horologue hung in the heavens that indicates the flight of days, years and ages. This period was a time of great demonstration. To the truly and well instructed mind, many problems that still disturb the unorthodox and incredulous belief were then first, finally and forever satisfactorily demonstrated. The omnipotence of the great Artificer, the pre-existence of the designer before those objects devised by him and his love of order and harmonious development are indisputably established, "In the beginning" the heavens and the earth emerged from non existence, as the first issue of creation's labor. The eye of the great Workman was cast abroad over the dreary and desolate waste of the earth. His eye pierced the sable darkness, more terrible than the midnight of Erebus having hanging like a pall over and through all space, suddenly all creation started at and echoed the mandate of the Living God. "Let there be light." Then at the sametime with the Omnipotent all created nature with her dumb eloquence proclaimed to the budding world "'tis day". Then had mortal eye existed, it could have seen the vast heaving deep, the bleak mountains and barren lands, when first the clouds of vapor enshrouding

all nature with gloom began to disperse to be succeeded by the first grey dawn of the days. Thus did the great panorama of the infantile world burst into view by the agency of that element that is symbolical of the Creator himself in its mystery and purity. Like Him in being the source of the natural life as He is of the spiritual, manifesting its peculiar powers in ways that call forth the admiration of the observing mind. As the "Great I am carries health and healing in his wings," so does this subtle agent bear life and tonic as well to both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Without it all organized life could never reach perfection as is daily seen. Without it the animal life will part with its vigor and become the loathsome abode of disease and corruption. This original fiat of the Omnipotent has become the figurative watch word of mankind. In all the pathways of knowledge, in all the avenues of progress, the device inscribed upon the standards in advance is "Let there be light." From the first revelations made by the Creator to the innocence in the Garden, from all the interviews with the Fathers of the tribes, from all the mighty evidences he set forth on Mt. Sinai of his nature, from all the sayings of seers and prophets down till we include those of St. John on the lonely isle of Patmos, we cannot find man satisfied with his knowledge of the Infinite; but sends forth his cry, "more light". The seeds of the Gospel first strewn on the hills of Judea have kept disseminating under the desire of mankind for more truth till it approaches the Poles, and has penetrated the regions of the Tropics, and prevails in every civilized district of the globe. If we travel to the north where the dark waters of the Mackenzie roll in majesty towards the uninviting homes of the Esquimaux, we find wherever the apostles of Truth have scattered their messages, the cry arises to the clear, cool skies of heaven,

"bring us more light". Sailing to the isles of the oceans the tribes are flourishing like trees by the river's brink, under the light of Divine Truth.

To the broad and ever enlarging fields of science, we turn for a brief consideration. The student of the heavens we behold turning his glass towards the twinkling stars, "the wanderers in space," and towards the mysteries of the "milky way," the highway of the angels. And again others are seen searching out the unsurpassed beauties of the world about us invisible to the naked eye. The ebb and flow of life in the veins and arteries of these "clay built temples," the swarming animalculæ of the dew drop and countless parasites of the plant life, partially set forth the things of which man has sought to take cognizance. The rocks, the hillocks, and the high mountains have begun, not recently, to converse with the geologist in a language, though not spoken or written, is not any the less intelligible.

These illustrations from the scientific fields demonstrate that science has a broader field in the "unknown than in the known" and that the demand in every research is for more light, proving that the mind of man is not satisfied nor the knowledge of the profound decreasing.

Advancing into the political arenas and scanning the changes of government from patriarchal to monarchical, from monarchical to the liberal republic of the present, it is wise to conclude that some cause has produced this great and radical change—from autocratic to democratic rule. The quaking pillars of monarchy in some parts of the world and their utter ruin in others—means something potent is at work.

The fatal but effective methods of the nihilist forcibly bespeak the early breaking of the gyves of the fettered millions in the great empire of the "Tzar."

In the land of the Napoleons, the govern-

ment by the people has taken a ready root where military despotism once flourished as plants in a virgin soil. In Southern Columbia empires are crumbling, and from the midst of the rubbish have risen vigorous young republics. In our own native land where germs of freedom are borne on every breeze, such principles were never planted in our soil, and wherever the confines of pure-people-rule have been transgressed by one-man-rule it meets with a most positive rebuke at once from the scepter of the people—their ballot. Such facts as these establish premises from which we only can infer that in governmental affairs the tendency of centuries has been oscillating thrones and frontiers and finally climaxed in the western world by proclaiming the sovereignty of the citizen and the inviolability of life. The coronation has been forever placed upon the citizen. Well may the rulers of the nation cry, light from the God of earth and sky! Civilization in its rapid and ubiquitous progress heralds forth our watchword in the history of every nationality. When the balls from the cannon of an alien enemy bombarded the towers and beat down the great walls of the “celestial Kingdom”—the prototype of conservatism—it was only a shout for more progress. The forcible entry of Victoria’s “red coats” into the plains of the sacred Ganges was only the beginning of the ultimate overthrow of cast and Buddhism and the introduction of equality, christianity and all their attendants. The visits of Livingstone to the wilds of Central Africa and the subsequent travels of Stanley cause the faint but repeated cry “Let there be light” on the descendants of Ham. The booming of the British guns in the harbor of Alexandria and the wresting of the reins of government from the followers of the crescent in the land of the Pharaohs are echoes but of yesterday of the mandate of the

Creator in the morning of time. The light of Christianity and the development of human freedom in the United States was borne to our shores by the cataclysms of European revolutions and the chicanery of diplomatic statesmanship. We cannot read the consequences of revolutions on gory battle fields or in the number of the slain. We must peruse closely the changes in state and church, the modifications of society and the course of humanity in years after the rains of heaven have cleansed the blood-stained soil and the noise of battle has passed away. It was during the fierce struggle between light and darkness in Europe that many of the orders of Charity were founded that still follow humanity westward in their missions of mercy around the world. We see the people of three continents reaping the blessings of these revolutions.

Light and Liberty are not, therefore, accomplishments which have called forth no effort but one of the greatest cost and intrinsic worth. So the fiat that went forth into gloom and brought light. “For there was light.” In the language of the blind poet,

Hail, holy light, offspring of Heaven, first-born,
Or of th’ Eternal, co-eternal beam,
May I express the unblamed?
Since God is Light.

Yes, there is a light which has never been seen through these narrow crevices in the body. First Jehovah, second chaos, third light, fourth worlds, fifth man, sixth God and the judgment to come. That is the cycle of cycles, and the devise inscribed upon the banners of every nation and individual found in the pathway leading to the highest attainments of personal or national ambition is, “Let there be light to every creature.”

J. W. PRICE, '83.

THE SANITARY COMMISSIONS.

History is a picture done in light and shade. As the busy events of time rush by, the faithful artist catches upon his canvas the black shadows of discord and cruelty and the fair colors of charity and peace. What a strange scene of joy and sorrow, of wondering and healing is presented by human society. But a world dark with ignorance and passion, were darker still were it not for that divine sympathy of the soul which answers the call of suffering with pity and relief.

When we see how often weakness is made the prey of strength; when we see the desolation wrought by fury and wrong, reckless to the lessons of season and conscience; we wonder not that the inspired teacher wrote of the three sisters. "The greatest of these is charity." The divine gift left in human nature is nowhere better seen than in the heart that beats for striving virtue and human woes.

The soul that heeds not the sneers of pride, and dares to go amidst the ravages of death for the comfort or rescue of its fellow is the most beautiful part of the picture that our world presents. Scenes of distress, born of selfishness, are oft-times made tolerable by the spirit of love. A beautiful example is furnished in the Crimean war. Here armies met in combat over a plot of ground "scarcely large enough to try the cause." Wounded men were groaning out their lives in hospitals worse than the battle field. A young lady, accomplished, beautiful, and wealthy appeared on the scene giving comfort and cheer to the victims, and, by her wit and wisdom, improving those dens which ignorance and carelessness had made fertile of plague and death. Through the self-denial, energy, and sagacity of this woman, assisted by those whom she enlisted in her cause, the

foul spirit which was preying upon the English army was banished. The recovering warrior gave her tears of gratitude in return for life, and many a dying soldier breathed the name of Florence Nightingale in his latest prayer.

But we come to our own loved land to study an example of womanly tenderness, devotion, and power, unrivaled in the history of any other. The Civil War had burst upon us, filling our land with grief and graves.

Though thousands were falling before the fire of an enemy, still more distressing were the woes which followed in the wake of armies. Would our noble patriots be left to perish from disease and neglect? Must they languish in hospitals, a prey to nameless evils, to breathe out their lives in cursing and bitterness? Who would from their sympathy for suffering humanity, by the hand of relief, prove their concern for souls assailed by all the legions of death? The cries of woe and want touched the ears and heart of American women not in vain. Under the inspiration of generous impulse and christian conscience, the Sanitary Commissions were instituted, and the wounded soldier before left to the contingencies of hunger and storm and plague, now rejoices in the ministry of a tender hand. Places loud with wailing and blasphemy, were now hushed with the voice of prayer.

Truly "kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood." Let the poet sing of patriotism; justly the sculptor cut the warrior's name in stone; but let us not forget the greater courage of her, who, denied the poetry of battle, enters the dominion of blight and death to help the helpless sufferers. Is there, then, nothing for woman to do? Is she without purpose and without sphere, unless she be allowed to share the province of man and tread the

paths of public life? Why should she sacrifice her power to make society beautiful for the rank and fustian of the stage? Why exchange her modesty for the turmoil of the stump and the ballot? Not the harangue of crusader reclaims the erring boy from haunts of revelry, but the gentle voice of a mother's counsel and prayer. Society laughs at the low-tongued woman who presents herself to the public stare, but it obeys the influence of that unfailing love and tender heart which make our household true and happy. Let American women know their true power, then will they remove many of the evils which now hurt a land "fair as the garden of the Lord."

AS IT WAS.

The following from an old number of the *Century*, may be of interest to the Freshmen:

"The social regimen of the colonial colleges was the copy of the social regimen of the community. Students were seated in recitation hall and chapel according to the social rank of their families; and the struggle for a high seat was more ardent than the present strife for high scholastic rank. The laws of the colleges—borrowed, to a certain extent, from the fagging and other laws of the English schools—assigned a subordinate or social position to Freshmen, and made them a kind of feudal villain to the barons of the upper classes. As early as 1760, at Yale, it was enacted: "It being the duty of the Seniors to teach Freshmen the laws, usages and customs of the colleges, to this they are empowered to order the whole Freshman class, or any particular member of it, to appear, in order to be instructed and reprov'd, at such time and place as they shall appoint, when and where every Freshman shall attend, answer all proper questions, and behave decently."

"The Freshmen are forbidden to wear their hats in the college-yard until May vacation; and whenever a Freshman either speaks to a superior or is spoken to by one, he shall keep his hat off until he is bidden to put it on." "A Freshman shall not play with any members of an upper class without being asked." Freshmen shall not run in the college-yard, nor up and down stairs, nor call to any one through a college window." Similar restrictions binding the Freshmen are found in "Ancient Laws and Liberties" of Harvard: "No Freshman shall wear his hat in the college yard unless it rains, hails, or snows; provided he be on foot, and have not both hands full." "Freshmen are to consider all the other classes as their Seniors." "No Freshman shall speak to a Senior with his hat on, or have it on in a Senior's chamber, or in his own if a Senior be there." "All Freshmen (except those employed by the immediate government of the college) shall be obliged to go on any errand (except such as shall be judged improper by some one in the government of the college) for any of his Seniors, graduates, or under-graduates, at any time except in studying hours or after nine o'clock in the evening." "When any person knocks at a freshman's door except in studying times, he shall immediately open the door without inquiring who is there."

—"What do you think of my mustache?" asked a young man of his girl. "Oh, it reminds me of a Western frontier city," was the answer. "In what respect, pray?" "Because the survey is large enough, but the settlers are straggling."

—"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?" "Why you see my grandmother is deaf, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."

THE HOLCAD.

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Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

NEW WILMINGTON now has one of her most pleasant experiences—that of muddy roads and muddy walks. One improvement can at least be made at a very little expense. The walk crossing the street near the Post Office should be a double one. It is so narrow that persons cannot pass each other unless by getting into the mud. We know of no improvement now that both citizens and students would more gladly see made than this—except, perhaps, the lighting of the Campus.

THE death of General McClellan has called the country to look for a last time back over his career—a career which at one time promised to be so bright, but has ended in comparative obscurity.

He was placed at the head of the Union army but he failed to win the laurels that afterward fell into the hands of Grant. There is no lesson of his life more promi-

nent than that the world measures a man by his success. The man who is conceded to have been one of the finest tacticians of the Union army, and whom the soldiers loved in many respects as they never loved another, failed to put his theory into practice and the world never measures him by what he did not, by what he was.

THE rates on all the railroads between Pittsburgh and New Castle were lowered considerably for the Thanksgiving season, the round trip being only \$1.50, making a total of \$2.25 from New Wilmington to Pittsburgh and return. Besides these special rates at this time, the Pennsylvania Company have left an order book with Prof. Mitchell for the use of the professors, students and others connected with the College. Any one securing an order from Prof. Mitchell can travel over any of the lines controled by this Company at the rate of two cents a mile, and this not only from New Wilmington to all points on any or all of these lines, but from those points to New Wilmington as well. This is a special arrangement that is now being made with all colleges with which the roads of the Company connect, and it will certainly meet with favor among the students of Westminster, especially those coming from a distance.

THE "New University" is but another phase of the new education. Harvard has made a new departure from the old-time methods in her endeavor to establish a real university and now her students pursue whatever courses of study suit their preferences. Princeton is ambitious to be a university, but Dr. McCosh seems to adopt wiser methods than President Eliot. John Hopkins and Lehigh have for some time

borne the title. The Roman Catholics, too, are collecting funds and bending all their efforts towards establishing a university in Washington.

The latest in this direction, however, comes from California. Having the largest telescope in the world, she sees no reason why she should not have the largest university. We read that Senator Stanford has persuaded himself to undertake the enterprise and has invested twenty millions of dollars for the purpose. With such an endowment fund, success must be assured. But the question arises, very naturally, "Is money all that is necessary to make a university?" Perhaps it is thought that if great names are required, money will bring them, or if there is need of a class of students prepared for university studies, or of educational surroundings and historical growth, which come, after years of toil and steady development, these little necessities can be purchased, too. Yes, even the antiquities of Greece and Rome, of Egypt and of the East, with all their associations, can be bought and transplanted wherever the man of means designs. What is it the American millionaire cannot do?

But then, this will bear serious consideration. The craze for universities is not a good sign. It indicates a tendency that should not be encouraged. Our country is being rapidly developed, millionaires are becoming more numerous, and opportunities are growing greater every year for promotion in all kinds of business and the rapid attainment of fortunes, and because of this the conclusion is reached that education should keep pace with this progress. But it is a mistake. Education cannot be bought. It comes only with toil and earnest effort. The truth is, this insatiable desire for wealth, so characteristic of the American, is not favorable to the development of education, in the highest and best sense. The man whose

generosity prompts him to give so large a sum for the founding of a university will, in all likelihood, reserve to himself the right to determine the kind of education to be given—such, no doubt, as will minister to the physical and industrial interests. This of course, is important in its place, but will not furnish a standard for a university.

Learning must first be desired for its own sake; culture must be prized above wealth, before it is possible to build up an institution in this country that shall rival or excel universities of the Old World. Age and regular growth are necessary and these come not with mere lavish expenditure of money. Take an institution that has had to struggle long in order to gain a standing and it is more to be relied on than one which begins with millions.

Our education is too much inflated already. Every school is anxious to be called a college, and every college a university. There is too much diversity in the courses of study in different colleges. Manifestly something is wrong when a student of the Third Preparatory class of one college can enter the Sophomore class in another. What Americans need to learn is patience in the up-building of their educational institution. Our own scholars must possess the spirit of unselfish devotion to intellectual progress. True liberal culture has told and will tell on American life, but it receives not its stimulus from wealth alone. Greed for wealth is, indeed, one of its greatest hindrances. There is no royal road to learning. It may be a question whether we are in need of university modeled after the old ones of Europe. Let us seek to advance what we have, and give them a character adapted to the wants of our country.

THROUGH the kindness and thoughtfulness of some of his friends, Mr.

Perry Kuhn and family had the pleasure of a Thanksgiving turkey.

Mr. Kuhn wishes us to express for him through our columns his thanks for this kind remembrance, and assures the givers of his high appreciation of the same, with the hope also that the promised blessing on such acts may be realized by the givers. "It is more blessed to give than receive." Mr. Kuhn wishes also to express his gratitude for other expressions of appreciation which he has from time to time received from his numerous friends in and about the College.

THE following is an extract from an interview with Col. Sanford, who recently lectured here. It is taken from the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, and, if we may judge, does credit neither to the colonel nor to his profession. Any man who expects to teach the people and to interest and elevate them by his lectures should set them a better example in his private life. What he here relates leads us to doubt his sincerity in what he said to us in chapel the morning after his lecture:

"Bayard Taylor and I never got on well together," he said, speaking of his experience last evening. "In his dignified and poetical-serious way of looking at things he didn't like it when I ridiculed and made fun of the most ancient ruin and the most sacred relic. That was almost sacrilege to him."

In speaking of the lecturers now before the American public. Colonel Sanford said:

"Do you know, I think that the most whole-souled lot of men I ever knew are those same lecturers. There are John B. Gough, Bob Ingersoll, Will Cumback, Henry Ward Beecher and Bob Burdette. That fellow played a mean a mean trick on me, however, not long ago. It was out in one of these Eastern Pennsylvania counties when I had to lecture before a teachers' convention in session there. Burdette was to follow me the next night. The Superintendent was named Bauer, a blue Scotch Presbyterian, an austere looking man who never smiled. He was one of those men who make you feel uncomfortable to be with them. Well, that night after I got through with

my lecture, who should walk into my room but Burdett and Bauer.

After I shook hands with Burdette, he said: 'Well, ain't you going to do something?' 'S-s-sh,' said I, looking across toward Bauer, warningly.

'O, what are you giving me?' said Burdette. 'Ain't you going to do something for your friends when they come to see you?'

'You crack-brained idiot,' I managed to say to him aside, 'keep still a minute till he goes out, can't you?'

'Oh, gammon,' blurted out Burdette, as he walked across to my traveling sack, which he proceeded to open. Then he took out a quart flask of gin, and going across to Bauer, said: 'What do you think of an old rooster who has to be asked four times before he can be made to set 'em up to a friend whom he hasn't seen in two years, eh?'

'It is pretty hard,' said Bauer, as he unscrewed the top of the flask. This, of course, broke the ice, but I felt awful uncomfortable for a few minutes. Why, I would have as soon thought of opening a jack pot with prayer as to have offered that man a drink. Burdette and he had been to school together."

EXCHANGES.

THE second number of the *S. W. P. U. Journal* comes to us from Clarksville, Tenn. It is a very neat journal and contains a great deal of good reading matter. It has a handsome picture of the College buildings on the back page of the cover.

* * *

THE *Stevens Indicator* has an article on "The Successful College Paper." It contains truths which the college editor will recognize as of universal experience, speaking of the contents of the paper the writer says: "For the matter contained in the paper, there ought to be a personal interest shown by every member of the college paper. Support should never be found wanting no matter to whom one may turn. Unfortunately this is rarely the case, and the editor of the paper has to spend much time going around soliciting articles to fill up his sheet. And, although there are few willing to contribute articles there is always a large number too ready to disparage the

paper because it does not contain enough material." Further on he says: "The editor gets but little credit for his work, and a great deal of blame. His pay consists in appreciation of his work and encouragement, but how can he feel encouraged when students will not contribute or subscribe? The alumni can help greatly. It is always interesting for the undergraduates to hear of those who have gone before them and to see what positions they are filling. On the other hand the alumni cannot help but take a deep interest in their Alma Mater, and each rightspirited alumnus should subscribe for the college paper." There is one class of persons the writer of the above extract forgot to mention, viz: that peculiar class, who devoid of tact, as well as politeness, take a sort of pleasure in disparaging the paper and in remarking that it is not nearly so good as it used to be, or as it ought to be, or perhaps as it would be if they were conducting its affairs. We always doubt the sincerity of those persons because, while they are adepts at fault-finding they never lift a finger to do anything to elevate the literary columns of their paper, and seem only to take a melancholy pleasure in predicting its decline and downfall.

FUN.

—Soph—"The Professor's bald head makes me think of heaven." Fresh—"Why, how's that?" Soph—"It's because there is no dyeing or parting there."—*Ex.*

—Professor in Chemistry—"Oxygen is an invisible gas, some of which you see in this bottle."

—Instead of being disposed to avoid discovery and notoriety, the man who has been supposed to be Number One is quite

the reverse. He recently sent for the newspaper reporters to tell them that he had nothing to say.

—"I am speaking for the benefit of posterity," said an orator, who had already spoken to a great length. "Yes, and they will soon be here," shouted a wearied auditor.

—In Indiana a railway train which runs at the rate of only thirty-seven miles an hour is called the "Cyclone Express."

—The latest English "craze" is mule-riding. It will soon be taken up by the American dudes, unless the long-suffering beasts of burden decide that a line must be drawn somewhere.

—There is living in Rockport, Maine, a man whose name spells the same backward as forward. It is Esrom Morse. He should take the surname Hannah for a middle name.

—A will is on file in Virginia in which testator makes the modest request that the executors bury him "in the plainest manner possible by the side of my dear wives--whichever may be the most convenient."

—The details of Senator Stanford's scheme for the establishment in California of a great university have been made public. His range at Palo Alto, near Menlo Park, about thirty miles from San Francisco, has been selected as the site. The several buildings comprising the university will be on the general plan of a parallelogram, and will be constructed so as to permit additions being made, as the necessities of the institution may require. Senator Stanford will give to the University his Palo Alto, Gridley and Vina properties, worth \$5,300,000. To this he will add a money donation, so as to make the total endowment of the university \$20,000,000.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Celery.
 —Turkey.
 —Oysters.
 —Cranberries.
 —Thanksgiving.
 —Poor Seniors.
 —English examinations over.
 —Oh! the mud! the horrible mud!
 —Where was R. T. C. when the lamp went out?
 —Preps. don't forget that Perry is a sly old coon.
 —Have you seen the lamps in the Campus? No; not yet.
 —We must have better order at the Junior orations. So say the Faculty.
 —The Second U. P. church will soon be completed. It will cost about \$10,000.
 —Wanted—by a Junior.—A guide to show him through town on Monday evenings.
 —Why would our assistant editor make a good chemist? Because he likes experiments.
 —Wanted to know where McNail Sr. got the hat he was wearing on Thanksgiving? Where is it now?
 —The Philos have not had performances for a couple of weeks as the repairs on the hall are not completed.
 —Ho, a light at the dormitory. Now, "Pete." you wont have so much trouble with that old board walk.
 —Business men who advertise in the HOLCAD should have the patronage of the students. Students bear this in mind.
 —Some of the students petitioned the Faculty for a holiday, the day before English examinations, and —they didn't get it.
 —The Mercer U. P. Presbytery will meet at Eastbrook, Dec. 8th. Rev. J. A. Grier of Mercer, will preach the opening sermon.
 —The third lecture of the college course will be given by Russell H. Conwell, Friday evening, December 18. Subject: "Jolly Earthquake."
 —The regular union Thanksgiving services were held at the First U. P. church on Thursday. Rev. Mr. Stone, of the M. E. Church, made the address.
 —The letters C. L. S. C. no longer mean the Chautauqua Literary Social Circle, but according to a country school marm the proper interpretation is, *Come Love Sit Closer*.
 —Student in English examinations: "Professor, may I give Mr. A— a board?" Prof: "No, sir; he is *bored* enough." Student No. 2: "It is not what I have, but what I have not that bores me."

—The following is a list of the officers of the Adelpic Society: Pres., Adair Sr.; Vice Pres., Burnside; Sec., Kennedy; 1st Critic, W. H. Moore; 2d Critic, Webster; Marshall, McClung; Sergeant-at-arms, Mehard.

—The next lecture of the College course will be given in the Chapel on Monday evening, December 14, by Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the great Washington lawyer, who will speak on "Political and Social Life in Washington."

—The present officers of the Philo society are: President, R. T. Campbell; Vice President, J. W. Hutchison; Rec. Sec., W. R. Irons; Cor. Sec., C. L. Stevenson; Marshall, McNaugher; 1st Critic, H. D. Gordon; 2d Critic, J. S. Thompson.

—The meetings of the Y. M. C. A. last week were well attended and very interesting. Each member seemed to take an active interest. Dr. Ferguson closed the series with an address before the association on Sabbath afternoon. We feel that our Y. M. C. A. is doing good work.

—The concert given by Miss Glenn in the college chapel, Tuesday evening, Nov. 17th, was one of the best musical treats we have had for a long time. The performances of the evening were all good, especially Miss Glenn's harp accompaniment, which was repeatedly encored.

—A new student, member of the Philo Society, hearing Mr. Drake make a few remarks on some question that came before the society, followed immediately by Mr. Swan on the same question, turned to his neighbor and asked "What relation is Mr. Drake to Mr. Swan?" Strange, wasn't it?

—A. J. Robertson, Lewis Block, Pittsburgh, Pa., made the HOLCAD a present of a dozen of Dixon's lead pencils put up in a neat case. The pencils were the best we have had for many a day, and we thank Mr. Robertson for his very useful present. *The editors of a college paper never refuse a donation.*

—Geneva College evidently does not have English examinations as the following sentence taken from a card written by one of the members of the Sophomore class will show: "If you want to send them (the papers) *gratice*, it is all *wright*." We recommend "English as She is Spoke," or rather, "English as She is Writ," for his careful perusal.

—On last Tuesday evening some of the 3rd Preps. called on Prof. R. B. Taggart at his residence and insisted on leaving him a turkey for Thanksgiving. The time they came, the turkey, the Preps.—everything looked suspicious, but at last when Prof. had regained his accustomed equilibrium and was ready to "make a speech" the Preps had mysteriously disappeared. The Professor desires to thank them for their token of respect and esteem.

—The Spelling Bee in the chapel Thursday evening, Nov. 19th, was well attended. Messrs Irons and Kistler were the captains. About half an hour was spent spelling on sides, which resulted in favor of Mr. Kistler's side, 13 to 15. After this the two sides arose and spelled down, the last two standing to receive the prizes. The first prize was awarded to John Swan of the Senior class, and the second to Thomas Golden of the Sophomore class. The judges were Prof. W. W. Wallace, Miss Emma Mehard, Prof. J. Alex Van Orsdel. About \$10 were taken in at the door.

—The Adelphics on Friday evening Nov. 20th discussed the question "Resolved that the present system of English Examinations are beneficial to the student." Able arguments were presented on both sides. The Judges decided in favor of the affirmative, but the sentiments of society seemed to be in favor of the negative as shown by the vote afterward taken, on the merits of the question. English examinations come as usual on the Wednesday preceding Thanksgiving. Strange our wise suggestions and noble efforts do not receive the considerations that they should!

—Thinking that some of our readers would like to have the subjects of the Junior orations, and essays. We give below three divisions, and will give the remainder in our next issue.

FIRST DIVISION.

S. P. Barackman—"The Morning Star of American Liberty."

Etta Brawn—"Mind and Home."

J. G. Berry—"Elevation of Society."

Anna Dickson—"Power."

W. A. Dunn—"Silent Battles."

SECOND DIVISION.

H. D. Gordon—"Eloquence of Silence."

Franc Donaldson—"Self-regard."

T. B. Gormley—"A Hero."

Luella Hayes—"The Waiting Marble."

W. H. Hay—"Reformers before the Reformation."

THIRD DIVISION.

J. S. Hill—"The Negro in American History."

Lizzie Houston—"Out of Darkness into Light."

F. A. Hover—"The Brave Unknown."

Flora Irons—"It Might Have Been."

J. W. Hutchison—"Stability of Character."

—There are many things which are unpleasant. We meet with them on every hand. They come upon us in every avenue in life. The editors life is not an exception. The editor is human. We have cravings; we have longings; we have appetites, every one of us. One of the most unpleasant things we are called upon to do, is to say no. Prof. Thompson and wife invited us to supper. Our Editor-in-chief's heart failed him. He couldn't say no. We obeyed orders. He told us

to meet at the Professor's at 5 o'clock. Our commander was on time but several of his men did not answer at first roll call. Gen. Gordon was a little tardy. Prof. seemed to have his forces under perfect control and awaiting orders. Oh, that solemn, awful silence that immediately precedeth battle. At length the orders came. Our chief made the attack followed closely by his little band. The Assistant Editor, usually bold and courageous, fell back in the rear, and was soon joined by the Local Editor. The battle continued for some time. Now victory inclined to this side, now to that. The enemy were reinforced again and again. Above the din and uproar of battle could be heard the Prof. urging on his forces. Our chief stood calm and undaunted. At length the battle came to a close. The victory was claimed by both parties. The killed and wounded were about the same on either side, but the Professor's loss in general supplies, provisions, etc. was very heavy. After the struggle the parties met in good fellowship and good will. No advantage was then taken on either side. Some time was then spent in asking conundrums, etc., after which, the forces separated, each of us declaring in his heart, that Prof. and his family, were first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of the editors.

PERSONAL.

—Prof. I. N. Moore, '85, spent Thursday in town.

—Miss Laura Farrar, of Sharpville, is now at home.

—R. J. Love, '85, spent his Thanksgiving with his parents.

—Mr. S. P. Bariackman, '87, opened his school on Monday.

—Miss Maggie McLaughry, '74, came home on Friday last.

—J. A. Van Orsdel, '85, has enrolled his name as a law student.

—Messrs. Purvis and Douthett were absent from town a week.

—Mr. J. R. Burnside, '89, spent Thursday night in the country.

—Rev. J. C. McElree's, '65, installation took place on the 10th inst.

—Mr. Tom McNaugher, '89, is confined to the house with scarlet fever.

—D. O. McLaughry, '87, has not entirely recovered from his sickness.

—Mr. Reed Kennedy, of the Freshman class, spent last week in Poland.

—Misses Duffield, '86, Hay, '86, Reed, '87, Neal and Messrs Hay, '86, and T. W. Swan, '84, Webster, '86,

and Swan, '86, spent Friday evening last with Miss McKean, '86.

—Rev. J. A. Shannon, '77, of Trading Post, Ka., visited us last week.

—Mr. Kilpatrick, 3rd Prep., has been out of college on account of sickness.

—Rev. R. C. Criswell, '74, for the present may be addressed at Creighton.

—Mrs. McNaugher, of Allegheny, will remain until her son is out of danger.

—J. W. McClung, '86, was threatened with scarlet fever. He is now almost well.

—Mr. J. G. Berry, '87, spent Wednesday and Thursday visiting unknown friends.

—Mr. Kuhn received a very nice Thanksgiving turkey from the Laboratory students.

—Misses Bell, '80, Mary, '82, Huldah Campbell, '84, returned home to spend their holiday.

—Mr S. Lawrence Johnston, '79 is spending his Thanksgiving holidays with his parents.

—Miss Annie Shaffer did justice to a fine turkey at the house of Mrs. Thos. Johnston on Nov. 26th.

—Mr. T. W. Swan, '84, a student of Allegheny Seminary, was visiting friends in town last week.

—J. N. Swan, '86, won the first prize at the Spelling Bee; which consisted of two books, Tennyson's Poems, and Lucile.

—Prof. J. B. McClelland, '78, was received at a late meeting of the Butler Presbytery as student of the second year.

—Messrs Warden, Monroc, Stevenson, and W. A. Moore were hunting on the 20th and came back loaded with game.

—S. W. Douthett, '86, is to deliver a declamation at the reunion of the Webster Debating club, Grove City, Dec. 25th, 1885.

—Miss Emma Alexander, '78, has been unable to teach during the past week. Miss Rosa Hogue has been filling her place.

—Rev. A. Y. Houston returned home from his long absence in the East, in time to hear his daughter Lizzie read her Junior essay.

—J. H. Webster, '86, the essayist for the Adelphic Society resigned; and S. P. Barrackman was elected last week to fill the vacancy.

—Misses Mollie Mercer, Lucy Wilson, and Jennie Black spent the afternoon of the 20th very pleasantly visiting Mr. G. E. Fisher's school.

—Misses Etta Brown, Lizzie Houston, and Jessie Wilson visited Mr. Ricketts' school last week, and gave words of advice to the children before learning.

—G. E. Carnahan is located at Solomon Rapids,

Kansas. He has been holding a series of meetings recently, and quite a number were admitted to the church.

BORES.

There's the man who lets you shake his limpy hand—
He's a bore.

And the man who leans against you when you stand—
Get his gore.

There's the man who has a fear
That the world is, year by year,
Growing worse—perhaps he's near—
Bolt the door.

There's the fellow with conundrums quite antique—
He's a bore.

And the man who asks you "What?" whenever you speak,

Though you roar.
There's the man who slaps your back
With a button-bursting whack—
If you think he's on your track
Bolt the door.

There's the punster with his everlasting pun—
He's a bore.

And the man who makes alliterative "fun"—
Worse and more!

There's the man who tells the tale
That a year ago was stale—
Like as not he's out of jail—
Bolt the door.

Chicago News.

—Girl.—"I will look at some of your hammocks, if you please."

Dealer.—"Yes, Miss. Now, there is something nice. Not expensive, but at the same time pretty and strong."

Girl.—"It doesn't look very strong."

Dealer.—"I will guarantee it to sustain a weight of three hundred pounds."

Girl.—"Let me see, one hundred and twenty and one hundred and sixty-five would be just two hundred and eighty-five, very well, I will take that one."

—"Good gracions!" said the hen, when she discovered porcelain eggs in her nest, "I shall be a bricklayer next."

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., DECEMBER 15, 1885.

NO. 7.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY HOWARD C. TRIPP.

Vanished are my youthful powers, vanished are the
friends of yore.

When life blossomed into flowers, and the winds its
petals tore;

When I clambered up the mountain, oft in gladness
and in shame,

O, I longed to taste the fountain of an author's fleet-
ing fame!

And I struggled on, unheeding of all bitter taunts of
scorn,

Tili my wounded heart was bleeding, and my spirit
was forlorn,

And I cursed my causeless breeding, and why I was
ever born!

But hope came on wings of splendor, when I was in
deep despair,

And with pleadings, warm and tender, made me sub-
ject of her care;

And she nursed me with her wooing till my heart
was glad and gay,

And again I was pursuing on the same old weary
way;

And hope brightened my ambition, till I stood at
Cupid's throne,

But I found my heart's condition was as hardened as
a stone,

And I was, in deep contrition, forced to journey on
alone.

Then I toiled for Fortune's blisses, with a ready heart
and hand,

But I could not keep her kisses—could not all her
joys command,

For my powers were disbanded e'er her nectar
brought relief,

And somehow each hope was stranded on the rocks
of bitter grief.

And I lost my keen devotion for the sweets that were
so fair,

And I drifted with the motion of waves freighted
with despair,—

Drifted on a shoreless ocean, with my trouble and my
care.

But an angel came from heaven and her pity gladly
gave,

And the strength that I was given kept me from an
early grave.

I was cheered to life and labor—cheered to struggle as
before,

And I buckled on my saber, and went forth to fight
once more;

But the idols that I cherished were in sorrow swept
away,

And the glories I had nourished, all my labor could
not stay,—

O, that I had only perished in the fiercest of the
fray!

Thus were all my dreams of glory, and my many
fancies fair,—

And my hair is white and hoary, but I will not yet
despair;

I will brave life's awful billows till my final, welcome
doom,

Where I'll rest upon the pillows of my little, narrow
tomb.

And, perchance, I may awaken from the pleasures of
this sleep,

And go where God's love is taken, and where mort-
als never weep,

And will never be forsaken, by those who watch o'er
me keep.

THE ENGLISH ELECTION.

A general parliamentary election in Great Britain corresponds to our Presidential and Congressional elections. If possible, it exceeds them in importance, being generally precipitated by a crisis in public affairs; and for the same reason, and because the election does not come at any stated time, the public excitement is more intense. Before the passage of the Septennial Act in 1716, the duration of Parliament was limited only by the will of the Sovereign. The famous Long Parliament lasted nineteen years, and the Cavalier Parliament of 1660, eighteen years. The Septennial Act fixed the maxi-

mum length of Parliament at seven years, but this length of time seldom elapses between two elections. As often as public opinion, or the force of circumstances, requires it, the ministry dissolves Parliament, and stands or falls by the expressed will of the people.

The administrative officers are indirectly elected through the parliamentary elections. Each party has its recognized leader, not chosen formally, as our presidential candidates are, but tacitly recognized because of his position and talents. The leader of the party which secures a majority in Parliament is called by the Sovereign to the Premiership, and forms a cabinet from among his political associates. The Premier usually assumes the duties of the First Lord of the Treasury, thus controlling the finances. Contrary to the American system, the members of the British Cabinet must be members of Parliament, and so it is a great point in the election to see that the chiefs are safely returned. Whenever a leader is defeated in any place, he can stand for election elsewhere, as members are not required to reside in the county or borough which they represent. Gladstone, in 1868, lost his seat for South Lancashire, but the electors of East Greenwich, anticipating his defeat, had a few days before returned him for their town. In 1880, he was elected for Mid-Lothian in Scotland, where he has been re-elected by a large majority.

The last general election in Great Britain was in 1880. The Tories with Beaconsfield at their head were then in power with a parliamentary majority of fifty. The campaign was conducted with great spirit by the Liberals under Gladstone, who challenged the whole policy, both foreign and financial, of Beaconsfield's government in a series of powerful popular addresses. The election turned the Tory majority of fifty

into a Liberal majority of one hundred and twenty, exclusive of Parnellites. Gladstone then became Premier. His policy, foreign and domestic, was faultless in conception. But his peace policy, while not preventing war entirely, marked its conduct by irresolution. His most important domestic measure was the Franchise Act, passed a few months ago, which extended the franchise to nearly two millions who have hitherto been unrepresented for lack of the necessary property qualification. With respect to Ireland, he desired to deal fairly, and conferred on her a substantial boon in the Land Act. But his co-ercive measures, and his refusal to grant Home Rule kept alive her animosity. To compel the government to concede to their demand for Home Rule, the Parnellite members, from the beginning of the Parliament, adopted the policy of obstructing legislation. Failing, they have studied how they can hold the balance between the Tories and Liberals, and thus dictate their demands. Last Spring when the government had scarcely recovered its breath after the Russian fright, and was still bending under the odium of the Sudan failure, the Parnellites joined the Tories when a certain government proposal was put to vote in the Commons, and, as some of the Liberals abstained from voting, the opposition had a small majority, and the ministry accordingly resigned. The Marquis of Salisbury, the Tory leader, after a little uncertainty, succeeded in forming the ministry which is still in power. The Marquis at once resolved on a new election as his majority, even with the Parnellites, was very small.

The campaign which has just closed was opened early in the autumn by Chamberlain, the exponent of English Radicalism, a very strong element in the Liberal party. He proposed a number of sweeping chang-

es which are not likely soon to be effected. The principal Liberal speakers have been Lords Granville and Hartington, Sir C. Dilke, Goschen, and Gladstone whose ill-health prevented him from speaking much. The Tory speakers have been Lords Salisbury, Iddesleigh (Sir Stafford Northcote) and Randolph Churchill, to the latter of whom mainly the Tories own the co-alition with Parnell. The speeches on both sides have been very animated although the parties have not pushed squaraly against each other. Their real dislike of the Irish, and their temporary union with Parnell has prevented the Tories from saying much about Ireland. Having assumed the responsibilities of Gladstone's foreign policy, they have not been free to criticize it very much. But they have raised a great hue and cry about the Church being in danger, averring that the Liberals are about to take up the agitation for the disestablishment of the established Churches of England and Scotland. Bringing this question into politics has been of immediate benefit to the Tories in rousing the Anglican clergy in their interest; but, in reality, it will hasten disestablishment by making it a political issue.

On the other hand, the Liberals have had nothing to criticise in Salisbury's foreign policy. Conscious of a partial failure in their own Irish policy, they have done little more, with respect to Irish affairs, than vent their spleen on Parnell and ridicule his co-alition with the Tories. Gladstone has disclaimed the disestablishment question as being prematurely precipitated by the Tories themselves. Parnell, with an aim to keep the majority of the Liberals over the Tories less than the number of Home Rulers, issued a manifesto to his followers advising them to knife the Liberals and elect Tories. The manifesto has had its effect.

The number of Tories and Parnellite members elect combined is slightly in excess of the Liberals. The elections took place first in the borough, which have always been the Liberal stronghold, and resulted favorably to the Tories. Nothing but the two millions among the agricultural classes lately enfranchised enabled the Liberals to carry the counties, the Tory stronghold, and save themselves from a crushing defeat.

Parnell now holds the balance. Neither party can have a majority in Parliament without his support, and unless a coalition between the Tories and Conservative Liberals is effected which can set him at defiance, there will most likely be another election within a year, as neither party is willing to hold office at Parnell's pleasure.

J. M. ROBERTSON, '88.

—A story is told in a paper of a merchant doing business in a town where the sale of everything intoxicating was prohibited by law, who made a large demand for his cocoanuts by emptying them of their milk and substituting whiskey. One day, the story goes, the minister of the place dropped into the store to buy a cocoanut. The merchant was in despair, and surprised the preacher by telling him that the cocoanuts were not fit to be sold to a good customer. Taking one of them up and shaking it, the minister said he was convinced that it must be sound, and would chance it, anyway. The merchant could do nothing more; so he took pay from the preacher at cocoanut rates, and fell to planning a story that would let him out of his trouble. While he was thus engaged a messenger came from the preacher with a note which ran thus: "Send me six more cocoanuts exactly like the one I purchased from you."—*Harper's Weekly*.

THOMAS W. McNAUGHER.

When death enters the College circle we become thoughtful. It is no sign of greatness to let serious things pass unnoticed. The wise man is the thoughtful man, the thoughtful man gives serious things due consideration.

A life closed is a book to be studied.

Mr. T. W. McNaugher died December 1, 1885, at 5 a. m. His health had been good until two weeks preceding his death. He had been in attendance at Westminster College since September last. He was a member of the Freshman class. He was in his twenty-first year. His home was in Allegheny city, Pa. He was well favored in his home surroundings. While enjoying all the privileges of the city there were none, or at least few of the temptations of city life thrown around him. His home was a country residence in the city.

Another advantage to be spoken of, his home was thoroughly Christian. He knew what the family altar was as a source of strength. Never a day of his existence passed that he was not commended to the care of his Heavenly Father. Many young men have all these privileges. These things are not remarkable. But Mr. McNaugher improved these privileges and made the most of these opportunities.

He was always conscientiously obedient to his parents. He was kind to brothers and sisters and thoughtful as to their happiness. No selfishness appeared even in the home circle where a man is most himself. Because of his power as a quiet conversationalist and his ability as a musician, he could do much to make his home a place of joy. This he did in preference to spending his evenings elsewhere. When he left

home for college, it seemed a sad day for all, yet there was joy in the thought that his life promised so much. He was a member of the Fourth United Presbyterian church, Allegheny. He professed faith in Christ, May, 1880. His was not only a profession. His Christian life was a life of service. He delighted in the worship of God in the sanctuary. Not only the Sabbath morning service found him in his place but the Sabbath school. Wednesday evening prayer meeting found him just as eager for worship. He was much interested in the young men of his own age and did much to encourage them in the Master's service. As a teacher, as a leader in the Young Men's Union, as chorister in the mission on Lombard street, he was ever the same successful young man. Besides the many works in which he was engaged his Christian life was exceptional in another respect, concerning all he did or believed he was very careful. He tried every doctrine and action by the Word of God. He, therefore, was a young man of deep convictions. This course of procedure made him appear older than he was. But he was ripening for eternity. His student life at Westminster College was brief. As a student, I knew him well. He studied hard and enjoyed it. He was careful and painstaking in his work. His mind was not brilliant, but of great strength and power. His success in life would have been along the road Grant went to Richmond: "Keeping at it," rather than Sherman's march to the sea: "Flying through it." His mind gathered slowly and carefully but what was gathered was made his own. He would have been a strong man sought out for counsel and always able to give it.

His personal life was pure. He dreaded doing anything that would dishonor God, home, or himself. Having known him in

timately from childhood I can say of him, his life was pure, his good name above reproach. Honesty, purity and Christ-likeness rested upon his countenance so as to be seen and read by all. The power of Christ was in him and the places of his abode were bettered by him. The large concourse of people that attended his funeral gave testimony that his life was appreciated. Every Christian life leaves a vacant place when it departs, but it fills a place up yonder.

Mr. McNaugher took no credit to himself for what he was. He was modest even diffident and would not have any one praise him. But he wanted glory and praise given to the Lord Jesus.

There were many things about his death-bed that take away the sadness of his departure. 1. He was perfectly willing to depart and be with Christ.

2. He talked nothing of death, only of Christ and Heaven.

3. He was afraid of his own life except as that life was hid in Christ with God.

4. His message to friends and companions showed how fully he appreciated the work of Christ.

5. In his death there was no sting. The grave had no victory. The victory was his through the Lord Jesus Christ. In view of this life can we not ask this question of self, Am I living for two worlds?

"My record, my conscience, my God"—
Let these be constantly before me.

J. M. F.



—Rev. George C. Lorimer, who has been tendered the presidency of the Chicago University, is one of the most eloquent Baptist preachers in Chicago. He is also a platform lecturer of some prominence.

COLLEGE NOTES.

—The average salary of all professors in the United States is \$1,530.

—The State University of Wisconsin has given up daily chapel exercises.

—Two editors of the *Dartmouth* have been suspended for the expression of *offensive* ideas.

—College papers are discussing the feasibility of making Monday instead of Saturday a holiday.

—Tutors at Harvard receive from \$800 to \$1200 yearly, while the trainer in Athletics receives \$2,000.

—Vassar girls are said to be so modest that they will not work on improper fractions.—*Syracusan*.

—There were nearly fifty Sophomores conditioned in Mechanics at Yale at a recent examination.

—Beecher is to lecture to the students of the University of Illinois on "The Reign of the Common People."

—Gen. G. W. Lee, oldest son of Gen. Robert E. Lee, is still president of Washington and Lee University.

—The President and six professors of Wellesley—all women—are graduates of Michigan University.—*Ex*.

—The regents of the University of Wisconsin have appropriated fifty dollars to aid the Junior class in publishing an annual.

—Students of California State University who hold military offices are upon graduation, regularly commissioned in the State Militia.

—The report is current that James Russell Lowell is to be Vice President of Harvard college, and that he will be in full charge during President Elliot's absence.

THE HOLCAD.

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Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

THE death of Mr. McNaugher was, indeed, a sad event. The shock came so suddenly that it found all unprepared to receive it. No one, certainly, ever entered Westminster as a student, who found more friends in so short a time, or made impressions for good that will last longer. We give here the substance of Dr. Ferguson's remarks at the funeral, as best representing the feelings of students and professors, as well as Mr. McNaugher's friends in this community.

While we lament his death, we rejoice that it was so triumphant. He gave a clear confession of his confidence in Christ. He was patient in suffering and resigned to God's will. He rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. He sent stimulating messages from his bed-side, testifying that a life in Christ is the only one worth living.

The circumstances of his death enhance the value of his testimony. It may be a

lament that he was not at home when he died but that very fact widens the circle of his influence for good. Had he remained among his friends at his home and never spent these few months with us, he would have been known and loved by them alone. The influence of his life was valuable at home, not less so with us. He was long enough among us to make evident that he was no half-hearted Christian. His manly bearing, his diligence as a student, his cheerful, happy disposition, his thoughtfulness of others, his unostentatious yet pronounced Christian character and purpose command the respect and affection of all. His death caused a profound impression in the College. When Dr. Fulton's few words, announcing his good-bye to professors and students were read, there were few dry eyes in the assembly. The solemn spell produced by his death has not yet been broken. His college-mates and especially his class-mates have made every tribute in their power. It was no formal courtesy or ceremony that sent so many to his funeral, representatives of the classes.

But why speak of these things? To all those whose hearts are softened and touched by his decease, we trust that his testimony in behalf of Christ will not come in vain. May it not be said that God is glorifying himself by the death of our beloved among us?

Of course these facts do not clear up all mystery of such an event as this. Why one so young, so hopeful, so aspiring after good, so full of noble purpose should be taken away. Why was it so ordered in God's providence that he should enter college only to have his course cut off in the midst. Was this a waste of his years? No! No! The Lord leads wisely. Fidelity will have its reward. His Christian life among a company of 180 students was worth much.

His triumphant death has sealed and engraved his testimony on their hearts. Weeping friends, if clouds and darkness are round about, if God's way is mysterious and trying, is it not assuring to know that though you do not understand, God is glorifying himself?

IT is safe to assert that there will be few, if any, of the other lectures of the year's course find more general appreciation than did Mrs. Lockwood's. Hers was the best lecture, given by a lady, that New Wilmington people have had the pleasure of hearing for a number of years, if not the very best they have ever had the privilege to hear. Her subject was one of interest. There is nothing, perhaps, to which Americans listen with more eagerness than a discourse upon themselves and their doings, especially the social and political life at the seat of government. The subject was treated in a very pleasant and instructive manner. The whole was an able, comprehensive review of recent events, and showed the lecturer to be a woman of rare culture, wide experience and keen observation. Whatever prejudice may exist in this community or among the students against woman on the platform, Mrs. Lockwood has done much to overcome it. Her pleasing address, fine language, rich style and deep thought compel attention and win admiration. There is but one thing to mar the pleasure which her lectures give and that is her advocacy of woman's suffrage, but this frailty may perhaps be forgotten. The Lecture Committee should be congratulated on securing her.

The third lecture of the course will be given on Friday evening by Col. Conwell. His subject is "Jolly Earthquake." Col. Conwell needs no comment. He will be

welcomed again by both citizens and students—by his old friends.

SWEARING and vulgarity seem to have become fine arts with many of the young hopefuls of this enterprising village. Despite our boasted Christian influences and parental restraint the language is learned and spoken with disgusting, shameful fluency. Almost any evening it can be heard on the streets or in the alley, boys of Christian parents seemingly priding themselves in their profanity and vying with each other in the use of oaths. Should these things be? Should ladies be obliged to hear language both profane and indecent when walking our streets, at evening or at night, and that too from the youth of our town? It can be stopped and should be stopped. Some kind authority should prevail, else what a future for the rising generation!

THE bazar, held by the young ladies of the 2nd U. P. Church on Friday evening last was a success and a handsome sum was realized. We believe, however, that it would have better if they had lighted up the Campus and thus lead perhaps as many more to their hospitable board. How much longer must we roam in darkness?

WE print elsewhere in this issue a copy of the resolutions passed at a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Temperance Association of Friends of Philadelphia, requesting all interested in temperance work and all friends of Prohibition to use their influence to secure the passage by the present Legislature of a "good practical Local Option Law." While this would be a good move, and

while such a law would undoubtedly do away with many of the evils of the license system now authorized by law, it does not seem to be as worthy of the efforts of temperance workers as the Constitutional Amendment. If the present Legislature can be prevailed upon to do anything for the temperance cause, let it do this much at least—show the people that it is willing to submit to vote the question of amending the Constitution.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Courier* for November is before us. The *Courier* is a very attractive paper and we are always glad to see it. We cannot understand, however, why it comes so seldom. This is the first number we have seen this year.

* * *

THE last number of *Colby Echo* is quite entertaining. The article on the "Discipline of Canvassing" is well-written and a very faithful representation of a book-agent's trials and tribulations. The exchange editor grows eloquent over the wire-pulling methods of college politicians. We quote a few sentences: "It is a lamentable fact that an election to a college or a class office is not so significant as it ought to be. The slates rule here as in the caucus, and the schemes and combinations which are entered into are a surprising revelation of the corruption and corrupt influences of American politics upon the young mind."

* * *

THE trustees of Marietta College, on the 20th inst., elected Hon. John Eaton, of Washington, D. C., to the Presidency of that college. He will shortly enter on the duties of the position to which he has been elected. Mr. Eaton is an alumnus of Dartmouth college, class of '54. He has long been prominent both in political and edu-

cational circles. His life has been devoted almost wholly to the work of education and his election to the position seems to meet with universal favor. The *College Ohio* contains a brief sketch of his life.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Lines written on hearing of the death of Thomas McNaugher.)

He is dead! plucked as a flower.

Too pure, too good for earthly eyes;

Culled by the hand of Heavenly power

To adorn the land beyond the skies.

Oh why should such an one be taken?

Why cut off the brightest rose?

Why should we be thus forsaken,

Mourning him we least could lose?

O God, our bleeding hearts to Thee

Look up, Thy comforting power to feel;

Thine hand has made the wound to be

So deep; thine other can it heal.

And by this stroke, oh, help us learn

To form our lives more noble, true,

To imitate him for whom we yearn.

Whom to-day we bid the last adieu

VICTOR LUCIAN.

Allegheny, Dec. 1, '85.

The following resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Temperance Association of Friends of Philadelphia, held Eleventh mo., 23d, 1885, and were directed to be published in daily and weekly newspapers throughout the State, viz :

WHEREAS, The Temperance Association of Friends of Philadelphia are desirous that an Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks in the State of Pennsylvania, shall be adopted by the Legislature, and submitted to a vote of the people at the earliest practicable day but we recognize the fact that any legislation which is greatly in advance of public sentiment is undesirable, because incapable of execution: *therefore,*

Resolved, That we advise all friends of Prohibition and Temperance in Pennsylvania to join hands in our opposition to the present system of *indiscriminate license* for the sale of intoxicants, and in urging upon the Legislature at its next session, the passage of a good practical Local Option Law.

Resolved, That we believe the re-enactment of a Local Option Law will enable many election districts in our State to adopt Prohibition, and thereby greatly improve the social, financial and moral condition of their population. The improvement which the experience of other sections has shown to uniformly follow the enforcement of prohibitory laws—bringing about a decrease of crime, pauperism, and taxation, and an increase of wealth, domestic happiness, and prosperity of every kind—should powerfully influence other districts to follow in line, and thus advance the good of all classes of people in our noble Commonwealth.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Examinations are coming. "So is Christmas."

—The Bazaar and oyster supper last Friday evening was a success in every way. About \$175 were taken in.

—After the bazaar and supper there was about a bushel of pop-corn left which was eaten by three gentlemen and three ladies of the committee, and they didn't care much for pop-corn either.

—The college library has received a donation of money and books from the West. The books thus obtained will be placed on the shelves with the other books and marked with the initials of the giver.—*Globe*.

—The ladies of the 2nd Reformed Church, Philadelphia, have just held a bazaar at which they realized \$1,300 for the building fund of their new church. Rev. J. K. McClurkin is pastor of this congregation.—*Globe*.

—Among those present at the parsonage opening services in the M. E. Church last Thursday evening were Rev. Dr. Pershing, of Pittsburgh, Dr. Johnston, of New Castle, Rev. Mr. Morris, of Fayetteville, and others. The services were very interesting. The amount of money—\$600—necessary to pay off the debt, was raised, and the parsonage was opened and presented to Rev. Mr. Stone in use for the church, free of debt. Rev. Dr. Pershing, Dr. Johnston and Rev. Mr. Stone were in chapel the next morning and each made a short address to the students.

—The Adelpic Society dispensed with regular exercises on the 11th inst., in order to enjoy a mock trial. A prominent member of the Sophomore class was arrested and brought before the Society on a charge of breach of promise. A court was organized with W. T. McConnell, Esq., as Judge. After some delay a jury was impanelled and for four hours the spectators enjoyed the entertaining testimony of the witnesses and the turgid but instructive eloquence of the attorneys. The case was ably argued on each side. Messrs. W. H. Moore and Reed Kennedy appeared for the defense and J. L. Snyder and E. C. Kistler for the plaintiff. Owing to the

fact that the jurymen were sworn not to bring in a verdict according to the evidence given the defendant was convicted and heavy damages imposed.

PERSONAL.

—Rev. D. O. Littell, '57, is convalescent.

—T. B. Gormley, '87, in town last Saturday.

—Dr. Ketler of Grove City College was in town not long since.

—Samuel McNaugher, '86, returned to college on Saturday evening.

—Dr. Ferguson, occupied the pulpit of the First U. P. Church, Dec. 6th.

—D. O. McLaughry takes first on a full beard, and Adair, Jr. on side whiskers.

—J. R. Vance, of the Junior class visited friends in New Castle last week.

—Miss Emma Alexander, '75, is again able to attend to her duties as teacher.

—R. J. Love, '85, will spend his holiday vacation with friends in Kansas.

—H. D. Gordon, of the Junior class "will be in college the remainder of the term."

—Rev. A. P. Hutchinson was at the lecture in chapel Sabbath evening, Nov. 29th.

—J. R. Burnside, '89, has been confined to the house for a few days with the quinsy.

—Messrs. Glover, Esterline and Freeman were the guests of Mr. Purvis a short time ago.

—Dr. Mehard was absent on Tuesday, attending the Mercer U. P. Presbytery at Eastbrook.

—Prof. R. B. Taggart, occupied the pulpit of Rev. E. N. McElree, Beaver Falls, Sabbath Dec. 6.

—Rev. H. G. McVay, assisted Rev. Crabbe of Mercer, at communion services Sabbath, Dec. 6.

—The lecture to the students on Sabbath evening Nov. 29th was given by Prof. R. B. Taggart.

—Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, '78, preached in

New Castle at the 2nd U. P. Church Nov. 22nd and 29th.

—Rev. J. A. Bailey, '59, of Sharon, was at the orations Monday evening and in chapel the next morning.

—Miss Vance, of the Junior class was ill for a few days but was able to be out to read her essay, Monday evening, Dec. 7th.

—Miss Bell Campbell, '80, and Miss Maggie McLaughry, '74, came home Friday evening in time for the bazaar and oyster supper.

—Miss Rosa Elliott, '89, mourns the death of her sister, Lizzie, who died last Monday morning. She has the sympathy of students and friends.

—Rev. H. H. Herry, of Hirtstown, member of the Board of Trustees, preached the opening sermon at the meeting of Lake Presbytery at Greenville, Dec. 7th.

—J. S. Thompson, '88, has been home twice during the term on account of sickness, the last time to attend the funeral of his sister. Mr. Thompson has the sympathy of the faculty and students in his bereavement.

—J. S. Hill, '86, was suddenly called away last week, on account of the illness of his sister Jennie, who has been teaching during the fall. Mr. Hill expects to take his sister's school for the present and does not know when he will be able to be among us again. He has our sympathy and best wishes.

—J. E. Drake, '87, left us last Monday week and added his name to the number that have gone fourth out of the Junior class to engage in the noble work of teaching. The following members of the Junior class are now teaching: J. B. Rickets, T. B. Gormley, J. E. Fisher, S. P. Barackman, J. S. Hill, and J. E. Drake.

SOCIETY RESOLUTIONS.

Resolutions adopted by the Philomath Literary Society of Westminster College regarding the death of Thomas McNaugher.

WHEREAS, We are continually reminded by the visitation of death that God removes not only those who have finished their career of usefulness, but also

those in the morning of life: whereas, He has taken away our friend and fellow member of Society:

Resolved 1. That under this mysterious dispensation of God's providence, we reverently bow, feeling that our loss is his eternal gain.

2. That we bear grateful testimony to his upright character, his consistent Christian life, and his perfect resignation to the Divine will.

3. That by his death the society has lost an earnest and devoted member, the social circle a cheerful and pleasant companion, and the stricken family an affectionate son and brother.

4. That we, as a society, extend our sympathies to the sorrowing friends, and commend them to Him "who doeth all things well."

5. That these resolutions be placed on the records of Society, published in the HOLCAD and the *United Presbyterian*, and a copy sent to the bereaved family.

H. D. GORDON,	} Com.
O. A. BYERS,	
C. L. STEVENSON.	

CLASS RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, We, the members of the class of 1889, have been called to mourn the loss of one of our members, Mr. Thomas McNaugher; and whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to call one from us suddenly into "The Bright Beyond," who was the honored and worthy friend of us all, and who had won for himself a place in our highest regards and warmest affections, by his high Christian character and worthy example. Therefore

Resolved That whilst our hearts are saddened at the thought that we shall see his face and hear his voice no more, yet we reverently bow in submission to our Heavenly Father's will, trusting that "He who leadeth us into the darkness will bring us again into the light."

Resolved That in this dark shadow of affliction, we would tender our deepest sympathy and condolence to his bereaved family. To them there is left the precious memory of an obedient and dutiful son, to us, the example of a noble, positive and Christian life.

Resolved That we shall strive to emulate the worthy example of our beloved brother and classmate, and live in such companionship with our Master, as to be ready, as he was, to depart and be forever with the Lord.

Resolved That these resolutions be published in the *Christian Instructor*, the *United Presbyterian*, and the Westminster HOLCAD, and also that a copy of these be sent to the bereaved family.

LENIRA MEALY,	} Com.
MARGARET SWARTWOOD,	
ALPHEUS BYERS,	

"SPELLING BEE."

J. B. M'ILVAIN, '85.

What, write about a spelling bee! Surely here we are in company with the queer-subject man once more. Some subjects may be queer but if useful are they not excuseful because queer? Spelling bees are not huney bees, nor bumble bees, nor stinging bees, but useful and busy bees; and why should not a hive of such bees thrive?

"Prepare for the spelling bee." Is he dangerous? He has no sting, no honey, but much that seems like "hum." It is the hum of industry. No drones are tolerated. The queens decked with the beauties of nature and art sway the septre with a despotism that scarce knows rebellion. If one occurs it is a civil war in which no blood is shed because it is but a war of words and strife of tongues, which may indeed put out an eye (i) or substitute a you (u). Should there be spelling bees? Pray what use are they? They should be. They increase mens stock of words. Words are called signs of ideas. Men have more ideas than they know signs for, so some have to invent signs. Some years ago a man who is yet alive got an idea about the earth, there was no sign for it to his mind, so he wrote "geonomy." It's a hard word can you spell it? The mass of men are content to use only a few words to express their ideas. Many words are unknown even by the learned. Why? Because every body cries give us easy words, stick to Anglo-Saxon. They stick, and when the great globe revolves and some scientist evolves a great foot and a half word from its Websterian mummy-case where it has been forgotten in the dust of mental neglect for ages, men are ready to put their hand to their ear and let their jaw drop like a deaf person and exclaim "what did you say?"

To be plain, I mean we should have spelling bees for the purpose of ransacking these old dust claimed word-books, for words new and old, long, short, and common. No matter whether they are Anglo-Saxon or not. Trench says words have history. Remember he means not they have a history of their own, (of course they have) but they teach history. They have poetry also and can sing us a song. All can not go to Europe or Asia and with mattock and shovel dig up the cities of the past and verify the facts of history; but it is in the power of all who will to take the great word-book and enrich his speech without very great expense. How would this profit the "Bee"? Give it more tests of skill in putting the proper letters in the proper order to form words. Men do not think enough. They read books of great authors to get ideas. The true mission, however, of the bee is to give men words;

these words contain ideas or parts of ideas which men may trace out and form into grand thoughts useful to generations yet unborn. It is now time men would do some thinking for themselves. There is no use in having Macaulay, Shakspeare, Milton, and Bacon do all. No man who ever goes to Heaven can go there simply by having the preacher say Christ died to save sinners. He must take up the text himself and preach it over to himself adding these words "of whom I am chief". No man can become a thinker who thinks only what others think; he must think for himself, write for himself, spell for himself. If men build houses they must have tools and material with which to build. Either may be had for the money but the master mechanic can make his own tools or improve others; his ability comes from research and thought, not lazy dependence. We need more industrious thinkers. Spelling bees may be made the instrument by making:

1. Old words familiar.
2. By bringing new words into notice.
3. By bringing more words into use.
4. By use of dictionary, making men now misunderstood, clear to all.
5. By making men think.
6. By making men of mature years able to understand their learned grandfathers.
7. By making men understand science better because familiar with the terms.
8. By an increased correctness of spelling.
9. By more skill in choice of words.
10. By less fault-finding in use of words.
11. By destroying slang.
12. By increasing a desire to read better literature, and an appreciation of the beauties of speech from a linguistic standpoint.

Prepare then for the spelling bee, and be well prepared.

—Rev. Joseph Cook in one of his lectures says that the five great powers of the world are not Austria, Russia, Germany, France and England, but the pulpit, parlor, press, politics and police.

— George Riddle, of Carroll county, Mo., has twenty-two daughters. He lives just on the outskirts of civilization, and whenever a dressmaker moves within twenty-five miles he goes farther into the wood.

—Socrates called beauty a short lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said, that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of nature; Ovid, alluding to him, calls it a favor bestowed by the gods.—*From the Italian.*

—Wellesley College opens with five hundred and ten students; of these one hundred and twenty-eight are Freshmen. Applications to the number of one hundred and over in excess of the capacity of the college have been received. Since the close of the last college year, one hundred and fifty of the old students have obtained appointments as professors and teachers in schools of all grades.—*The Beacon.*

—Mons. Capel recently said: "I have traveled much, and have inspected schools and educational institutions in many lands, but nowhere have I seen any training equal, much less superior, to that given at West Point."

—A prize of \$50 is offered at Union College for the best extemporaneous speech delivered by any of the students except Seniors during Commencement week, on subjects of American History, Literary, Political, and Social Life.

—Girls graduating in England wear gowns precisely like those worn by the University men, and the only way to tell one from the other is to wait for a mouse.—*Ex.*

—Dr. Noah Porter, for the past thirteen years President of Yale College, has handed in his resignation, to take effect from next commencement.

—One of the saddest and most touching sights in life is that of a young man who has spent six months in coaxing and waxing a mustache into respectable size and shape, and then, in the act of lighting a cigar with a slip of paper burns and scorches the whole institution into an unrecognizable mass of singed hair.—*Chicago Ledger.*

—A plan has been adopted at Harvard College for the organization of a conference committee, composed of professors and students, to which the students having complaints can appeal, and before which the faculty can go to justify or explain any line of disciplinary policy which may be determined upon.—*Current.*

—Professor (very young, unsophisticated, hence bashful; to class of young ladies)—"Give inflection of first demonstrative pronoun." Grand chorus (girls perceive the professor's weak point and desire to frighten him)—"Hic, haec, hoc; hugus, hugus, hugus—"Exit bashful Professor.

—Thou mayst as well expect to grow stronger by always eating as by always reading. Too much overcharges nature and turns more into disease than nourishment. 'Tis thought and digestion which make books serviceable and give health and vigor to the mind.—*Fuller.*

—A singer in a Michigan college paper anxiously inquires: "Why comes not my lover to me?" Have you thought to chain up the dog?

—A class in Malayan is a new experiment at Cornell University, beginning under Professor Roehrig, the noted linguist.

I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to the earth I know not where;
But the man whose hen it chanced to kill
Came in next day, and I paid the bill.—*Puck.*

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JANUARY 1, 1886.

NO. 8.

A LAST PRAYER.

[Written by Helen Jackson, ("H. H.") four days before her death.]

(From the *December Century*.)

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun :

So clear I see that things I thought
Were right or harmless were a sin ;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win.

So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save,
That I have slothful been. inert,
Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me ;
Set me the lowliest task thou hast,
Let me repentant work for thee.

THE SENSATIONAL SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

The Sensational Philosophy is the theory which finds all its rudiments in sensation. It denies to the soul of man all innate ideas, yes, all innate powers of originating ideas, save those given us from our senses. It attempts to account for every judgment as a result of our sensations. It denies the existence of psychology and metaphysics and claims that the phenomenal alone is true. It gives no heed to the testimony of consciousness ; it ignores all subjective first truths and confines true science to what sensations alone reveal. The philosophers of this school limit the light of experience, the safest of guides, to their experience of the objective. The first modern expounder of the sensational philosophy was Thomas Hobbes, A. D. 1588-1679. He taught it

with a boldness, ability and consistency which render his speculations invaluable. He shows us just what its corollaries are, when carried out with a rigid logic, from those first premises which are common to all the school. Philosophy, according to Hobbes, has for its object all bodies which are formed and possess qualities. Physics, then, constitutes the whole of true philosophy. On the question of the origin of our knowledge he takes a decided stand upon experience. He is the precursor of modern materialism. The original of all our thoughts, according to him, has been obtained through the organs of sense. The mind is thus wholly constructed out of sense. Sensations and the images which they leave, form the simple elements of all knowledge ; and the mixing together of these elements form the various intellectual faculties. Hobbes, then, made sensation the source of all knowledge. Locke, who followed Hobbes in the eighteenth century, claims two sources for our knowledge—sensation and reflection. He denies to the soul the possession of all innate ideas and declares that all our knowledge is founded on experience. Locke says, "although sensation is the great source of most of our ideas, yet there is another fountain from which experience furnisheth the understanding with ideas ; and this source, though it be not sense, as having to do with external objects, yet it is very like it, and might properly enough be called internal sense." This he calls reflection. By sensation Locke means the simple operation of external objects through the senses. By reflection he understands that internal sense, by means of which the

mind observes its own operations. He believes the one original property of the intellect to be susceptibility of impressions. Locke's philosophy leads him to doubt the spirituality of man's soul. He asserts that we do not know by the contemplation of our own ideas whether that which thinks in us is incorporeal or not. This doubt betrays him to the materialist. It is when we come to notice Locke's moral theory that the greatest error of sensualistic philosophy becomes apparent. Indeed this philosophy cannot admit a correct theory of morals. Virtue and vice are not sensible qualities. We do not distinguish them by the touch, the eye or the ear. The experience we derive through our senses cannot give us the distinction between right and wrong, for this knowledge must pre-exist in order that we may judge of the action which we witness. But our sense-impressions do tell us that some actions are followed by pleasure and others by pain. Our self-interest in that which is pleasurable or painful is the only basis which these philosophers have on which to construct a theory of morals. And when we see such men as Locke, impelled by their philosophy to identify natural and moral good, and to resolve the moral motive into self-interest, then we are impressed with the vicious nature of these principles. In the words of Locke,—“Good and evil, morally considered, are nothing else than the conformity or opposition, which is found between our actions and a certain law; a conformity and opposition which attracts us to the good and deters us from the evil, by the will and power of a law-giver.” Virtue, then, is obedience to law, and the motive of that obedience is self-interest. Here, real morality disappears and these principles would undermine the very foundations of Christian ethics. The philosophy of Hobbes and Locke won many followers in England in

the eighteenth century. In the hands of Hume, Berkely and Hartley it bore many fruits. But the sobriety of the British mind derived chiefly from the influence of the Bible, prevented this philosophy from gaining a full sway in its native home. It was when transplanted to France that the sensational philosophy disclosed its real power of mischief. It found there a congenial soil in a population restless, pleasure-loving, and uncontrolled by any practical Christianity. Condillac is the acknowledged representative of Locke in France. He departed from Locke, however, and simplified his philosophy by reducing all knowledge to sensation. Like Locke, he began by seeking the origin of our ideas instead of observing their conditions. With him every process of the soul is reducible to this single principle, sensation. He calls every operation of the mind a transformed sensation. Reflection itself, which Locke recognizes as a secondary source of our ideas, is to Condillac nothing more than a transformed sensation. He defines perception as “the impression occasioned in the soul by the action of the senses:” and consciousness as “the feeling which a perception gives the soul of its presence in it.” He thus obliterates the distinction between the soul's acts of intelligence and feeling. Instead of regarding the mind as an organism which transformed the food furnished by the senses and applied it to its own nourishment, he regarded it as a mere receptacle where the food, on entering, transformed itself. In the blind resolve to generate everything in man's soul out of simple sensation, the philosopher practically leaves out the soul itself. The Ego is entirely forgotten. Condillac's philosophy leads him into many errors, and into downward paths; but it was in the hands of the bold Helvetius that sensualistic philosophy reached its matured re-

sults. This bold speculator leads us down to the worst conclusions reached by the philosophy and discloses to us what are the real results of the dangerous maxims from which sensational philosophy flows. His philosophy would plunge the human soul into a gulf of darkness, without a God, without an immortality, without a faith, without a hope. The philosophy of the sensualists in France was the storm-cloud from which fell the most ghastly ruin of modern times. The Reign of Terror was the off-spring of this philosophy. It was under its guidance that the legislature decreed God a non-entity and death an eternal sleep. The theory which begins by denying to man his spiritual attributes, naturally ends in making him an animal. We have seen enough to show us that the sensational philosophy has no place for any moral science. And is not this enough to condemn it?

M. C. P.

—The Juniors had their examination in N. T. Greek the first hour Friday, Dec. 18th, and in "Schaff's Companion Volume" to the Greek Testament the fourth hour. Before the hour closed a basket arrived filled with packages containing apples, nuts, candies, etc. It somehow happened that there was just one for each member of the class with their name written thereon, so Prof. Taggart, after a few remarks to the class concerning the work that they had done in his department, and having assured them that they still held a place in his heart, and would be remembered by him, not only during the remainder of their college days, but through life, distributed the packages among the students. Mr. Gordon in behalf of the class made a short reply. The class tendered a vote of thanks to Prof. and wife for their kindness and to Prof. for the patience, kindness, and untiring zeal manifested in his dealings with them, as a preceptor.

—Every one should begin the New Year aright. We are modest, yet we offer a few suggestions :

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Get your friends to subscribe.

CHINESE GORDON.

DELIVERED BY H. G. GOLDEN, '85, AT SOCIETY CONTEST, JUNE 24, 1885.

Into every successive age have come the currents of a new life. The tendency of human aspirations is always towards an ever-changing ideal, so that what are to-day the stern realities of life may be but the glimmering myths and illusions of to-morrow. As we read the records of men and nations and discover the continual alterations of customs and laws, the endless mutations of history, we see but the inevitable result of ever-changing human character. But whence come those mighty influences that trouble the waters of human opinion, that revolutionize thought, that give to life a new meaning and to the world a new civilization?

May we not find the answer in those men of genius and heroism, whose lives have been the fulfillment of the peoples unuttered hopes, in whose characters humanity's aspirations were realized, who, standing in prominence before mankind revealed in their own characters a truer self, a higher destiny. Where are those men of genius, the light of whose lives may discover to us our mistakes and failures and the world-wide influence of whose characters tend to rectify the evils of our civilization?

What is the spirit of the age?

To-day the world boasts of her activity and enterprise, of a time when wealth and education, liberty of thought and action, have become the common possession of every race and class, when energy and intelligence may lift a man from life's meanest ranks and crown him with an immortal name.

But are these the only characteristics? Nay, not so; for with the finer threads of human nature are woven traits that mar its

beauty; and looking at humanity on the proud eminence of the present we can see not only the brow of gold but the feet of clay. The hand that writes of human grandeur must write with equal truth of human selfishness and pride. The temple of truth to-day is made a house of merchandise where ambition buys and sells her votaries for fame; with the chorus of liberty that swells beneath its roof are mingled the jarring discords of impious pride and dishonest doubt.

It is an age proud and prosaic, when on either side the Atlantic patriotism is being sacrificed to party and men are fast losing faith in heroism.

But in an age so unheroic are there no true heroes? In that sky darkened by so many clouds does no rainbow appear as the prophecy of a brighter future? With our eyes resting on Khartoum, and with the story of the deeds that made it famous still sounding in our ears let us read the answer. For there, into the bloodshed and blunder of an almost hopeless campaign, went that fearless soldier, that christian hero, Gen. Gordon, and standing upon the ramparts of that beleagured city as upon a mighty pedestal, he showed amid the selfishness of the present that heroism and philanthropy were not extinct and in a time of all-pervading unbelief, his life proclaimed the power, the grandeur of faith in humanity and faith in God. Let us follow that eventful career, as he achieved his fair fame step by step, and learn lessons from that life so striking and so unique. Follow him as he began in the humblest service of his country.

"And rising up from high to higher,
Became on fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The center of a world's desire."

In the war of the Crimea, in the unpretending position of Lieutenant of Engineers,

his zeal and energy first attract the notice of his country.

Soon afterward we see him in China where he successfully opposes the combined forces of rebellion from without and treachery from within. Cities before deemed impregnable fell an easy prey to him; his "Ever Victorious Army" achieved success after success as though invincible and the presence of Gordon at its head was to every loyal soldier the promise of victory. Throughout this wonderful war—a war marked by so great victories and so little blood-shed, so many conquests and so many pardons, his triumphal march through China, surrounded as he was by plotting officers and mutinous soldiers, seems like the achievement of impossibilities and its history like romance. It was here we see in him the sublime picture of a general, submitting time after time to abuse and insult from China for China's sake, and while crowned with the laurels of victory weeping over the death and destruction of his enemies; and when on returning to England he was met on every hand by the applause of his admiring countrymen and the name of Chinese Gordon was in every mouth the synonym of heroism, he remained undazzled by popularity, refusing to be called a hero, claiming only that he had done his duty.

"But peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." And nowhere in Gordon's history does he better show forth the grandeur of his life than in those six years of self-suppression and self-denial at his quiet English home, where the poor, the sick and the unfortunate were ever welcomed, where he gathered round him hundreds of ignorant and ragged sailors' boys, and for them established schools and turned his home into a hospital. And what higher need of praise could man receive

than their sincere, grateful shout, "God bless the Colonel." Thus in peace and in war England learned the lesson of his life; a life of consecration to duty; a life of disinterested beneficence and matchless strength, the highest reward of whose devotion was the welfare of his country and humanity.

She watched him afterward with pride as Governor General of the Soudan, where, alone in the desert he broke the power of the slave trade, relieved the misery of persecuted tribes, and in the government restored chaos to order. She ever saw in him an administrator of government, deaf to the claims of pride or envy, but wielding an unsparing hand where justice demanded it, one who, on whatever mission, and to whatever people he had been sent, always returned the object of their confidence and admiration; the one Christian in all the world for whose welfare went up from year to year at Mecca from Moslem lips the prayers of a grateful people.

No wonder then when rebellion was ruling in the Soudan, the government powerless, all English eyes turned in expectation to Gen. Gordon. And when an army of troops had been annihilated, and the fate of thirty thousand soldiers was trembling in the balance in the besieged city of Khartoum, when all was confusion and uncertainty, no wonder the Soudan anxiously looked to him who once before had protected their nation, believing him to be the one man in England who could rescue that city from destruction and that army from death. At his country's call and at the higher call of duty he hastened to Khartoum. The world knows the rest. How treachery accomplished what overwhelming force had in vain attempted. How the gates of the city were opened by a traitor's hand to the rebellious troops and every loyal man of that garrison massacred. And

then when blood-shed and brutal murder held high carnival and the streets ran with human blood, in a scene of confusion and defeat that beggars description, then came to that martyr-hero the victory of peace.

It is not for us, standing in the presence of such a scene, to profane its sanctity by criticism or revilings; to say whether such calamity could have been averted or to whose mistakes or failures was due a policy that ended in such disaster. Enough for us to know that when the summons came to give his services and if need be his life for the lives of others he was not only willing but eager to attempt the almost hopeless task assigned him, that because of his loyalty to duty, the world to-day mourns his death.

Enough for us to know that all that human skill and energy could do, he did; that to him belongs the honor when all others had despaired, of delaying for twelve long months the doom that threatened that fated city; that when the certainty of failure became apparent and he was urged to seek safety, while it was possible, by returning to England, he refused to act the coward's part but chose to make those soldiers' fate his own, and with them to await the death that sealed his fate and fame, and placed a diadem of glory on that splendid life. And as we look back to-night to that dark tragedy, with our eyes resting on that city where he paid the price of his devotion with his life, we can almost see the thin veil which separated him from his God, and through which he had so often looked for hope and courage, parting to receive him; and waiting till the last dying groans have passed away in silence we can almost hear the anthems which angels sang around that far-off grave to celebrate the victory of that soul as from a hero's service it went to receive a hero's reward.

"His work is done
But while the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
To keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure.
Till in all lands and through all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory."

THE HOLCAD.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

AN old rule has been revived by the Faculty. It is that no student shall leave town without the permission of the President. We presume that this does not apply to those students whose lady friends, living a short distance outside the borough limits, demand their frequent attention. If it does, we think the President should not bear all the burden—it should be distributed. We believe, however, that students so situated need not be alarmed. The rule certainly cannot include them.

VACATION should be a season of recreation, of enjoyment and freedom from all the cares and trials incident to the student life. Every one should make an effort to pass the two weeks as pleasantly as possible, doing little either mental or manual labor, indulging in such pastimes as will bring the needed rest and recruit his energies for the coming term. He should fol-

low Col. Conwell's advice in the "Jolly Earthquake" and laugh and laugh, forgetting that he ever had a trouble or a trial, and remembering only the pleasant things of his life. And besides this, he should sleep—sleep long and well. If he has ever lost any sleep, he should now catch up, instead of losing more. Nothing is more essential to good health and vigor than sleep. No one needs it more than the student. He should take the testimony of men who have worked hard at both mental and physical labor, and profit by their experience. General Grant always required, and nearly always took eight hours sleep. Edward Everett Hale requires and takes nine hours, and few of our great men have been able to do with much less. Because Napoleon could do with three or four hours of sleep out of the twenty-four, no student should be deluded with thinking he can get along with so little. "Laugh and sleep," is good advice, and cannot but be profitable to all who follow it. It is unnecessary to add "eat," as there are few students who have not found eating heartily and frequently to be a necessity. The HOLCAD wishes all a happy New Year and a safe return.

ONE thing that must impress every one who reviews the events of the year just closed is this, that a large number of men who have been prominently before the people have passed away. Death has reaped more than his usual number of the rich and great. We very naturally think of Horace's familiar line, "Pale death beats with equal foot against the hovels of the poor, and the palaces of the rich." Men may attain honor and fame and influence, may amass millions in money, yet they are as powerless as the humblest beggar to stay the approach of death. And to them he comes with as little warning. He calls one

away from his desk, another he takes while engaged in friendly conversation, while to another he comes after a few hours of pain. These sudden deaths are brought to our notice as solemn lessons. To us all, there comes the admonition, "Be ye also ready," for among the less prominent, the more lowly, death has been as busily at work. As students, too, we mourn the loss of one whose prospects for life two months ago were as bright as ours to-day. Let us heed the solemn warning, and should it be God's will to take next any of us, let us be able to pass as triumphantly to a better life as did our departed friend and associate.

QUITE a breeze has been raised in some quarters over the appointment by the Board of Bishops of the M. E. church of Governor-elect Foraker, of Ohio, to be Fraternal Delegate to the "Church South." Some of the Bishops have been very outspoken in their denunciation of any thing like partisanship on the part of the ministry looking towards prohibition as a third party issue, and the direct bringing about by the votes of the people of that reform for which temperance men and women have been so long working and praying. This public recognition of a man who has shown himself to be one of the most bitter of partisans, by appointing him a delegate, and soliciting his influence in the efforts of the church to re-unite the two sections, is not a little distasteful to many Methodists. And the fact of his pronounced opposition to prohibition, whose most prominent leader in the recent campaign in Ohio was a minister of the M. E. church, and many of whose warmest supporters are members of this church, only aggravates the case. But though these objections are strong, there seems to us to be another stronger still—one which the people of the South, to whom

he is fraternally sent, can hardly overlook. They cannot forget Mr. Foraker's recent utterances in Ohio, New York and Virginia. They cannot forget his efforts to widen the breach which they have sought to close. The speeches in which he endeavored to re-open issues long dead, to engender bitter feelings, to arouse the most dangerous elements of the North, and to fan into a flame the dying embers of the old conflagration; in which, also, he made his uncalled-for impeachment of Southern courage, are still fresh in their memories, and like Banco's ghost, will not down, even though he appear in the guise of a brother. Southern blood, though loyal to the Union, can scarcely enjoy these insults. Self-respect demands their unqualified disapproval of such a crusade against them. They have shown a greater willingness to forget the past than Northern leaders have to let them forget it. They have re-iterated time and again their pledges of loyalty to a re-united government, and have shown, by word and act, that if war again afflicts our land, they will fight in the Union, and for the Union, under the flag and for the flag, with the constitution in one hand, and the sword in the other. It must be clear that the gentleman will not make a very acceptable delegate, and we should not be surprised if he fails to accomplish the object for which he is sent. A re-union of the two branches is certainly desirable, but it can only be brought about by friends, brothers in reality.

PERHAPS, there is no time more opportune than now to call the attention of friends, alumni and students to the just needs of a college paper, and the just expectations of the college editor. It is a well-known fact that there is scarcely, if any, college or higher institution of learning in this country that does not support a pa-

per devoted to its interests, and in this there is a virtual recognition of the value of such a publication, and of its advantage to both students and college. But it should do more than this. Its design is to keep before its readers not simply the doings of that particular institution with whose interests it is more closely identified, but of the whole college world—to unite into one thinking, working whole the entire number of the friends of education. It strives to fill its columns with matter of special interest to the students and friends of the college which it represents, and gathers from every available source what every one desires to know of the methods, work etc., of other colleges. It would seem then that upon the college editor scarcely less than upon the students and alumni depends the success of the college paper. Their encouragement and support, financially as well as in a literary way, are needed and without these little can be done. It is useless to expect many outside subscribers, but certainly every student who looks to the College for his education, and every alumnus who is reaping the rewards of his college work, should show, loyalty enough, should be interested enough to subscribe. But, alas for Westminster if the loyalty of her students and alumni is to be measured by such a test! There are so many whose professional duties are so extensive that they cannot find time to read the paper and as many more who take so many periodicals that another dollar and a half would plunge them into positive poverty. Fully three-fourths of Westminster's alumni are in such a sorry plight, and we do not know but that it would be a commendable thing in the HOLCAD to start a fund for their relief. We trust, however, that the Fates will be more kind in the future.

A place on the staff of a paper whose aim is to promote the interests of the college,

and in particular the interests of the students, so far as this can be done in harmony with the welfare of the college, is by no means the most enviable one in the world, especially if the only remuneration is to be found in the honor and influence which the position confers, and the discipline which the work affords. A due share of the "root of all evil," or some tangible, substantial reward would not come amiss even to the college editor, whose brain is sometimes put most painfully to the test. If he does his best, what is his reward? He seldom gets any encouragement; perhaps never a word in commendation, but instead criticism most unkind and oftentimes most unjust. But then it should be remembered that it is no accomplishment to be able to find fault. It is the natural propensity of some, and they are to be excused. Let it be understood that for Westminster's sake, not for the editors', for the good of a cause in which we find a common interest, we ask, for hearty, willing support—the more willing and freely this is given, the better, of course, will be the paper. We know where improvements can be made, but the where-withal must come first. All we ask is a kindly interest, friendly criticism and liberal support.

NOTES ON FOREIGN EDUCATION.

We are not of those who admire what is exotic and remote so as to overlook, much less to underrate, the essential excellencies of things which find their origin and inspiration at home. Rather let us sympathize with Mark Twain whose special mission it seems to be to hold up to deserved ridicule those American travellers who, in lectures and printed articles, belittle home customs and institutions by estatic exhibitions of these as seen in countries other than their own. Hence the closing advice he gives in one of his books, that visits to Europe be short, lest we become Europeanized in thought and feeling. Americans for America can safely

be adopted by us in matters pertaining to schools and colleges as well as in those which pertain to the social and political relations. But whilst this passion for the foreign is censurable and open to deserved castigation, it remains true that we can never so truly improve our own methods, and pursue a course of real progress as when we are constantly questioning ourselves in the light of those who in theory and practice most widely differ from us. Blind copyists never truly advance even along the approved lines of intellectual progress. What suits the needs of one community may not apply with effect to another differently conditioned. Empiricism in the field of public instruction is as culpable as when applied to that of surgery and pathology. Yet certain tentative methods and processes must be sought and applied in order to repair the imperfections of existing systems, or to institute those which are essentially new. It is a fact, singular, yet nevertheless true, that in our progressive America there is less freedom of action in the sphere of education, and greater bondage to obsolescent systems and methods, than in the limited monarchies of modern Europe. Doubtless C. A. Bristed had some good ground for asserting that the truly higher education is an impossibility in a republic such as ours.

As our time for discussing this theme is very limited, we shall cast our observations into the form of topics.

COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.

One of the things which struck the present writer in his trip through several countries of Europe, especially Germany, was the extreme modesty of their school buildings. Looking down upon the quaint, old town of Heidelberg from the great castle, no American could at first persuade himself, that the quiet square edifice of two stories, nestling among others of similar structure is the principal building attached to the renowned university, which next to those of Prague and Vienna, is the oldest in Europe, was the classic seat of learning in the times of the Reformation and to-day exerts no secondary influence among the educational forces of the present. In 1878, Germany had twenty-one universities, 1913 professors and teachers, and 20,826 students. Heidelberg alone

had 110 professors, and 808 students. Yet with all this teaching force and attendance we see the utmost plainness and simplicity in all the external and internal equipments of buildings and grounds. The American has yet to learn the rigorous economy of the German, who husbands well his resources in educational, agricultural and labor where it pays best. There the state comes in with its strong arm and by rich endowments and yearly taxation gives support to the great system from the Kreise schools up to the universities. Here, however, where as yet the state concerns itself but little in the higher education and leaves this almost entirely to the benefactions and munificence of a free people, we see their givings often squandered on expensive buildings which cannot either directly or indirectly contribute to the solid growth of education as it pertains to body, mind or heart. The unwise application of funds in this case is likely to work a ruin which years of self-sacrificing labor on the part of teachers and students cannot repair. It tends directly to dry up the fountains of benevolence in those who might freely give, and at the same time give an unhealthy prominence to display, mere externals where regard should be had to instruction itself. The patent medicine advertisement seems the motto of too many in America who are made the custodians and disbursers of educational funds. Money spent in making rooms occupied for study and recitation safe and comfortable, in furnishing suitable salaries for teachers, and in making education as inexpensive as possible to the student is very wise and beneficent. The painful waste of funds in many of our institutions has done more to divert and repress their progress than any one assignable cause.

EDUCATIONAL MAXIMS.

Ever since Martin Luther stood forth as the champion of popular education in Germany, and during the superintendence of such minds as Schleiermacher, Humboldt and Bunsen, certain fundamental doctrines have ever been insisted on in educational circles, by which the more effectually to influence parents and all citizens touching the paramount importance of the schools. These may be seen in the three maxims embodied in so many single words, which like the national coin find universal cur-

rency: *Schulverpflichtigkeit*, or the obligation of all to attend or support the schools; *Schulzwang*, the compulsion necessary to be applied to parents and children who fail to see their own obligation, and *Schulfreiheit*, the freedom which should characterize teachers and scholars especially in the higher stages of the educational system. Notwithstanding the coercive measures applied in gathering into the primary schools children of a certain age, a greater freedom of discipline exists in German schools than elsewhere in civilization. In the *Gymnasien* and *Realschulen* the discipline is severe but tends to greater freedom, until the university is reached, where this freedom is wellnigh absolute. Thus, the Germans, as no other nation, have preserved the central school idea of the Greeks and Romans who for school adopted a word which imports sport, leisure, recreation. Constraint in study is farthest from the conception of the German. He gives himself to the toilsome and long-continued study of the real and abstract sciences with a genuine pleasure. Trained as we are, we can scarcely comprehend it, for our compulsory police measures are so closely interwoven with instruction itself in its highest development as to be wellnigh identified with it.

PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS.

These in Germany and England are in many respects conditioned quite unlike those in our own country. Their very position causes them to be revered. They have an authority co-ordinate with that vested in officers of States, and in addition have certain immunities and privileges not guaranteed to other government officials. This is especially true in the former country. The student in the university who fits himself to become a competitor with others in the sphere of teaching first becomes a *Privat-docent* or tutor, and if successful is promoted to the highest grade of professor. Here is the acme of his ambition. Here he stands the compeer of any man in the Empire, unless it be the Kaiser, Herr Wilhelm himself. The professors of the university form a community and government within themselves, and have certain chartered rights and privileges by which they are clothed with a real, not as in our American colleges too often, a mere nominal authority. There the design is to elevate the professorial office to that point of dignity which shall make

it effective, here it seems to be so far curtail its prerogatives as often to paralyze any well applied effort to promote a healthy education. Upon a proper balancing of authority and freedom depends the right management of all educational institutions.

STUDENTS.

Whatever disturbs any one department of education must disturb every other, and whatever tends to place the teacher in his normal position must at the same time secure to the student his rights and privileges. Every rightly regulated school is an organism whose health and efficiency depends upon each individual part. This is most happily illustrated in the German university where *Lehrfreiheit*, the freedom of the teacher, runs parallel with *Lernfreiheit*, the freedom of the student. The principle of coercion and repression so largely prevalent in the management of so many of our colleges in this western world is boastfully rejected in the transatlantic Deutschland. It might not be well suddenly to change from our present mixed method of appealing at the same time to the sense of fear and of a free manhood in the persons taught; but something should be done to correct the harmful workings of principles which as now compounded often prove in practice incompatible. If the love of study for its own sake, and a settled purpose to make the most of his opportunities, hold not the student to diligence and subordination, no external repression or stimulus can effect the result. In our country "the bread and butter" theory too largely operates, study is pursued too often for the worldly compensations which it promises. Not so in German schools. Hence there we behold more and greater scholars, here greater accumulators of worldly wealth. We have desired to touch other points interest, but time and space forbid. We simply append two or three quotations. I. W. Bell says, "The university is consecrated to learning and research; it is there to elevate and quicken the intellectual life of the nation, and for no other purpose: it keeps no boarding house; it declines being turned into a reformatory; it undertakes to look after no bad boys; it gives no scholarships or prizes to encourage clever but lazy pupils." Hart writes, "The future school of Germany is a man of whom we in America have no concep-

tion. He is a man who could not exist under our system; he would be choked by recitations and grades. When he studies, he studies with the devotion of a poet and the trained skill of a scientist. The idea of competing, of putting forth all his energies in a trial of skill after the fashion of the English university examinations, has never occurred to him. He studies to learn, to master what has been done before him, and to contribute if possible to the growth of knowledge; he reads with a view to paramount results, not to examinations."

We close with a thought expressed by Dr. G. S. Hall in his "Aspects of German Culture." He says, "One of the greatest things about the German universities is that they are devised, unlike ours, as much for the education of the professors as for that of the student. Another is that, unlike ours, they are pure republics, with perfect academic freedom for all who can pass the required examinations to lecture upon any subject, and, with the political qualification mentioned above, from any standpoint. The result is that the student is brought into the close contact of the laboratory with the best professors, learns to feel through them the genial warmth with which new creations or discoveries arise in the intellectual world, and thus is saved from the danger of losing enthusiasm without gaining insight,—a danger to which all young men are liable, particularly if their teachers are drill-masters instead of being educators in the broadest sense."

PROF. R. B. TAGGART.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

- 1886.
- New Year.
- Holiday vacation.
- Examinations over.
- How did you spend your vacation?
- Wanted—Subject for senior oration.
- Senior orations and essays next term.
- Winter term will open Wednesday, Jan. 6, '86.
- It will be decided next June, whether the women should vote or not.
- The question for debate in Society Contest,

proposed by the Adelphics is: Resolved, "That woman should have the ballot."

—Who rings the bell so long at the Hall? They are not hard of hearing.

—There were a number of visitors in chapel the morning after Mrs. Lockwood's lecture.

—There seems to be a new band started. Serenading is the order of the day, or rather night. The boys play well. They play long and very loud. If they haven't named it yet, we'd suggest the name "dude"—"Student dudes".

—The following are the names of those selected by the Faculty, from the Junior orators and essayists, for contest next June: Miss Frane Donaldson, New Wilmington; Mr. W. H. Hay, New Wilmington; Mr. J. W. Hutchison, North Hope; Mr. D. T. McCalmont, Hickory; Mr. D. O. McLaughry, New Wilmington; Mr. J. B. Ricketts, Harlansburg; Miss Jennie Vance, New Castle; Miss Jessie Wilson, New Wilmington.

—The lecture loving people of New Wilmington have again had the pleasure of hearing the "Picturesque Preacher," Col. Russell H. Conwell. His lecture in the college chapel, Friday evening, Dec. 18th, on "The Jolly Earthquake," was both interesting and instructive as well as amusing. It was listened to by a large and attentive audience. If we had the pleasure of hearing him frequently we would have but little need of an "Oshima Earthquake."

—The lecture in the college chapel Monday evening, Dec. 14th, given by Mrs. Belva Lockwood on "Political and Social life in Washington" was well attended, though, the audience was not quite so large, perhaps, as usual, on such occasions. Mrs. Lockwood treated political and social life in the city of "misfit marriages," from the office seeker to the chief magistrate, and from the boarding house mistress to the leader of fashion. She was in chapel the next morning and made a few remarks to the students on the importance of improving one's time, and the necessity of a persistent effort.

—The following are the last three divisions of the essayists and orators of the Junior class with their subjects: Fourth division.—W. R. Irons, "The Attainable;" Bessie McLaughry, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy;" W. M. Lindsey, "New England's Noblest Son;" Olive Porter, "Our

Pilgrim Mothers;" D. T. McCalmont, "The March of Intellect." Fifth Division. D. O. McLaughry, "The False and True;" Jennie Vance, "The Two Graves;" J. M. McNall, "The Patrician and Plebeian of America;" Jessie Wilson, "Thorough Education;" W. B. Peters, "Gettysburg." Sixth Division. J. B. Ricketts, "A Hero's Defeat and its Results;" J. R. Vance, "Perpetual Progress;" Jennie Black, "John Milton;" J. P. Warden, "England, Yesterday, To-day, and To-Morrow;" C. B. Wilson, "The Person and the Individual."

—It was on a cold frosty day in the latter part of Nov. that some of the inhabitants of the peaceful little town of W. were shocked on learning that in their quiet village an affair had occurred the like of which had never happened within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The perpetrators of this fearful outrage selected an innocent creature upon which to vent their spleen. This terrible deed was perpetrated in the Hall which is pleasantly situated on the hillside in the southern part of the village and from which can be had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. This poor outcast, in the language of Burns:

"Saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
And weary winter comin' fast.
An' cozie here beneath the blast
It thought to dwell."

But, no. Its little life was taken, we know not how. But after the deed was done remorse seized those guilty of the outrage, and no offerings or sacrifice seemed too great, for each one vied with the others in their tokens of respect and esteem.

One furnished a nice case in which to place its lifeless form. Another a bed of downy cotton.

A third placed a beautiful bit of old gold ribbon about its neck? While still another came and placed a fragrant flower upon its little breast, and last of all came one, more devout, and placed her card within. After the usual ceremonies on such occasions its body was taken charge of by a friend and born to a hill near by. But here its body remained not, but returned both day and night to torment those from whom it had received such cruel treatment during its life.

"But, mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain,
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men,
Gang aft a-gley.
An, lea's us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy."

PERSONALS.

- J. P. Whitla at home.
- Chas. Park, of Allegheny, in town.
- Will Zimmerman visiting friends here.
- Mrs. Sampson is visiting in Allegheny.
- Mr. A. C. McClelland spent Xmas in town.
- Miss Anna Shafer, '86, visiting in Sharpsburg.
- Miss Crawford, '89 is visiting Miss Swartwood.
- Miss O. J. Patterson is visiting friends in Xenia.
- Rev. J. L. Robertson, '64, is in town with his family.
- Mr. Ralph Allen, '85, of Middlesex, in town Dec. 21st.
- Rev. J. C. Hunter, '76, has returned from the West.
- Mr. John McIntosh, of Pittsburgh, in town Dec. 22nd.
- Mr. W. A. Moore, '86, juror at Mercer first week of January.
- J. A. McLaughry has been offered a position in Sharpsville.
- R. J. Totten, '87, will leave for Princeton on Monday, Jan. 4th, '86.
- Prof. Anstin and wife are spending their vacation in Greenville.
- Misses Bell, Mary and Huldah Campbell are home for a vacation.
- Col. Conwell and wife were the guests of Rev. Mr. Mealy last week.
- Rev. J. M. Farrar, of Philadelphia, spent last week at his father's.
- Rev. H. W. Houston, '74, may now be addressed at Struthers, Ohio.
- Mr. J. H. Webster and J. W. McClung, '86, are visiting at Xenia, Ohio.
- Prof. Thompson was late examination day. He had company from Sharon.
- Prof. W. W. Wallace is spending his vacation with his parents at Wooster.
- Miss Jennie Duffield, '86, is spending her vacation with relatives in Allegheny.
- Prof. R. O. Graham has moved into the house belonging to Mrs. F. M. Wier.
- Miss Maggie Brown, '84, will spend the last of vacation with Miss Sadie McElree, '86.
- Miss Jennie Black, '87, is spending her vacation at her new home in Beaver Falls.
- Prof. Mitchell was summoned to Philadelphia to see an aunt who is dangerously ill.
- I. N. Moore, '85, T. W. Swan, '84, and A. C. McClelland, were back in time for Conwell's lecture.

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NO. 9.

THE DESERTED CITY.

*Translated from the Sanscrit by R. P. H. Griffith, Chief
of the Sanscrit College of Benares.*

[These lines form an episode in the famous epic poem of "Raghuvansa," or "The Children of the Sun," of which Kalidasa (the Shakspeare of Hindu literature) was the author. It was written in the first century previous to the Christian era, 1800 years before Goldsmith gave us his immortal work, "The Deserterd Village."]

Sad is the sight, the city once so fair!
An hundred palaces lie ruined there;
Her lofty towers are fallen, and creepers grow
O'er marble dome and shattered portico.
Once, with their tinkling zones and painted feet,
Gay bands of women thronged the royal street;
Now, through the night the hungry jackal prowls,
And seeks his scanty prey with angry howls.
Once there was music in the plashing wave
Of lakes, where maidens loved their limbs to lave;
But now these waters echo with the blows
Struck by the horns of savage buffaloes.
Once the tame peacock showed his glittering crest
'Mid waving branches, where he loved to rest:
The ruthless flame has laid her branches low,
And marred his feathers and their golden glow;
The drum is silent that he loved to hear,
And gone the mistress whom he held so dear.
Once on the marble floor girls loved to place
The painted foot, and leave its charming trace;
Now the fell tigress stains, with dripping gore
Of kids just slaughtered, that neglected floor.
In those dear days, with tints of nature warm,
In marble statues lived fair woman's form;
Alas! those tints are faded now, and dim
And gathering dust obscures each rounded limb,
While the cast skins of serpents form a vest
That hides the beauties of each statue's breast.
How sweet the moonbeams used, of old, to fall
With shivering light, on terrace, roof and wall!
But now, neglected, there the grass grows wild,
The roofs are shattered, and with dust defiled.
Pure shine those rays and silvery, as of yore,
But find their light reflected there no more.
Once in the gardens lovely girls, at play,
Culled the bright flowers and gently touched the spray;
But now wild creatures, in their savage joy,
Tread down the blossoms, and the plants destroy.

By night no torches in the window gleam;
By day no women in their beauty beam;
The smoke has ceased—the spider there has spread
His snares in safety—and all else is dead.

THE WEDGE OF GOLD.

J. R. MILLIN, '84, JUNIOR ORATION.

They had come to the borders of their country. An inheritance glorified by suffering and expectancy now lay in view, and the hope of years was about to be realized. A little band of warriors, confident of victory, ascended the slope to secure the first outpost of the land, while below, encamped, lay a happy nation rejoicing in a hundred triumphs. All that serves to inspire hope and confidence was theirs. The friend, the brother, lost in the way, was forgotten in the great fact which possessed them there.

But suddenly the scene changes. They are fleeing before their enemies; and now the camp is prostrate in disgrace and despair. There is an evil in their midst. In the tent of one of their number is found the glittering treasure that has wrought their defeat. He saw, he lusted, he dies.

Through the perseverance of a fanatic a new world, then the play-ground of wild beasts and wilder men, was revealed. Hither from the crowded fields of Europe came the representatives of every class and clime: the knight in search of adventure; the covetous baited by the hope of gold; the bankrupt dodging the claim of creditors; the dupe lured by magic springs; the pioneer to form settlements; and the saint hiding from the imps of the pope. From these confused elements has arisen the

grandest compact of man. Born of hearts suffering with wrong, founded upon the natural principle of freedom, with the Bible as the basis of its common law, ours is the purest, the best, the most stable government in the world. Nevertheless, the scales of justice have not always hung true, nor are the fires which we have kindled all of patriotism. Our life and history betray a species of devotion that has been followed by misery and disgrace.

Thirteen years after the settlement of old Virginia, an altar was built that flamed with offerings for nearly two centuries and a half. Here was sacrificed the manhood, the liberty of man. And now see the anomaly—a slave in “the land of the free.” The trading vessel is landed on our shores, and its freight of human beings is expose to public sale. Families bound together by the rude instincts of love are torn asunder to obey a master’s nod. Injustice hates its object. The little monarch looks out over his broad fields of rice, of cotton, and of corn, and gluts his avarice upon well-filled coffers, while he mocks the anguish of toiling slaves cowering under the lash. Truly

Man’s inhumanity to men
Makes countless thousands mourn.

Whence came a system which thus changed innocence to wretchedness, planted the seeds of hostility and malice in our countrymen, and made possible and certain the commission of crimes without a name? But the prayers which long beat against a brazen sky were not unheard. Obeying the impulse of a great human heart which spoke him free, the weary captive laid down his chain for the dignity of a man. But as a result of this cruel system there came that inevitable crash which shook this government from center to circumference, and filled our land with graves. Stone columns on Cemetery Ridge tell the triumph of justice and the retribution of a

nation’s sin. “The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind.” We have seen our fated coin melt away in the fires of civil war. Have we learned wisdom? Have we broken our idols? The growing tendency of our people to emphasize the hard fact and business of life without its poetry has characterized this as a practical age. The clash of machinery, the light of a thousand furnaces, and our ever extending borders speak the activities of labor, invention and trade. Every corner of earth or sea or sky is hunted and is made to give up its position to be added to the wealth of man. But while thus employing our genius in the getting of gain our literature languishes and the public mind is hardened with avarice. We laugh at the slow ways of the fathers in the presence of our own happier lot. With pride we compare the mad flight of the railway car with the lumbering stage coach; yet when we read we must go back to another age. The sympathies of our nature are answered in the pathos of Burns, and imagination delights in the dreams of Milton.

The brook has its song, the earth her beauty; in the one we find water power, in the other a mine. Do we see the setting sun gilding the west or the swift lightning splitting the night. In the one picture we discover only the analysis of light, in the other only a line of telegraphic communication. When Coleridge sat and looked upon Alpine mountains, lifting their grand, awful forms silently into the sky, his soul, crowded with emotion, burst forth in one of the finest gems of verse. We boast the grandest spectacle of earth. Thousands from every land annually visit our northern border to witness a scene at once so beautiful and sublime that they stand in awe as in the presence of an unseen hand which hewed the channels of the deep. And yet American enterprise is im-

patient to hear the solemn voice of the falling river humiliated by the whirl of the buzz-saw and the rattle of the loom.

But what shall we say of courts of justice bought and sold; of senates weighing their honor as well as their country's confidence and welfare against a price? The venality seen ever and anon in the three departments of our government may well cause us to blush for the nation we love.

We look again. Do we inquire for the red owner of these primeval forests, those who once delighted in the free chase and the dance, and were satisfied? To-day he walks his little circle circumscribed by his white neighbor who knew better the arts of deception and of war. Can we look but with shame upon a creature, born with noble instincts, a victim to the policy that makes gain of weakness? which measures natural rights by hard selfishness? The policy, too, which has shut the Golden Gate against the Mongol? Three races repeat against us the story of their wrongs, and we have no answer.

But prayers for protection and redress come not from foreign races alone. Passing the outskirts of a village, we pause in admiration before a gorgeous palace. A smooth-shaven lawn elegantly enclosed is studded with fountains which dash themselves into the air like a shower of jewels. Varied forms of polished statuary look down aisles of evergreens as if guarding the beauty of the place. Shining foot-walks twine in graceful curves amid beds of variegated flowers which display the wealth of nature's floral fragrance, delicacy and beauty. Surmounting the scene, rising in bold stone, the lordly edifice stands a triumph of art. The spacious halls within are robed in lavish splendor, done by the painter's brush, the sculptor's chisel and the Persian loom. And the air is sweet

with fragrance and music. Surely here is the habitation of honor and happiness.

Refined deception! Those playing fountains are boiling tears. That pale statuary tells of poison exchanged for money and human hearts. All over that marble pile is written "blood, blood."

Who gave man the right to desolate homes; to blast the blush of womanly beauty; to coin the souls of his fellowmen? Oh, the worship that turns the worshipper into a fiend!

Years passed. We look again, two are met beside a golden image, The one is clothed in darkness, his fiery eye looks defiance and hate. He holds a skull in his hand. The other has the look of brightness and strength. He holds a sceptre in his hand. He raises the sceptre—and he is alone. The image too has vanished. A weeping woman comes and casts herself at his feet. Tenderly he lifts her up. At the touch of that pierced hand she is satisfied.

COLUMBUS TO HIS CREW.

Friends and countrymen, when I attempt to express my feelings words lose their power of expression. How wonderful is this accomplishment! To-day we have established a long-disputed theory and have contributed to the great store of science. That the earth is round, that by sailing across the great western sea we can reach the East Indies, can not be denied. Oh, wonderful cause that led me to drink deep from the well of knowledge, to search far into dark mysteries, to soar away on the airy wings of science, to explore the heavenly bodies, to observe their movements, their relations, their powers over one another, and to derive from these the theory that I have this day established forever. While pursuing my plans I have been called

fanatic, theorist, and have been derided by the most ignorant of men. The results of this achievement cannot be conjectured. We have sown the seed to bloom and bear for coming generations. The poet will sing of this day, the historian will record it in story. What mind can conceive, what tongue express the results that will follow? We have invaded the unknown, we have gone over the mystic border of uncertainty, we have dispelled the cloud of ignorance that has for ages shut out the glorious sunlight of knowledge. What but God can give such inspiration to man? What power but His can sustain him in such a lofty attempt? Many were the struggles endured before I could secure assistance to my expedition. I endured the cold contempt of indifference from the throne, and constant ridicule from the people. Disappointments were heaped up in my way, but all failed to crush my plans. Fired with that certain conviction that cannot be confined, but will burst through iron bars of opposition, I persisted in imploring aid from different governments. This accomplished, dear friends, you know the work was just begun. Before us lay a trackless and unknown sea, which superstition had filled with numberless horrors. The fears with which we were afflicted were beyond all description. For two long and dreadful months we were tossed upon the merciless deep.

Seized with the apprehension that you were cast out upon the boundless tide to perish, how often were you driven almost to desperation! How often the hand of vengeance seemed to threaten me for having enticed others with myself to destruction! But in this fearful situation, far from the reach of consolation, while despondency hung like a pall over us, we would have become frantic but for some mysterious impulse that bade us go forward. It is done. A highway is opened for the

nations, over which a perpetual stream of commerce will flow. Nations will become rich and great. Before the results of our discovery are fully realized, the pillars of time will have crumbled away. We have reproved the scoffer since we have shown that from the darkest elements may spring a glorious. From our example let others take courage, for certainly there is no reason for any one to succumb to opposition in the most adverse circumstances; in these, great victories are won, great achievements are wrought.

Who can tell but that the flame of enterprise will burn brighter and spread farther until it reaches beyond these waters, touching a continent yet unknown; a continent which in coming time shall be known as the New World, and which shall become greater than the old; a continent which shall be the land of enlightenment; home of the free, place of refuge, where all nations shall meet as one common brotherhood, and worship God according to conscience, in grove or temple? Who knows but that through our instrumentality the prophecy "A nation shall be born in a day" shall be realized, and that here a people shall arise whose God is the Lord.—*By S. H. Daily (colored), member of Freshman Class, Knoxville College.*

—Ex-Minister Lowell has presented to Harvard a collection of 686 books, which he gathered during his eight years abroad. They consist mainly of Spanish works, and comprise many volumes of great rarity and value.

—William's College has given \$1,200 to support her nine for the coming season. It might be advisable for our eastern friends to read Dr. McCosh's ideas in regard to sports.—*Olio.*

PRONUNCIATION.

THE QUEER TWISTING OF FAMILY NAMES.

A correspondent from London says: In the obituary notices which the death of the Duke of Somerset called forth last week a curious diversity in the spelling of the family names was noticeable. The old Duke, a plain, rough-tongued, unostentatious man, spelled it Seymour; the new Duke, who himself is seventy-five years old, writes it St. Maur. And as the old brother disagrees on this point, so the nephews of the present Duke differ, for there is among them a Lord Algernon St. Maur and a Lord Edward Seymour. When members of the family are themselves of two opinions it would be temerity indeed for a plebeian outsider to attempt to determine the right of the thing. Apparently the original name was Norman, and the family harks back to a William de St. Maur, who held lands in Monmouth under Henry III. But three generations afterward, in the time of Edward III., the head of the house wrote himself—if, indeed, he knew how to write at all—Roger Seymour. This name they bore with them when, in Tudor times, they emerged from obscurity by a lucky chance, gained court favor, fattened themselves on church lands, and finally, from the pinnacle of the Lord Protectorship, gained the right to sniff at all the other families of England, barring only the Howards. Indeed, I am not sure that this exception ought to be made, for although the Dukes of Norfolk (1483) antedated the Dukes of Somerset by some sixty-four years, it is well known that Howard is a corruption of the excessively common-place Saxon name Hogward; while now that Seymour is spelled St. Maur, there can be no manner of doubt about its Norman blue-bloodedness. Of course it is true that vulgar tongues corrupted the name for something over five centuries, but, thank Heaven, it has been restored now, and we can all breathe easier.

The name will continue, however, to be pronounced Seymour, just as St. John is called Sinjun and St. Leger is spoken Sillinger. Alas! we did not all know this last until lately—at least the reporters in Common's gallery didn't—and when the aristocratic Marquis of Hartington spoke of the correspondents who had been killed

in the Soudan, one of whom was named St. Leger, the papers next morning all had it Sillinger. But now that we know what fashion demands in the matter of orthoepy, it shall never happen again.

Sometime I am going to make a whole book about the funny things in English pronunciation. Everybody knows about Majoribanks being Marshbanks, and Cholmondeley being Chumley, and Levison-Gower being Lewson-Gore. These are the stock samples familiar to all. Most people know, too, that the Norman names of Belvoir and Beauchamps are pronounced Beaver and Beecham, while the equally Norman name of Grosvenor retains its French sound. But these are only signposts on the road to a general knowledge of the subject. When you get to know why Boughton is pronounced Bawton, while Houghton has the long o, why Wemyss should be Weems; and Knollys should be Knowles, you will be getting on in the mastery of the subject. But there are no rules. Some words, like Pall-Mall, which is pronounced Pell-Mell, retain the sound of their foreign origin after they have lost its form. But, then, the word mall, meaning path, is pronounced mal; and, as they both come from the old French game of Paille Maille, it may be seen that the Englishman disdains mere laws of analogy. He says Rumsted when he refers to Rothampstead, but he pronounces Southampton out fully and clearly. In London, too, he has a dialect of his own. He says clerk, but the rest of England says clerk. He turns all his long a's into long i's, saying dyly pyper instead of daily paper, but the country people do not. But, then, he says Hereford, while the natives of that shire call it Harford.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

—A biography of Louis Agassiz has just appeared. It is shown therein that to the end of his life the great naturalist, who believed a physical fact to be as sacred as a moral principle, remained steadfastly opposed to the theory of Evolution. His biographer says: "The variability, as well as the constancy, of organized beings, at once so plastic and so inflexible, seem to him controlled by something more than the mechanism of self-adjusted force." This belief in the Creator, the biographer adds, was the key-note of his study of nature.—*The Current.*

THE HOLCAD.

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Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

THERE are yet a number of subscribers who have failed to pay their year's subscription. Repeated requests have been made that this be done, and statements have been sent to many without effect. We trust that this is the last invitation that it will be necessary to give. Please pay at once.

AT last a corporation has been found willing to light up the Campus for one night in the week, and surely that corporation deserves this public recognition of its philanthropic act. We refer to the Philos. They have re-furnished their hall, and not content with receiving the benefit of its attractions themselves, they have so arranged their lamps and blinds as to give those who may chance to enter the Campus by the main walk the benefit of their light. Last Friday night the Campus presented a pleasanter aspect than it has for some time,

and certainly every one who entered it on that night, as the light shone so brightly through the lace curtains, breathed benedictions on the Philos. Who will dispel the darkness of the other six nights?

CERTAINLY one of the most interesting things to persons from the east visiting in western Pennsylvania, is the use of natural gas as fuel in nearly all the cities and large towns. No citizens of this state, with any state pride at all, can be indifferent to the discovery and utilization of any Pennsylvania product which promises to add in any great degree to the wealth and prosperity of the Commonwealth. No state in the Union possesses such unbounded mineral resources, and now the addition of natural gas makes its prospects bright, indeed. Should the supply hold out, its use will certainly be extensive not only within the State but beyond it. Already schemes are proposed for its transportation by pipe lines to the sea-board and to western cities.

The actual effect of this discovery can now be determined with tolerable accuracy. The gas is furnished to iron mills, glass factories and other manufacturing establishments at rates which make the cost of fuel from thirty-five to fifty per cent. less than by using coal, and there is also a great saving in the wear and tear of the furnaces and the removal of ashes and cinders. The cost to private families is, as yet, very little, if any, less than that of coal, but because it requires so little attention and brings with it no dust or dirt, it is used to a considerable extent. It has displaced the annual consumption of 3,650,000 tons of coal and has thrown 2,500 miners out of employment, and it is certain that as the new fuel is more generally used, less coal will be needed and more miners be compelled to turn their attention to other work than

mining. Without doubt the laboring class look upon general adoption of the new fuel as a serious injury to them, and so it may seem to many. But we must take the broader view and believe that whatever cheapens the cost of production will in the end prove a public benefit. If the supply continues, the demand of other markets may compensate for the small displacement of Pennsylvania coal, and the consequent throwing out of employment of the miners.

THE following from the *Journal of Education* seems to the point: "Testing is an important element in teaching. It should be frequent, searching, judicious. Few are willing to test their own work honestly; fewer are willing to have it tested by others. The teacher is to supplement the pupils self-examination of his knowledge, as well as natural and acquired ability. Recitations test the wisdom of the teacher in assigning and teaching the lesson as he did, and the faithfulness and skill of the pupils in study. The methods, length of time, tone and temper of the recitation should be gauged to the requirements of such a test. Reviews test the perfection of recitation methods. Examinations "take account of stock" of all previous work of teacher and class, and are as a rule, in writing. Every set of questions should be prepared primarily to test the teacher, and secondarily the class. The answers should be examined to see what revelation they make of the wisdom or folly of the teacher in assigning and teaching lessons, in recitations and reviews. No scale of marking should be decided upon until several representative papers have been examined, to learn in what regard each question fairly tests the pupil's work. No teacher can afford to allow a pupil to suffer from his folly. If any pupil is temporarily,

at a disadvantage, the fact should be noted. If he is chronically at a disadvantage in written work, that, too, should be noted. Make every exertion to have the examinations honestly test the work in faithfulness, spirit and method. There is art in such work requiring brains as well as patience. But the success resulting therefrom repays any sacrifice or effort."

IT begins to look now as if the Mormons had to go, or else give up their unlawful, and immoral practices. That part of the President's message which referred to the Mormon difficulties had no uncertain sound, and the recent discussions in the Senate and the final passage by that body by a vote of 38 to 7, of Senator Edmonds' bill, shows an interest and determination on the part of the government and our public men that has never been shown before. The strength and influence of these so-called Christians and their hostility to the Government are growing rapidly, and the uprising in Utah recently, necessitating the sending thither of government troops should arouse our people and the law-makers, and we believe it has, to deal with this question in a way that cannot be misunderstood, in a way that will bring no reproach upon us as a Christian nation. The bill above referred to is certainly the deadliest blow that has yet been aimed at Mormonism. By it polygamous Mormons are left practically to the mercy of the United States officials. In the future, they will be called upon to furnish the evidence which will lead to their own conviction, while the children of polygamous marriages are cut off from the inheritance of property. We have neither time nor space here to review the stringent provisions of this bill. It can be found in full in almost any of our daily or weekly papers. Its passage by the Senate with so few dis-

senting votes is a significant fact, and the deliberations upon it in the House will be watched with interest by the Christian, law-abiding, loyal citizens of this land, in hopes of its final passage by that body, feeling sure, that it will receive the indorsement of the President.

THE course of lectures given by the young men of the Second U. P. church has closed. We trust that it has been a success financially. We feel sure that all who attended regularly have not been disappointed either in the entertainment or the lectures. They have all been good, but certainly the best of the course was the lecture given by Col. Bain, of Kentucky, on the evening of January 6th. Col. Bain is a favorite with the people of New Wilmington, and the students of Westminster. Like Col. Conwell, he always comes with something new and something that will do good. A good man himself, he is bent on doing others good. The enthusiasm with which he enters into his work as a temperance advocate, and his earnestness and power as a lecturer are worthy of imitation, or rather of emulation. "Among the Masses" is full of beautiful thoughts and sound advice, expressed in the choicest language. The anecdotes are new, to the point, and many of them extremely funny. His observations are so good, and the interest he arouses so great, that his audience is irresistibly drawn towards him. It is refreshing to hear him express himself on the relations of the North to the South and the, South to the North. He is a typical southerner, and his attitude might be studied with profit by many northerners—particularly by northern politicians.

—A lie iz like a kat—it never cums to yew in a straight line.—*Josh Billings.*

EXCHANGES.

THE Washburn *Argo* made its appearance last week. It is published by the students of Washburn College, Topeka, Kan. The present number gives a short history of the College. We are glad to welcome a paper of such pleasing appearance to our table, and wish it abundant success in the future.

* * *

FROM the *University Monthly* we learn that Mr. W. F. Stockley, A. B., of Trinity College, Dublin, has been appointed to the chair of Modern Languages in the University of New Brunswick, and Mr. S. W. Dyde, A. M., of Queen's College, Kingston, will lecture before the students of the same University, on Mental and Moral science.

* * *

THE *Sibyl* has an article entitled "An Afternoon with Liszt" which is quite entertaining. It is a pity that more pieces of this kind are not published in our college papers. The college oration, however, seems to be the unfailing refuge of the college editor. When he lacks material he flies to the college orator importunes him for a specimen of his eloquence and sends it forth to thrill (?) the readers of the paper. The *Sibyl* has less of this terrible eloquence in its pages than any other paper that comes to our exchange table.

* * *

THE last number of the *Bethany Collegian* is well supplied with good reading matter. The description of the sufferings of the young Dauphin, son of Louis the Sixteenth of France, is well-written and commands the reader's attention to the end. The exchange editor is ready to consider the feasibility of making Monday the school holiday, instead of Saturday. We think this

would be a good arrangement, for several reasons. A change of this kind would enable us to begin our week's labor on Monday and finish it on Saturday. Every Saturday would bring with it the feeling that our week's work was done and the next day would be a day of rest, not a day devoted to studying the Confession or New Testament History. It surely is not in the natural order of things to begin what should be Monday's task on the Friday or Saturday preceding. Those students who think it wrong to study on Sabbath prepare their lessons on Friday or Saturday for the coming week; unless they are very early risers they get no opportunity to review them before going into recitation hence Monday lessons are generally poorly recited. A week's completed labor, then a day of rest, next a fresh start on a new week, on the first working day of it, not on the Friday or Saturday before. This we think, obviously, the more natural and rational plan.

* * *

WE take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following papers: *The Beacon, Wooster Collegian, Stevens Indicator, Ohio, Hatchet, Illini, Scientific American, Phi-Rho-nian, Indiana Student, Monmouth Collegian, Monmouth Courier, Kansas Courier, S. W. P. U. Journal, N. W. Chronicle, Laurentian, Earhamite, Literary Gazette, Campus, Academy Student, the Epoch, and the Press and Badger.*

—In a chapel talk at Hillsdale, recently, Will Carleton said: "Then, too, we are told so much about our 'superior advantages.' I used to sit and listen to this never ending talk about my 'advantages' till I felt like a guilty little wretch sitting among these advantages, and I wished that I could break the heads of some of them."

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—"Where did you spend your vacation"?

—Every person was snowed in on Sabbath.

—"Snow-drifts will cover a multitude of sins."

—Who rearranges the coats and shoes at the hall Friday night?

—The Juniors welcome Misses Maggie Campbell, Mary Dawson and Anna Elliott to their ranks.

—The old law has been revised, and all must submit; no more whispering during recitation. "Watch-out" Preps.

—The Seniors are becoming so sedate and sanctimonious that they will scarcely *laugh* when visiting another class.

—Good news boys, chapel is changed from 8:15 to 8:55. More time to sleep and more time to eat, and less time to recite.

—The next lecture of the college course will be given on Friday evening, Jan. 29th, by Dr. J. Jay Villers, subject, "Funny People we Meet."

—College opens with as bright prospects as usual. The instructors are all in their places and look as if they meant to bring the students to time.

—For convenience, the time of recitation has been changed. The Seniors have one recitation before chapel, and the Senior classicals have one vacant hour; but the poor Scientifics have to recite all fore-noon. The hours are only forty minutes this term.

—Once more, the citizens of New Wilmington and vicinity had the pleasure of hearing the "Silver-tongued orator." Col. G. W. Bain, deliver a lecture in college chapel, Wednesday evening Jan. 6, '86. The lecture was both amusing and instructive, and we hope the hearers will profit by his illustrations.

—On Monday evening, Dec. 21st, Rev. James Crowe, '59, of the Norris Square U. P. church, of Philadelphia, with his people celebrated the 25th anniversary of the organization of the congregation and of Mr. Crowe's installation as pastor of the same. The forepart of the church was beautifully decorated with palms and other plants, many of them covered with flowers. A

history of the church was read by Mr. Crowe. The congregation grew out of an enterprise begun by Rev. J. T. Cooper, D. D., formerly pastor of the 3rd U. P. church of that city. Dr. Cooper and some members of his church organized a Sabbath school there in August, 1858; in 1859 the school was removed to the public school building on American St., above Columbia Avenue. In April of that year the attendance was 149. In the summer of the same year a lot was secured and a one-story brick building 44x44 was erected at a cost of \$1700. In April 1860, Mr. Crowe, at that time a Licentiate, was appointed by Presbytery to take charge of the mission. In September of the same year an organization was effected, 11 persons constituted the original membership; elders were soon after elected and the first communion was held on Dec. 21, 1860. Thirty-five new members were added at that time. On April 19, 1861, Mr. Crowe who had been laboring there a year received a unanimous call to become pastor of the congregation. The salary affixed then was only \$200. But the salary was accepted and the work begun which has been signally prospered. The present membership is 448; pastors salary \$1600. The present church building and grounds cost \$47,666.66. The actual debt now on the property is less than the value of the ground. During the 25 years past Mr. Crowe has preached 2400 sermons in his own pulpit; 200 in other pulpits. Children baptized 557, adults 17. Members received 541. Funerals attended within the congregation 300, outside its bounds 1500. Number of couples married 771. Congregation has contributed to the Boards of the church \$5000. Addresses were delivered by Drs. Dale, Barr and Collins. By Revs. Price, Gibson and church. Mr. Thomas Stinson delivered a very interesting address to the pastor and presented to him on behalf of the congregation a valuable silver set. Dr. Cooper, who is just recovering from a long illness, was present and pronounced the benediction. Mr. Stinson said in his address that Mr. Crowe was the loving pastor of a loving people, and everything done that evening seemed to prove his words true. The occasion was one of great interest. It was in the best possible spirit. Westminster feels a just pride in the success of Mr. Crowe in that very useful field of labor.—*Globe*.

PERSONALS.

- J. E. Drake, '87, was in town Monday.
- Miss Margaret Telford, '88, is again in college.
- Rev. R. B. Taggart preached at Lebanon, Sabbath, Jan. 10th.
- Dr. Chas. E. Cummings, '79, of Pittsburgh, is slowly recovering.
- Miss Annie Elliott and Miss Mary Dawson, are again in college.
- Walter Hope, '84, was the guest of J. P. Vance at Yale, during the holidays.
- T. W. Best is now at home. He says that it is much warmer in Texas than here.
- Mr. Geo. L. Hann, '85, has entered the Lutheran Seminary, at Gettysburgh, Pa.
- W. A. Moore, '86, has been out of college so far this term, on account of sore throat.
- W. R. Irons, of the Junior class, is absent from college attending court at Butler, Pa.
- J. S. Hill, '87, will not be in college this term, but expects to be back for the spring term.
- Mr. Hugh Wilson kept the postoffice open all day on Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Years.
- Rev. A. P. Hutchinson was in chapel Monday morning and spent the forenoon visiting classes.
- Rev. J. M. Farrar, '75, preached for the 2nd U. P. church, of New Castle, Sabbath, December 20th.
- W. D. Wallace, '87, was married, Dec. 23rd, to Miss Beatrice Matthews. The best wishes of the HOLCAD.
- Miss Anna Shafer of the Senior class, has been confined to the house for some time, with the rheumatism.
- Mr. Perry Kuhn deserves the thanks of the town for making the streets pasable the morning after the snow.
- Miss Mary Jeffers, a former student of Westminster, and who had been attending Wellesley College, Mass., during the fall, is now at home.

She has been troubled with her eyes and head and it is feared brain fever will set in.

—R. T. Campbell, of the Senior class, accompanied his sister Huldah to McDonald, on Jan. 2nd, and spent a few days visiting friends in that vicinity.

—D. O. McLaughry, '87, has taken Miss Alexander's place as teacher of room No. 3, Union School, this place. The seventh Junior now teaching.

—Emma Alexander, '78, has accepted the position of assistant principal of the Sharpsville Union School. She began the labors of her new position, Monday, the 11th.

—Gordon, '87, and Golden, '88, got back to college Monday at noon. They left home Saturday morning, and should have gotten here the same evening, but were "Snowed in."

—Warren S. Welsh, a former student of Westminster, and graduate of Washington and Jefferson College, has been attending the Seminary during the fall, and preached his first sermon a short time ago.

—Rev. W. D. Irons, '75, principal of Ingle-side Academy, McDonald, Pa., began the winter term Monday, Jan. 4, with an attendance of about 35. Among his students are the Misses Birde and Mazie Templeton, who expect to enter college here next fall.

—What John Howard Payne says in verse about slander.

"From the coward who stabs in the dark
What valor can give us protection?
But once let me know
Where to fix on my foe,
And see how he'll shrink from detection!
"The pride of the forest, whose strength
Bends not to the hurricane's fury,
May fall by the sting
Of the venomous thing
Which the least of its small leaves would bring.
But, drag forth the reptile, he'll writhe,
He'll die when the day-beam is brightening,
As the mischievous lie
Of the imposture shall die
In the blaze of Truth's glorious lightning!"

COLLEGE NOTES.

—The ladies of Oberlin recently debated the question: "Resolved, That the extreme discipline of the intellect chills and destroys the affections."

—At the last Commencement of the North-western University the members of the graduating class contested for a prize of \$100 for the best oration.

—At the University of Virginia there is said to be no regular prescribed course of study, no entrance examinations, no vacations, except the summer one, and but six holidays.

—The fourth series of studies in historical and political science at the John Hopkins University will begin this month, and will be devoted chiefly to American city government, state constitutional history, and Agrarian topics. The series will comprise about 600 pages and will be furnished in twelve monthly parts.

—In 1925 the Russian Academy will give \$1,000,000 for the best work on the life and reign of Alexander 1. Shortly after the death of Alexander in 1825, one of his favorite ministers offered a prize of 50,000 roubles to be given a century after his death. At compound interest this will, in 1925, make the largest premium, in all probability, ever offered for literary work.

WISDOM.

"Vanity of vanities," the wise man said—
"All is vanity."
"Vanity of Vanities" the foolish read,
And stopped and thought, with low-bowed head,
How men have loved and toiled and bled—
And sighed; "Ah, poor humanity,
Is all such vanity?"
"Fire shall try the work of each" another said—
"If any man's abide—
"What he hath done, or borne instead,—
"The righteous Judge shall crown his head!"
The bowed one rose with springing tread
Resolved his future work, when tried,
Should through the fire abide.—*Olio.*

CLIPPINGS.

—New Zealand, with a population of about 60,000, has a debt of nearly £31,000,00, or over \$250 for each inhabitant.

—This is the way a West Pointer informed his parents that he had got the g. b.: My Dear Father:—Fatted calf for one. Yours affectionately, George.

—A prominent timber-merchant has had his coat-of-arms painted on the panels of his carriage, with the Latin motto "Vidi," which by interpretation is "I saw."

—"James, my son, take this letter to the post-office and pay the postage on it." The boy James returned highly elated and said: "I seen a lot of men putting letters in a little place, and when no one was looking, I slipped yours in for nothing."

—A dry-goods clerk took his girl out for ice-cream the other night, and in a moment of absent-mindedness, thinking that he was waiting upon a customer, said cordially: "Anything else?" She took lemonade and cake.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat*.

—The Autocrat of all the Russias has just promulgated a decree that no liquor shall be sold at retail in his dominions, except in hotels and eating houses. This will close ninety thousand saloons the first of January. Despotic power is a good thing sometimes.

—A Scotch domine, after relating to his scholars the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them: "Why does not God strike everybody dead who tells a lie?" After a long silence one little fellow got to his feet and exclaimed, "Because, sir, there wadna be anybody left."

—We meet to-day, we meet alas!
With salutation formal;
I'm in the College Senior Class,
You study at the Normal;
And as we part, I think again
And sadly wonder, whether
You wish as I, we loved as when
We sat at school together.—*Er.*

—Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, only a short time before his death, spoke about his health, saying that he thought that if he passed the age of

sixty-five he would live twenty years longer. He seemed to have an idea that that was a critical period, a turning point, in his family's longevity.—*Boston Budget*.

—During a discussion on religious topics young Brown said: "I tell you that if the other animals do not exist after death neither will man. There is no difference between man and beast." and good old Jones mildly replied: "If anybody could convince me of that, it would be you, Brown."

—"Have you got the ring?" inquired the minister of the young man when they got to that part of the ceremony. "Gosh, if I haven't forgotten it! Tell you, parson, don't know what we're going to do unless you use my hitching strap. It's out in the buggy. Guess you can tie us with that, can't you?"—*Exchange*.

—A Vermont woman, who attempted suicide by drowning, found the water so cold that she changed her mind and went home damp and shivering. Women should know that it is very dangerous to attempt suicide by drowning when the water is cold. They might contract a fatal case of pneumonia.—*Norristown Herald*.

—When Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, was a student in Harvard College, John C. Heenan was his instructor in athletics, and Hawthorne took so kindly to this sort of training that Heenan used to say to him: "If you'll put yourself under my care I'll guarantee that in less than two years you can lick any man in America."—*Hartford Courant*

—Telepherage.—This word has lately appeared in technical journals and to some extent in the newspapers, but the reader need not look for it in his lexicon, unless it be a Greek lexicon. The word is from the Greek *teles* and *phero*, and is applied to a new system for the rapid carrying of freight and passengers for considerable distances upon tracks placed in the air upon posts. The locomotive power is electricity, and the cars will run without driver, guard or attendant. The tracks below which the cars are suspended are placed upon high posts, and as they can run up and down quite steep grades, the line can be carried over fields, roads and streams without the cost of an expensive road-bed. A great future is claimed for the system by its inventors.—*University Monthly*.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., FEBRUARY 1, 1886.

NO. 10.

THE DREAM OF THE AIMLESS.

I dreamt a dream in the morning,
When the shadows were dim and gray,
And oh, such a prospect golden
O'er my shining pathway lay!
The earth was filled with gladness,
The air filled with song,
And I thought that but love and beauty
Could inspire me all day long.

I dreamt a dream at the noontide,
When half of the day was past;
The first half I knew was barren,
But glorious I'd make the last;
But the world lay part in the shadow,
The songs were not half so sweet,
And love and beauty were fleeing
Like shadows beneath my feet.

I dreamt a dream at the even,
When the day its course had run,
And my heart grew sad within me
To think how little I'd done.
But I said: "I shall work to-morrow,
And make my name be known,
Till the nations of earth shall wonder,
As my mighty power they own!"

But alas! and alas! time passes,
The sun rises, shines and sets —
Each morning so full of promise,
Each even' so full of regret,
And day follows day more fleetly,
While ambition and glory rave,
Till, at last, outworn and aimless,
I shall sink in a nameless grave.

OUR BOYS.

Volumes have been written on the future of our girls, and the influence they are to exert over the opposite sex. Now it seems that a little attention is necessary to the future of our boys, and not only their influence upon the other sex, but their influence upon each other.

It is all wrong to think that American boys are any worse by nature than boys of

other countries; yet we know they are exposed to more temptations here than elsewhere; temptations and trials peculiar to our own country, and for which he is not responsible, but rather the fathers and mothers and guardians as well as our own American institutions.

We are such a rushing, hurrying people that we have no time to remain children. In Europe a boy is encouraged, even compelled to remain a boy. He is kept constantly under discipline at home, at play, at school. On the play-ground he is bound to observe strictly the rules, a training that while it gives vent to his exuberant spirits, at the same time compels him to order and method. Everything is arranged for strict obedience to law and authority. On the other hand the American boy is accustomed to hear all authority challenged not only by the wilful reprobate but by the radical theorist. The boy of European countries is kept in a state of training long after the American boy has started for himself. Money-making inducements are not held out to him as they are to our boys. They are not expected to earn money, therefore they do not have money to spend upon cigars and tobacco, and cannot smoke and chew and swagger like our American boys.

Again there is often a necessity for the American to decide at a very tender age what his calling in life shall be. There was a time when the son was expected to follow the vocation of his father, and although this was the dwarfing of higher capacities, it prevented a change from one thing to another too often.

Our young men have made up their minds that their best aim is to avoid manu-

al labor as much as possible, and seek those employments that require little of the work of their own hands, or work that does not soil them. It follows that the ranks of trade and the professions are overstocked, while our country is getting poor from the neglect of her natural resources, agriculture and mechanics. What the cause is of this dislike of the manual arts is hard to tell; for it is certainly a wrong estimate to think that it requires more intellect or exercise of manly powers to sell silks and calicoes across the counter than to till the soil or build ships and houses. This hankering after a genteel life that shall escape the rugged ways is a prevailing disease. We claim to be republicans, to have thrown off the yoke of aristocracy, to have no desire to bow to titles, and yet if we examine the matter it will be found that we think far more of vain ambition and idle gentility than of republican industry and simplicity. With all of our theoretical praise of the dignity of labor, nowhere on earth are the laboring classes so anxious to escape from the toil of their fathers; nowhere is dainty gentility so eagerly sought after as here.

However there must be a remedy for this evil, and, although it may be a slow one, let it be sure. It will take earnest and sturdy persistence to carry out a system of improvement. We must look to our educators for the work; not only to our writers and preachers but to our parents and teachers. To get at a true estimate of the resources of our country, and the right way of making them available must be the aim of those who are to mould the destiny of the rising generation. To be sure the first influence must begin at the cradle. Parents, teach your children to be self-reliant; to work, and that it is noble to work. If you do this the teacher will not be troubled with so many laggards, and his task of en-

larging the understanding and of building up the intellect will not be so hard. Next let the teacher insist on labor, hard intellectual labor; let indolence blush in his presence. Let not every trait of morbid precocity be hailed as a proof of genius. Let the restless will of the American boy be calmed and consolidated into manly force, by brave exercise, sometimes work, sometimes sport. Let him work off his surplus activity in healthful exercise, and he will be a more painstaking student, instead of being as he often is a mischievous plague to his teacher.

Let our boys be taught manly independence, sturdy industry and honest frugality; and we may hope to see them rise from our homes, schools and churches more proud of frugal habits sustained by honest industry, than of pampered indulgence, dependent upon gambling, adventure or debt. We hope to see them, if not millionaires, honest, thrifty and intelligent citizens.—*M.*

CIVILITY.

There are some virtues the outward expression of which can with tolerable correctness be counterfeited by those who do not possess them; and a feeling of suspicion and distrust is often naturally awakened as to the genuineness of the principle, even when there is an external manifestation of it. Kindness and benevolence find their natural expression not only in generous deeds and self-sacrificing efforts, but in lesser acts of kindness, in looks, tones and gestures of civility, deference and courteousness, which are so winning that it is no wonder they are frequently counterfeited.

There are not wanting those who, actuated by selfish motives, and seeing the admiration and affection yielded to a kind and

courteous bearing, endeavor to produce the fruit without cultivating the root. Such efforts are often attended with a certain degree of success, until, some real sacrifice is required, when the selfish nature that has been hidden under a false exterior is brought to light and the politeness is found to be artificial and soulless. Such discoveries lead many excellent persons to undervalue and depreciate courteousness.

We often hear the remark, "It is no matter about the manners so long as the heart is right;" and we not unfrequently see the truly generous man repressing the natural outflow of his emotions, and performing benevolent actions in the most ungracious manner. Such persons make a serious and fatal mistake—one which, if persisted in, will immeasurably lessen the good they can impart and the happiness they can receive.

The pleasure conferred on others by kind and courteous manners is not measured by the benefit itself, but by the grateful sensation of being the object of kindness and cordiality. The civility in itself may bring no palpable advantage, may require no material sacrifice, may involve neither loss nor trouble, and may be only respectful attention or a kindly inquiry, or even an effort to relieve embarrassment. Yet it can conduce more to the happiness of him who receives it than the most expensive charity.

The money of the generous will relieve distress and incite gratitude, but he who brings the grasp of cordiality, the smile of sympathy, the delicate and kindly attention throws a sunshine into the heart that no material benefit can convey. Though few have it in their power to give money largely, all can bestow courtesy without reserve and it will increase by its liberal diffusion.

Courteous manners not only convey happiness in a large measure to the recipients but also to their possessor. Every one who does a gracious action feels its reward im-

mediately in a conscious satisfaction that can never follow a gruff, haughty or repellant word.

Children trained to be polite and gentle are always happier than if suffered to disregard the feelings of their companions.

The pleasure that follows the exercise of power is always heightened when directed into beneficial channels, and this power, so often thought to be confined to the rich, is in truth possessed by every one of us. It is also eminently expansive in its nature.

Justice and generosity can at most be exercised only on a limited scale; even patriotism concerns a single nation, but the virtue of civility knows no exceptions.

Every one we meet, from the dearest friend to the utter stranger, may claim some tribute at our hands. Goodwill may be shown in countless ways and carries with it a cheerfulness and animation that more than compensates for the effort it may cost.

S.

—"Doctor," said an anxious citizen, "something has happened to my wife. Her mouth seems set, and she can't say a word."

"Why, she must have lockjaw," said the doctor.

"Do you think so? Well, if you are up my way some time next week, I wish you would step in and see what you can do for her."—*Toledo Commercial*.

—Class in Greek—Benevolent Prof. (prompting), "Now then *cipas*." Somnolent Soph. (remembering last night's studies), "I make it next." (He goes before the Faculty.)—*Jeffersonian*.

—Student translating—"And the king flees." Prof.—"No, use the past tense—use had." S.—"And the king had flees." Applause in the gallery.—*Epoch*.

THE OLDEST HOME MISSION.

From the New York Observer, by request.

Speaking of the excess of men in our last census, a lady said the other day, "I don't think girls marry as generally as they used to do."

"No, indeed, they haven't the time," replied some one, laughingly.

The remark gave rise to a wonder in my mind, whether our broadened outlook for woman may not be shadowed by some perils lost sight of in the sunshine of her new ambitions.

The days when the weaker sex were regarded as mere chattels, servitors, or necessary encumbrances for the preservation of the species, have, thank heaven, long gone by, in civilized lands. Nor is woman, as in still darker days, solely the instrument of man's pleasure—a costly toy to be relegated to oblivion when the fancy has changed. The pendulum of feeling swung through all these changes and even touched the other extreme where woman, fair and saint-like, endowed with all the attributes of angelhood figured as the Sacharissa, Althea or Stella, of love-lorn poets who languished at her shrine and vowed all deeds of *noblesse* to win her smiles. Gradually but surely the strong prosaic common sense of our nineteenth century has brought woman to her true place as the companion, adviser, complement of man.

Our daughters may be educated side by side with our sons. The healing art acknowledges the softer touch of woman's hand and the keen insight and ready sympathy which she brings to the bedside of pain. The legal profession is not barren of women's names on its record, and even in the pulpit her voice is heard. St. Paul's strictures on woman's teaching seems oddly obsolete, and Dr. Johnson's rude comparison on her preaching—"like a dog's

standing on his hind legs, not *well* done, but you are surprised to see it done at all"—loses much of its force as one recalls the host of eloquent lecturers and earnest temperance advocates from the ranks of womanhood. Even business has widened its borders, and the army of working women in every department testify to no small ability. But the question crowds itself upon us: May not the girls of to-day with their high ideals, planning a career of noble deeds and great achievements, miss the blessings of that quiet life which, after all, is the truest woman's kingdom?

I know a host of young women just out of school, burning with those beautiful aspirations to be and do, which come but once in a lifetime. Girls who are nobly putting the shoulder to the wheel to help along the family burdens. All honor to them! Let the ranks of teachers, accountants, the learned professions, be never so full, there must always be "room at the top." Yet here is a case, the type of hundreds, where a hard-working mother has long looked forward to the end of the school days of the eldest daughter. No denial was too great that Mary might go on with her studies. "She must have an education," says the tired mother, feeling, perhaps, the lack in her own life. "I cannot call her from her books to help in household cares; school-days will not last always, and she must make the most of them."

By-and-by Mary graduated with distinction, white robes, flowers and congratulations; none so proud as the mother. Then comes a little time of restlessness at home, and—Mary has gone away to teach or keep books. "I miss her very much," says the mother, with a sigh. "We had hoped to have her at home; but she was ambitious to do something for herself. I suppose we cannot expect to keep the young folks with us."

If you ask Mary about it, she will answer with honest eyes, "I wanted to take care of myself; I couldn't bear to be a burden." Her delusion is sincere; but would it have been less noble, less helpful, to fill the vacant place at home, lightening the patient mother's weight of care and enriching by her sunshiny presence the whole family life?

Another young friend of mine, who failed to gain a position of "self support," and was forced to remain at home, where means were not lacking and all were glad to have her stay, complained with tear-dimmed eyes of her hard lot. "I am completely useless," she moaned. "Just a cumberer of the ground. How I envy you your work!"

Is it true that there is no *Home* mission for girls? Is there not a duty of graceful womanhood, of developing those sweet old-fashioned virtues called "domestic," and inclusive of all the greater virtues we name "cardinal?" Surely these "hinge" virtues on which character turns, can nowhere reach perfection so well as in the home. And what better training can there be for that new home, which, despite all professions to the contrary, most girls expect, because it is the natural life of woman.

Far be it from me to assert that the woman who can demonstrate a proposition of Euclid or conjugate a Greek verb is not thereby better fitted to construct small garments and fill her home with womanly graces. Knowledge of chemistry never made sour bread, or poor butter. But the danger is that a liberal education instead of ennobling—as it ought—all commonplace duties, may make them seem out of place and irksome.

Said a young mother, who had always a baby in her arms and little ones pulling at her skirts: "O, I do so miss my reading and study. My mind is perfectly barren; not a

thought beyond these children!" It is hard doubtless. But the reward will come. Are not the minds and souls under your care more important than the wisest book? And who would not rather have the tribute of the good man, who, from his greatest success, looks back and owes it reverently, under God, to the tender mother—his earliest teacher—than the medals and diplomas of all the universities of Europe.

Remember, dear girls, who are eager to bear your part in the busy world's work, that though you have only the simple home duties which seem so insignificant, your sphere is a wide one. Make the most of your Home Mission and be sure that if its influence doesn't seem to tell for much now, you will discover it some day, up higher.

HUMOROUS.

PROSPECTIVE.

When upon an "exam" you slowly embark,
Knowing little or nothing about it,
Do you say that "you care not for mark?"
Well, maybe you don't, but I doubt it.

RETROSPECTIVE.

When caught on a snag you miserably sank,
Groping and clinging about it,
Did you say that you "cared not for rank?"
Well, maybe you didn't but I doubt it.

Beacon.

The good-humored Dr. McCosh, whose gray hairs seem about to be brought in sorrow to the grave by the Princeton boys, has smiled scores of times when told that the secret and sepulchral midnight password of the students was: "Jimmie McCosh, by Gosh."—*Ex.*

—Professor: "Suppose you were called to a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?" Jones (who is preparing for the pulpit and who only takes chemistry because it is obligatory): "I would administer the sacrament."

THE HOLCAD.

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THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

PROF. THOMPSON has received a very valuable and interesting collection of botanical specimens from W. E. Wilson, Professor of Natural Science in Rhode Island State Normal School. This consists of a number of flowers and plants from Rhode Island and Massachusetts and a full collection of the aster family gathered chiefly from the neighborhood of Narragansett and Massachusetts bays. This is a duplicate of Prof. Wilson's own collection and is sent to Prof. Thompson as a testimonial of the esteem in which he is held by a former pupil. Though belonging to Prof. Thompson, the specimens can be seen by any one and will be found of special interest to students in Botany. It is Prof. Thompson's object to gather as large a collection as he can for class-room use, and this, coming from New England, is, indeed, a valuable accession. Besides these the Professor has a very fine collection of the flowers and plants growing in

and around New Wilmington, a number of interesting specimens from Saratoga, New York, and some fine ferns from India. As in Physics, so in Botany, Prof. Thompson is doing everything he possibly can do to make these branches pleasant and profitable to the students. It should be remembered that when he took charge of these departments there was very little apparatus, and not a specimen. It may be of interest to people here to know that Prof. Wilson is a native of Lawrence county and a graduate of Monmouth College.

SOME of Westminister's friends have remembered her lately in a very commendable way. Quite a number of valuable books have been received at the College Library and will soon be placed upon its shelves. The Rev. W. M. McElwee, D. D., of Frankfort Springs, Pa. sends fifteen volumes, among which may be mentioned Blair's Lectures, 2 vols., Dwight's Sermons, Chalmer's Works, Hutton's Mathematics, 2 vols., Clark's Homer, 2 vols., Seneca's Morals, and a Hebrew Bible in two volumes bearing the date of 1822. This Bible is valuable and expensive. It was sold originally at ten dollars per volume. Seneca's Morals is also a curiosity. It bears the date of 1756.

Another gentleman from the West, a minister of the U. P. church, sends twenty dollars for the purchase of books for the English Department, the selection to be made by the Professor in charge of that department, subject to the donor's approval. He states also that he expects to give this amount annually. The same gentleman, whose name we cannot give because he wishes it withheld in any public acknowledgment that is made of his gifts, sends a box containing thirty-two books, valuable alike to student and professor. Among

these are Smith's Lectures on Modern History, Froissart's Chronicles of the Middle Ages, a number of standard grammars, Hickok's Science of the Mind, Cruden's Concordance, Hibbard on the Psalms, Butler's Analogy, Dr. Spencer's Sketches, Yesterday, To-day and Forever, by Bickersteth, and Alexander and Rufus, a series of dialogues on church communion, being a defence of that communion maintained in the Secession Church. The most interesting book of the collection is probably the New Testament in Panjabi.

We trust that Westminster has more friends who feel interested enough in her welfare to do as these gentlemen have done. Certainly in no other way can a little money be more profitably spent. Our library needs more books, and if the little that many can give were given the aggregate would be a great deal. We hope these gifts will bring the matter to the notice of others who will do likewise,

THE principle that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well is one which all can well afford to act upon. Whatever is undertaken in any department of work should be entered into with a determination to make the most of it. Because a business is comparatively insignificant is no reason why it should be neglected. Because a duty involves but little is no argument for not doing it, or not doing it well. The man who is thoroughly acquainted with his business in all its details, who is master of his trade or profession, is the man who succeeds. As well might the spendthrift expect to accumulate wealth, as he who is habitually negligent, careless and dilatory in his work hope to attain to any degree of proficiency. Continuous and sustained effort must be made, and the very best must be done at every time and

in every place. It has been well said that attention, application, accuracy, method, punctuality and dispatch are the qualities required for the efficient conduct of business of any kind. The experiences of every day go to prove that careful attention to matters of detail lies at the very root of all progress. It will generally be found that "good luck" comes to him whose patience and perseverance, whose diligence and determination have enabled him to secure it.

It would be wrong to expect, however, that these efforts, these strains upon the energies and abilities, bring immediate financial benefit. They gather the materials for to-morrow's greater work and and grander successes, at the same time bringing what is of infinitely more value to the self-respecting man and to his sense of manhood than dollars and cents, the consciousness of having been diligent in his trade or profession and true to himself.

And yet even from a financial point of view, this will be found to be the best course in the end. It is said of Rufus Choate that from the day of his admission to the Massachusetts bar, "Do your best" became his motto. He entered into his work with a zeal that meant success. Every case was studied with greatest care and exactness as though his life depended on it. The amount of the fee that was to reward his efforts was with him a secondary consideration. He would plead a case before a country justice with a dozen rustics for an audience, as carefully, elaborately and eloquently as he would if addressing the Supreme Court. In every case, true to his motto, he did his best. His success soon gained him a high local reputation and popularity which kept extending until his fame was second to few among his countrymen. This not only brought him plenty of work and plenty of money, but it had an

encouraging, inciting, elevating influence upon all about him, and made him stronger and abler year by year, a man worthy of his fame, and an honor to his profession and to his country. Such habits should be acquired early and cultivated diligently. No one should be satisfied with being as good as the average. He might be better, and should, at least, try to be better. "True success in life is success in building up a pure, honest, energetic character, in so shaping our habits, our thoughts and our aspirations as to qualify us best for a higher life." Wordsworth describes the "happy warrior" as he "who makes his moral being his supreme delight."

"'Tis he whose law is reason, who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Who fixes good on good alone, and owes
To Virtue every triumph that he knows;
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means, and then will stand.
On honorable terms, or else retire
And in himself possess his own desire."

THE day of prayer for Colleges and all institutions of learning was appropriately observed here. The services in the morning were well attended, notwithstanding the unfavorable condition of the weather. Dr. Robinson, pastor of the First U. P. church of Allegheny, preached a most excellent sermon, which was delivered in a manner so earnest and impressive and was full of plain, practical, Gospel truth, that it cannot but do good. He chose as his text, Mark iv:24, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you." He said that the observance of this day by all Christian people was the outgrowth of two conclusions, that the world recognized the necessity of college education, and that it would not follow cultured godlessness, but demanded Christian college education.

While the Christian world is praying for the outpouring of God's blessing upon these great centers of influence, those for whom the prayers are particularly made, the students now in attendance in the various institutions should look to God and consider upon what conditions the blessings can be obtained. Divine blessing has its price—not an equivalent, but a condition. The Doctor drew the following lessons from the text: 1. You should have clearly defined views of what you need. You all seek something. If you set your heart on wealth, or pleasure, or study, or fame, you have not realized the need of the soul. And the seeker's character should be right. The first is obtained when Christ is accepted, and the second is the goal of Christian endeavor. 2. There should be a holy ambition to attain the high end. No gift is bestowed on human indifference. In business, in study, the heart set upon the end is the inspiration to success. So in spiritual life. If you care for none of these things you will get none of them. 3. There must be a firm conviction that this is attainable. A doubt of success paralyzes the soul. No one would study if he doubted the attainability of scholarship. Confidence of success is the warrant of endeavor. 4. There must be intelligent and persistent endeavor. Character must be built. The materials are all furnished but you must build it for yourselves. It is a matter of work and time. One of the most valuable things in a college education is the opportunities to acquire regular habits for work. There should also be habits of spiritual culture—prayer and regular attendance upon public worship. 5. A right use should be made of what has already been attained. You are not beginners. You have entered upon your career and should use properly whatever talents God has given

you. These conditions show how great a responsibility rests upon you. Success or failure depends upon the acceptance or rejection of these conditions. The aim is a most exalted one—one worth striving for. And you must either go forward or backward; either grow better or worse. A balance cannot be maintained. In view of these things, it becomes us to be watchful, prayerful and trustful.

We are sorry that lack of space prevents our giving a fuller abstract of this sermon. It contained so much that was good that we wish we could produce it all to our readers.

EXCHANGES.

WE are glad to see the Delaware College *Review*. In looking over the Exchange Department, we are surprised to find that no dreams have of late disturbed the peaceful slumber of the Ex. Editor.

* * *

THE *Antiochian* from Antioch College is always a welcome visitor. A noteworthy article in this issue is that of Miss Rebecca S. Rice. It is bristling with good sense and good advice. All departments of the paper are well represented.

* * *

THE January *Beacon* contains several very entertaining articles. "Shall Alumni Have a Voice in College Government?" is discussed pro and con, with the odds in favor of the "con" side of the question. From a very true and amusing article on the "Freshman," we clip the following, regretting that we have not space for the whole article:

"No. 3.—The Innocent Freshman. This species is perhaps the most interesting. It has a bland and childlike smile for all. It shakes its hand and snaps its fingers to at-

tract the attention of a professor, whom, by the way, this innocent babe addresses as 'teacher.' It rises meekly to answer every question; it refers to its *alma mater* as the 'school-house'; it carries copious lunches in tin boxes; it parades the street with a pile of books two feet high tied up with a strap; it wears its flowing locks tied with a blue ribbon, (we now refer to the feminine portion of the genus fresh *homo*). It—but surely these few hints will be sufficient—you can never again mistake one of this species."

* * *

OUR attention was called a few days ago to an article in the Exchange column of the *College Cabinet* in which the writer tries to be sarcastic at the expense of the editors of this paper. The article professes to have been called forth by a local that appeared in the HOLCAD sometime since, and which referred to or re-printed a card from one of the Geneva Sophomores to our business manager. The author of the card was evidently entirely devoid of any idea how to spell even the simplest and most commonly used words of his mother-tongue. Out of charity for his ignorance and an earnest desire to see the gentleman improve in his ability to use his a, b, c's, one of our staff merely called attention to the fact that seldom, if ever, in the history of the English language has that language been so mutilated, so misused, so cast down and trampled on, as it was in that little postal card; indeed, only one or two words escaped the general fate. We wish also to correct a mistake which our esteemed contemporary seems to labor under. The author of the card never finished his English course at Westminster. He attended school here during two terms of the Third Preparatory year, and then entered the Sophomore class at Geneva. As to the

Cabinet's claim to superiority, we frankly and cheerfully admit that in the use of ungentlemanly and abusive language, in displays of bad temper, and in misapprehension and misstatement of facts, they have reached a point of superiority to which we hope never to attain. We submit the above fact as evidence in the claim for superiority. We are sorry that the truth cut so deeply, but we trust our neighbor may profit by it.

—In athletics Cornell holds the college record for throwing base ball 397 ft. 6½ in. Princeton, standing broad jump, 10 ft. 3⅜ in. Harvard, 100 yard dash, 10 seconds, Harvard, running high jump, 5 feet 9¾ in. Columbia, running broad jump, 21 ft. 3½ in. Harvard, 220 yards dash, 22 2-5 seconds. Princeton, pole vault, 10 feet 1 inch. Yale, mile run, 4 minutes 37 3-5 seconds.

—Fresh to learned Soph.—“Say, this is the first year I was ever at a university; what does this word mean?” “The seven wonders of the world are viz:” Soph.—“Viz! Why, I-er-er-visibly to be sure. I thought everyone knew that!”

—Junior Prof. (solemnly)—“Did you hear sir, that Jones went to his last resting-place yesterday evening?” Senior Prof. (excitedly)—“Indeed! How sad! Of what did he die?” Junior Prof. (retreating)—“Oh, he didn't die. Just turned in at the usual place. Sleepy, you know.”

—Student: Professor, what would you say if anyone told you that he did not know whether he existed.

Professor: I would tell him to bump his head against a post. Persuasive argument.
—*Chronicle.*

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Parties.

—Skating.

—Sleighing.

—Demerits.

—All questions in physics must be worked.

—Preps. and Freshmen still scuffle in the hall.

—Mc's favorite book seems to be Campbell's poems.

—Don't sleigh-ride at night, boys; It's dangerous.

—Sleighing is the order of the day—and sometimes night.

—Some of the Juniors are meriting a great many demerits.

—All the Seniors wear whiskers or mustaches but four, or rather three.

—There is a prospect of a gas line through this place to Erie, next spring.

—Don't smoke new students out—it isn't correct. And even if it was, they sometimes don't go.

—The Sophs. expect to finish analytics in a few days, and will pass to Calculus, if Prof. says so.

—Be careful in sending letters to stamp them beforehand. It saves delay and don't cost any more.

—It has been discovered (?) that salt and alum are good to put in lamps to keep them from exploding.

—Some of the students were wanting to know where the town limits were. Don't get excited boys, you'll find out.

—The Philos have chosen the affirmative of the question for debate. Resolved “That woman should have the ballot.”

—Prof. Graham received a handsome donation of chemicals and chemical apparatus, express paid from Allegheny City, last term. Who the donor is, is unknown, but such gifts as this

is always welcomed in our laboratory. The worth of the material is from fifteen to twenty dollars. Thanks.

—We understand that one of our Professors, sent a postal last Monday week, dated Jan. 17. This looks bad, indeed.

—Students when you make calls be sure you know where you want to go, and you will not meet with so cool a reception.

—It is rumored that we are to have a bank. That's a step in the right direction. Let's have a bank, if it should be a coal bank.

—The following is a list the officers of the Soph. class: Pres., Golden; Vice Pres., Swogger; Sec., Miss Telford; Treas., Barr, Sr; Marshall, Huey.

—W. W. Park has purchased the Central Hotel building. He intends to remodel and fit it up for a store room, where he expects to do business in the future.

—The schools of the neighborhood have been poorly attended during the stormy weather. Mr. Fisher had but one scholar for a few days and Mr. Rickets but a small number.

—Thursday being the day appointed for "Prayer for colleges" there was no school. Services at 11 o'clock a. m. Dr. Robinson, of the U. P. church, Allegheny, preached.

—A Choral class has been organized which meets on Thursday evenings. At present the class numbers about thirty. We think this is a good thing and should receive the hearty support of the students.

—Prof.—(During recitation.) It seems therefore that stock can get along without salt.

Student—Prof., how does it come, then, that wild animals go and get salt?

Prof.—Oh, yes; wild boys go and get tobacco.

—The officers of the Freshman class are:

President, Stewart.

Vice President, McFate.

Treasurer, Robinson.

Secretary, Lemira Mealy.

Marshall, Johnston.

—Officers of Leagorean society: Pres., Maggie Campbell; Vice Pres., Mary McElwee; Treas., Anna Dickson; Rec. Sec., Jean Robertson; Cor.

Sec., Mina McElwee; Critics, 1st, Sadie McElree; 2nd, Flora J. Irons; Marshall, Jennie Vance; Excuse Com., Mollie E. Schwarberg; Nancy J. Spencer; Lizzie Houston; Executive Com., Bessie McLaughry; Miss Purvis; Debate Com., Stella McMillan; Mattie Poppino.

—Officers of the reading room:

President, W. A. Moore.

Vice President, Gordon.

Recording Secretary, Warden.

Cor. Secretary, Douthett.

Treasurer, Lindsey.

Executive Committee, 1st, Berry; 2nd, Byers; 3rd, Irons.

Students should be very careful about the time they call on young ladies. It seemed that a law was necessary stating at what time a student should leave in the evening. It now seems that something must be done in the opposite direction. Some rule made as to how soon in the day calls should be made. One of the Seniors has set the example of calling before the ladies are up. We think something should be done either regulating the sleep or the call.

—The members of the Leagorean Society leave their over shoes just outside the door during society hour, and for the past few Fridays have found them, on their return, here, there, and elsewhere; all nicely arranged perhaps, but very unequally mated. "Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thushness"? Now, Prof. Thompson and the Egyptian girl are the only other occupants of the third story. Things look suspicious, to say the least, and we think it is due to all parties concerned, that an investigation should be made.

—The *New Castle Courant* has the following editorial:—The following from Prof. R. B. Taggart, of Westminster College, is especially gratifying, coming from a gentleman with whom we have not even the honor of a personal acquaintance. He will pardon us for taking the liberty to publish it:

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE, }
NEW WILMINGTON, PA., Jan. 16, '86. }

Editor of Courant:

DEAR SIR: Let me express my hearty approval of your method of conducting your paper; I mean that in giving promi-

nence to news of a profitable nature, and to discussions which really benefit the public, you at the same time exclude the gossip and slander, which not only lower the dignity of the press but also debauch the public morals. It was because that we had this opinion of you and your periodical that we were induced to subscribe for it; and we feel confident that an appreciative and approving public will sustain you in all your laudable efforts. This last number, which has just come to me, has the ring of rectitude which is truly refreshing in these days when the press too far yields to a corrupted and corrupting sentiment.

Yours truly,
R. B. TAGGART.

PERSONALS.

- Prof. Taggart absent on Wednesday.
- Rev. Mr. Robertson and son are in town.
- Miss Maggie Campbell, '87, has gotten 5. (?)
- Dr. J. M. Fulton, '72, Allegheny, is seriously ill.
- Rev. Mr. Crabbe, of Mercer, assisted Rev. McVey last week.
- Miss Luella Donaldson spent Saturday with friends in Pulaski.
- Miss Anna Elliott, '87, has been absent from class for a few days.
- Miss Margaret Swartwood, '89, is able to be in college this week.
- Rev. R. C. Dodds, '80, has accepted the call from Buffalo, New York.
- Miss Nettie Alexander spent last week with her sister in Sharpsville.
- W. H. Hay, '87, is taking Physiology this term in place of Biology.
- R. J. Totten has changed his mind and will not go to Princeton this year.
- Dr. Ferguson attended the dedication of the new church at Sheakleyville last week.
- Rev. Mr. Cummings, of Bethel, preached in the 1st church Sabbath evening the 24th.
- Rev. A. P. Hutchinson, '78, assisted Rev. J. A. Kennedy, of 2nd church, on Sabbath.

—Miss Campbell, of Ohio, has been the guest of Mary Dawson, '87, for the past six weeks.

—Mr. Graham, of Wilkinsburgh, has been visiting his son, Prof. R. O. Graham, this term.

—W. A. Moore, '86, has been honored with the Presidency of the Reading Room Association.

—H. G. Golden, '85, was received as a student of the first year, by the Presbytery of New York, Jan. 18th.

—Messrs Campbell, '86, Gordon, McCalmont, and Morrison, '87, are protected from the cold wintry blasts.

—Miss Kistler, of New Texas, spent the first two weeks of college with her brother, a member of the Senior class.

—Rev. J. A. Grier, of Mercer, conducted the chapel exercises on the 21st, and made a very timely address to the students.

—Miss Emma Stevenson, sister of Chas. Stevenson, '88, was married a short time ago to John Hamilton, Canonsburg.

—Miss Lottie Barnum, '84, was married a short time ago. This is the second of this class that has sailed in the "Great Ship."

—T. A. Hagerty, '85, traveling salesman for the Chicago and Erie Stove Company, paid the HOLCAD a pleasant call a few days ago.

—Rev. T. J. Porter, '81, who was sent out as a missionary by the Presbyterian church a year and a half ago, is soon to return to this country.

—Rev. W. D. Irons, '75, procured the services of Prof. J. S. Brown, to hold the musical convention, commencing Jan. 14, and continuing once a week for twelve weeks.

—Rev. W. J. Golden, '80, pastor of the Service congregation, was pleasantly surprised by an informal call from his members a few evenings ago. They left him much richer than they found him.

—Rev. R. A. Gilfillan, '74, at a recent meeting of Mansfield Presbytery, presented his resignation of the pastoral charge of Wooster. He stated that an old strife existing between the members was the cause.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., FEBRUARY 15, 1886.

NO. 11.

TO NIAGARA.

Composed over forty years ago, on first seeing the Falls.

BY E. M. A.

Child of the beautiful and wide spread west,
Born 'mid the hush of forest and of stream;
Thy steep evenwhile sheltered the eagle's rest,
Or echoed back his fierce and shrilly scream.
Unseen by human eye, unknown to man,
Thy cataract poured whilst untold ages past—
In vain we ask when first thy fall began;
We nothing know how long thy stream shall last,
Or when the latest bow shall o'er thy brow be cast.

There came a day when first thy wonders wild,
Were known to mortal ken, the astonished eye
Of the rude Indian, the stern forest child,
Beheld thee, and he stayed his passing by,
To drink in thy beauties and admire
This glorious fount by the Great Spirit sent,
And doubtless that dark savage felt desire,
To trace out whence it came and whither went,
As by thy floods he stood, wondering with bow
unbent.

And since that day when thou wert thus unknown—
Men from all climes, the young, the brave, the
bold,
Have marked thy ceaseless tide and heard thy tone,
"In silent worship of the great of old;"
And I have seen thee; passionate and strong—
Thy whirling waters seem instinct with life,
As o'er thy fearful rapids borne along—
Maddened, infuriate, as with anger rife,
They leap the dread abyss, then still them from
their strife.

The young moon silvered thee, her clear, cold beam,
As in past ages when the world was young,
Lit the far depth of thy unfathomed stream,
And o'er thy brow a lamp of beauty hung.
Oh! thou wast beautiful thus seen, the hour,
Was one for worshipping the All-in All—
The great Causator! Him, who gave the power,
To those white clouds new-parted from they fall
To rise a veil of mist before thy liquid wall.

Yet, wondrous cataract, thy course is brief—
Only the few short years that time shall give,
When failing nature wears her garb of grief,

Thou shalt evaporate, but I shall live,
I, who seem now as naught compared with thee,
Shall then begin a never ending round.
I shall Niagara's destruction see—
For thy time, honored voice shall cease to sound:
Then, what avails thy might, and thy depths pro-
found!

AIMS AND METHODS.

There are few inconsistencies more striking than that which is frequently seen to exist between the *aims* and the *methods* of certain persons. They will sincerely embrace good enterprises and earnestly seek high and pure objects, while yet they will descend to low ways of trying to accomplish them. There appears a strange contradiction between *what* is to be done and *how* it is to be done, or, rather, between the character of the purpose in view and the character of the means taken to carry it out.

This is probably the most frequent cause of failure. A recent writer well says: "Men do not seem to know that, however bright and strong they frame the golden gallery of their ambition, the only chance of their getting up to it must be in the strength of the stairway which they build. They are always building steps of straw to climb heights of gold." The youth, for instance, enters life with an eager desire to excel in the occupation he has chosen. He begins with a teachable spirit and patient assiduity. But his progress seems slow to his aspiring energy, and he becomes weary of the many steps. Some temptation allures him to accept responsibility for which he is not fitted, or to rise by thrusting some one else down, or to perform work which looks fair to the eye, while he is conscious of its

inferiority; and he yields to it again and again, till at last he forfeits all title to excellence in his department. His aim was high, but his methods were low; his ladder can never reach the mark.

A man is anxious for the welfare of his family, and willing to work hard for it. What steps does he take to compass so worthy an end? Thinking, in a crude and narrow way, that money and happiness are convertible terms, he proceeds to absorb himself, body and soul, in the pursuit of money. Now, undoubtedly a growing family needs money, but it also needs much else that no money can buy; yet of all this he thinks not. He cannot give them his time, his thought, his judgment, his influence, for they are all drained away in his single pursuit. It is needless to say that a family's *best* welfare cannot be thus attained. The aim is good, but the method is wholly insufficient. He has missed the road, and cannot reach the goal.

Some there are who labor to establish a truth or to promote a needed reform, and who fancy that they can persuade men to accept and embrace it by arguments which they know to be false and spacious. Some want to put into an office of trust a man in every way qualified to fill it; yet they will stoop to mean and tricky ways to insure his appointment. Some have charitable impulses, and try to satisfy them by giving whatever they value the least. In these and many other ways men strive to compass worthy ends by unworthy means, and the attempt must always be futile. It is sometimes urged that the end justifies the means; but, in reality, no means that needs such justification ever truly reaches the end. If it seem to do so, it is but an illusion of our imperfect vision, which broader intelligence will discover. If, indeed, the good end in view appear to be fulfilled to the *letter*, if its *spirit* has been violated the

the temporary triumph is but a disguised defeat. Justice gained in unjust ways ceases to be justice. There must be an intrinsic likeness between that which we seek and the way in which we seek it, or we shall never find it. We may catch at its shadow, but the reality will elude us.

It comes, after all, to a question of character. Few persons are so debased as deliberately to form evil or low designs; on the contrary, most people wish to do good and to further good objects. It is in the process, in the attempts to carry out these plans, when obstacles arise, and mingled motives present themselves, that their mental and moral defects appear. Only as the character is true, and pure, and faithful, will the methods adopted be guileless and effective, and only by the best and truest methods can high aims and noble purposes be thoroughly fulfilled.—*Selected.*

THE CONDITION OF THE CHURCH IN 1500.

The angels had sung their song of joy to the shepherds, the mothers had wept for their slaughtered babes, and, amid the agony and suffering of Christ's ministry' we behold the firm establishment of Christianity. It rose up from a sea of error, as we sometimes behold an island rise in mid-ocean and the storms which sweep across it do but add to its size. Christianity was not established peaceably, but amid wild storms of human hate and passion she took her rise. Well was it that our Lord said, "And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" for as the early Christians watched in the gloomy prisons of Rome, or felt their lives ebb away on the bloody arena, or saw the souls of fellow-sufferers wafted to heaven by the smoke of the martyr's pyre, they indeed, needed some assurance that it was not all in vain. And so, in

spite of persecutions by fire and sword, the Church increased until in the fifteenth century we find it extended over the whole of western Europe. And now, let us examine somewhat the character of this Church.

The Papacy of Rome, taking its rise in the Roman bishop's lust for power, has become the recognized head of the Church. Learning is wholly in the hands of the clergy, who are by no means to be called wise. Education had fallen into disrepute even here, so that a bishop made it his boast that he knew neither Hebrew nor Greek. As in Old Rome we find the cause of her downfall in the corruption of ancient theology and the infamous practices resulting therefrom, so in Papal Rome we find the cause of her dissolution to be in the corruption of Christianity and in the consequent dissoluteness of her clergy. In priest and Pope vice held full sway, and were the monks more virtuous than the popes, 'twas but because they lacked the ability to commit the crimes which higher powers could invent and execute. Of these same monks it was said, "Satan would be ashamed to think of what a monk dares to undertake."

No more did the people look to God for salvation. No longer did they believe eternal life to be the gift of God to be received by faith alone. Instead they sought to obtain salvation by undergoing tortures, and above all by good works. "Earth was filled with pious works, sacrifice, observances and ceremonies, by which salvation was to be obtained." A monk and fellow-laborer of Luther's says: "The sufferings and merits of Christ were looked upon as an idle tale, or as the fictions of Homer. He was looked upon as a severe judge, who would condemn all those who were not interceded for by saints or by the papal indulgence. Instead of Christ as intercessor, we have the Virgin Mary and then the saints, whose

number was continually increasing. To procure favor from these intercessors, it was necessary to do, not what God commanded, but what had been invented by monks and priests. The people brought money and everything of value to the priests; and then resounded hymns, sacrifices were offered, the glasses went round, and masses terminated and concealed these pious orgies." All the people claimed that the Pope "sitting as God in the temple of God" could not err, and they would not allow contradiction. The craze for relics was at high tide. A piece from Noah's Ark, some soot from the fiery furnace, a piece from the cradle of Christ, and a feather from the wing of St. Michael, were some of the thousands of relics hawked around for the public gaze. "The kingdom of God had disappeared and in its place a market of abominations been opened on earth."

A spirit of profanity was rife in the church, and those seasons set apart for the calling together the faithful for meditation and prayer were disgraced by buffoonery and heathenish profanation. The pulpit was degraded to a circus ring, having for its clown a priest.

When religion is thus debased, what can we expect of the morals of an age? Even now, if the wide scattered vice of our land were collected into one spot, the mass of corruption might well shock us; but in the age of the Reformation there was a universality of corruption and wickedness in holy places that has not since been found. With the decline of faith, morality declined. Indulgences with their corrupting influence were scattered broadcast throughout the land. No longer did salvation depend on faith with works, but on the power of the purse to pay for the bridging of the gulf between a holy God and the still unrepentant sinner. Murder, arson, theft, robbery,

adultery, all had their fixed prices. What wonder was it that men committed crime, when a few paltry dollars would procure remission for them? The wonder would have been had they not.

The priests first yielded to this debasing influence. They who had sought to rob God of a part of his glory to hide in [their own bosoms, became abased in that they would be exalted, and found their supposed honor stolen from God, to be a haven of corruption stolen from the powers of evil. Intrigue and scandal filled the air. The people approved the mistress of the priest that the married women might be free from his seductions. (For a priest to have a harem filled with women occasioned no remark.) But the licentiousness and lust of the age reached its highest point in the Papal chair. Popes followed the vices and not the virtues of their predecessors, until the "Vicegerent of Christ on earth" was the leader in the infamous practices of the age. Robbery, murder, and even incest, are laid to the charge of Alexander VI, and when he died "the whole city ran together, and could not satiate their eyes with gazing on this dead viper." Well might Luther say, "The ecclesiastical order is opposed to God and to His glory. Every one feels a loathing on seeing or hearing a priest in the distance." Ignorance, vice and superstition had appeared, but it was not the first time. In the East, the ancient religion had succumbed to their sway, and could it be that Christianity should suffer a like fate? No; there was in it a power which was lacking to the other religions. In it had been infused a spirit which was to last until the heavens "should be rolled up as a scroll."

In considering this question, we are likely to fall into the error of thinking that all the churchmen were corrupt, but it was not so. In its ranks at all times could be found men who would die for their faith, men who

would stand up for their belief in the face of the combined forces of sin and hell. Corrupt and debased as the church was, to her we owe the preservation of all that learning which has come down from the remotest antiquity, and which is the basis of our present culture. To her we owe the preservation of the fundamental truths of Christianity.

In looking at the condition of the church in the 15th century, we stand aghast. But "the darkest hour is just before the dawning," and already at its close we can see the beginning of the dawn of a brighter day. A dawning which broke the power of the blood-stained, infamous church, and brought to light a regenerated, revived religion.

—*T. F. Cummings*, '84.

TRIP TO NIAGARA.

The occasion of our visit to Niagara Falls was the celebration of the opening of the State Reservation, July 15, 1885. After a fifty miles journey in an excursion train, in which the comfort of the passengers was utterly disregarded, we, my fellow-sufferer and I, reached the village of Niagara Falls, and mingled in the gathering multitude, composed of every class and calling from the dignitaries of State to the miserable book-agent.

It was evident, from their actions, that many of them had been waiting all their lives for a free exhibition of the Falls, and had availed themselves of this opportunity.

The town was beautifully decorated. Flags and streamers floated from every building, and the word "Welcome" and other similar legends occupied numerous and conspicuous positions in every street. About noon the clouds which had obscured the sky and dampened the ardor of the people during the forenoon, rolled away and the sun shone brightly upon the 25,000 people who had assembled in the park when the Governor and staff, with distinguished guests appeared upon the platform. The opening exercises consisted of addresses, music, firing of cannon, and military parade, and were considered very appropriate.

But as the main object of our trip, as is the theme of this article, was the cataract, we bent our steps in that direction. As we stood at the brink of American Fall, and, for the first time heard the mighty rush of water, and felt the ground tremble underneath our feet, it was no matter of surprise that lovers of nature have performed journeys of homage to that sovereign of cataracts, and that travelers from all civilized parts of the world have encountered the difficulties and fatigues of traveling to behold this monarch of all pouring floods. The feelings effected by this scene are beautifully expressed by the poet:

I stood within a vision's spell :
 I saw, I heard. The liquid thunder
 Went pouring to its foaming hell,
 And it fell,
 Ever, ever fell
 Into the invisible abyss that opened under.
 I stood upon a speck of ground :
 Before me fell a stormy ocean.
 I was like a captive bound ;
 And around
 A universe of sound
 Troubled the heavens with ever-quivering motion.
 And in that vision, as it passed,
 Was gathered terror, beauty, power ;
 And still, when all has fled, too fast,
 And I at last
 Dream of the dreamy past,
 My heart is full when lingering on that hour.

From this enchanted spot we crossed over to the Canadian side, where the best view is obtained especially of Horseshoe Fall, which, as a single object, is unquestionably the sublimest thing in nature. To know that the shape of the cataract resembles a horseshoe, that it falls so many feet with so many tons of water a minute; or even see it represented by the pencil, conveys no idea to the reader of the impression produced on the spectator. One of the most remarkable things about Niagara is entirely lost in a picture—its motion. The river below the falls, whose banks rise perpendicularly one hundred feet high, resembles a great, unfinished canal, into which the water of a vast lake had burst. The scene above the falls is different, the maddened waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble as they approach the verge, yet they seem to pause before plunging into the foaming

gulf below. And always does the mighty stream appear to die as it descends, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist, which is never laid.

We crossed over to the American side again on the new suspension bridge, an artistic piece of architecture 1280 feet long that, web-like, spans the river about one-half of a mile below the falls. This affords a good view of the cataract, and also of the river below as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaves and eddies, and awakes the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap. The owners of the bridge kindly gave the use of it for the occasion. Thence we proceeded to Goat's Island, a small woody island that divides the river into the American and Horseshoe Falls. There is nothing suggestive of the name as it would be impossible for a goat to get there itself, and would have a scanty subsistence if taken there. From this point there is a fine view of the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge.

Time would fail us to mention all the objects of interest or to describe the impressions. Suffice to say that Niagara was at once stamped upon our memory, an image of beauty, to remain there, changeless and indelible forever. The occasion was made sad by a lady who became dizzy while gazing at the rushing waters, fell into the stream and was carried over the American Falls.

In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks in which the Americans and Canadians vied with each other in the brilliancy of display.

Our return trip was made up of waiting at railroad stations, and the physical tortures of an excursion train, but as the account of these would be as unprofitable to our readers, as they were unpleasant for us to experience, I shall not rehearse them. Besides we are too much disposed to recount our own afflictions and misfortunes, and thus lose sight of the beauties and blessings of life.

H. D. G.

—"It is not always May," sings a poet.
 You are quite right; it is sometimes must.—
Taledo Blade.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY
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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

THE Base-ball Club has made arrangements with the Arion Quintette of Pittsburg for an entertainment on Friday evening Mar. 5th. The entertainment will consist of music, vocal and instrumental, and a number of recitations. It is no more than the truth to say that those who attend will enjoy the evening. The reputation of those who compose the Quintette justify the expectation. It is hoped that there will be a large audience on the evening stated, that the citizens and students will thus show their interest in the Club and their desire for its success. Last year was marked by many victories and scarcely one defeat. The record that has been made is by no means an unenviable one. Then why not sustain it? But to do this the necessary equipage must be had, and there is one way by which it is hoped to get it. A good base-ball nine seems now to be an almost indispensable appendage to every college. Princeton has hers; so have

Harvard and Yale, and many other great institutions. Why not Westminster? Obviously she should have one and should support it well. Let us, then, do what we can in this particular case. There will also be, after the entertainment, an oyster supper in the college building, to which all are cordially invited. Both entertainment and supper are under the auspices of the B. B. Association, and both should be patronized by students, faculty, citizens and community. The small sum of fifty cents will give to every one the benefit of both—twenty-five cents each. Let every one attend. A little thus given will do the giver good.

A SERIES of special prayer-meetings has been held during the past week in which earnest supplications have been made for God's blessing upon us as a college and for a revival of religious interest here in our midst. There seems to be a sincere desire for a spiritual awakening, and the fact that others are praying for us, even while we pray for ourselves, only intensifies that desire. For the last few months, in many places, Westminster has been made the special subject of prayer. In New York, at Union Seminary, at the seminaries in Allegheny, at Xenia and even from distant Japan word has been received that such an interest is manifested, and this College is remembered at the Throne of Grace. Surely these things should impress us and stir us all up to careful examination and fuller consecration. Yes, we should examine ourselves, for we well know that if we ask for blessings while in our hearts we still regard evil, the Lord will not hear and we will not be revived. We must cease to do evil and learn to do well. We believe that those who are professing Christians yearn with all their hearts to see those who are not brought into the church. But how

many professing Christians have paused to think of the life they lead here, both in and out of the class-room, and how many acts of theirs may have been or still may be hindrances to their fellows? What have I done as a Christian to give my brother who is not a Christian an opportunity to say that his condition is as good as mine? Have I lead him farther from or nearer to the throne of God? Be assured that we have done either the one or the other. If we have been too careless and indifferent, or wilfully wayward, or if we have willingly done what we knew to be wrong, our course must be changed; resolves with the help of God to do so no more must be made before we can consistently claim the blessing God is waiting to bestow. We think too lightly of the influence of the Christian in college either for good or for evil. The Christian himself too lightly estimates his power, and too often pursues a questionable course of conduct. We know that our spiritual condition is not what it should be. But why is it not? What have we done, what are we doing to keep back the blessing? Let us think on these things, and act as becomes those who are the children of God. Then our prayers will be answered and the blessing will come. We trust that what is here said will not be misunderstood. We apply nothing to others that we would not apply to ourselves.

IT seems now that Baltimore can be styled the "Athens of America" almost as appropriately as Boston. Its growth in the last twenty-five years as a literary centre has been very marked, and it promises to become even more influential in the field of letters. No city in the United States is more fortunate in having wealthy, public-spirited citizens. Some years ago Mr. Peabody gave the city a magnificent library for specialists and scholars, which with the

large marble building and conservatory of music cost \$1,500,000. This work of private munificence gave to Johns Hopkins the suggestion and example, and he founded one of the "most inspiring institutions for developing high scholarship in every branch" to be found in any country. It is now scarcely necessary for any student to go to Europe to pursue his studies under suitable instruction. These good examples seem not to be forgotten, for the Monumental City has just received the third magnificent gift. The Enoch Pratt library, free, like that of Boston, to all its citizens, was thrown open a few weeks ago. This Mr. Pratt gives to the city at a cost to himself of \$1,145,833.33.

An act of so great liberality, not left after the donor's death to be so appropriated, deserves more than a passing notice. The great majority of men of large means delight chiefly in the contemplation of them, and live with a view of adding to their store. The number is small, indeed, of those who write out a check of more than a million dollars to serve a purely benevolent purpose. The example here is especially interesting. The line of benefactors will not end here. As in the past, so in the future, one magnificent benefaction will suggest another. We may expect the taste and ambition for better things which these gifts have given the children and youth of the city to result in similar benefits in the future. How much more commendable is this way of using money for the public good than the propensity to hoard it up for personal gratification which is so characteristic to the majority of millionaires.

DR. J. JAY VILLERS had a good house on January 29—a larger audience, perhaps, than has greeted any other lectur-

a young man are temperance workers, that fact must have weight with him,

But there must be discretion in all temperance work. It is urged that, because of her personal attractions and her influence with young men, every young lady should be engaged in temperance work. This may be true, but this influence should be exercised judiciously. That it may be dangerous must be evident to every one. It should be remembered that personal influence is valuable only so far as it leads to the establishment of right principles. If a young man is persuaded to forsake his intemperate habits only by personal attractions, there is danger of his returning to his former ways as soon as that influence is withdrawn. The aim should be to influence others to act from principle, to do what is right because it is right. Personal influence so exerted is always safely exerted.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Oberlin Review* for January opens with a prize essay called "Songs in the Night." It calls attention to the fact that so many great poems have been produced in the midst of sorrow and gloom. "Dante's wonderful song comes to us from a long, dreary night of sorrow, disappointment, poverty and exile. * * * His genius, his vivid imagination, his perfect style and diction could never have produced the 'Divine Comedy' had not the sunlight of prosperity and happiness been shut out from his life by the thick, black clouds of sorrow and injustice. * * * The shadows fell athwart our own fair land. Thicker they grew and blacker, until they deepened to a night whose darkness might be felt, from whose impenetrable gloom were heard

"The groan of breaking hearts—
The falling lash, the fetter's clank."

Then full and clear from

"Slavery's night of moral death."

rose Whittier's songs of freedom. With what fiery eloquence, what scorn, what pathos, he gives expression to the misery of the 'dumb

millions.' And when the clouds are rifted, with what glad, triumphant notes he sings:

'O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb
Waiting for God, your honor, at last, has come,
And freedom's song
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong.'

Bryant takes up the strain, and thrills us with the death song of the 'Great Wrong' whose 'lash dropped blood,' who

'Sowed the earth with crimes, and far and wide,
A harvest of uncounted miseries grew.'

These are only a few among the hundreds of earth's sweet singers. But could we read the hidden life of all, we should find that they whose songs most charm us, and wake our purest loftiest aspirations, are the ones who 'learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

And when the shades of earth give place to the full glory of the heavenly dawn, the grandest, most triumphant song will be the mighty chorus, like the 'voice of many waters,' in which they only can participate, who have passed through this night of suffering and of sin."

* * *

THE *Colby Echo* still maintains its high literary character. The December and January numbers contain articles well worth reading, viz: "Illegitimate Wit," "John Lawler," and "Mirva." The *Echo* is to be congratulated on the way its literary department is conducted.

* * *

THE *Simpsonian* discusses John C. Calhoun. It gives a very fair account of the "Great Nullifier's" work. All the departments of the paper are well filled.

* * *

THE *Washburn Argo* has donned a new dress. It is a decided improvement on the old one.

—The following question in debate was lately discussed by the ladies of Oberlin: "Resolved, That the extreme discipline of the intellect chills and destroys the affections." We should like to have heard the result of the debate.—*Illini*.

—The college which has the most graduates in Congress is the University of Virginia. Harvard stands second and Yale third.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Mud.
 —Tooth-picks.
 —Favorite game—Dice.
 —Holiday, Monday, February 22d.
 —Valentine Day, last Sabbath.
 —Dog poisoning the order of the day.
 —Senior orations began Monday evening.
 —The Juniors are troubled with "coon-hunters."
 —The Sophs commenced Calculus on Monday the 15th.

—The walks in the north end of town are not good. So says Gordon.

—R. T. Campbell, very pleasantly entertained a few of his gentlemen friends not long since.

—"Yes, that story's a good deal like the old woman's soap. It has a good deal of "lye" in it.

—The fifth lecture of the course was given by Rev. A. A. Williams. Subject, "A Model Wife."

—The orators for Monday evening were: Kistler, Alexander, Byers, Campbell and Hay; essayist, Miss McElree.

—The Freshmen class received 65 demerits on Friday, January 29th, and it wasn't much of a day for demerits either.

—Mrs. R. O. Graham gave a "bachelor" tea party a few evenings ago. The "bachelors" report a very pleasant evening.

—Lost—A pair of rubbers. Any one finding them will be rewarded by leaving them with the undersigned.
 H. D. G.

—A number of students attended the entertainment given by the Fisk Jubilee Singers at Mercer last Wednesday evening. They say it was splendid.

—Mr. C. H. Robinson, '83, has been preaching for two Sabbaths past in the North church, Philadelphia, with much acceptance to the congregation.

—One of the Juniors was the recipient of a very fine fan lately. It is almost large enough

for a Senior. It measures about three feet across, when open.

—The Van Orsdel club welcome Kilpatrick back to his accustomed place. He started back on February 2d, "ground-hog day," but didn't arrive until the 3d.

—The Sophs. have just finished "Paradise Lost" and have begun the Literature of the Restoration, in Miss Patterson's room. The Seniors have been reading Pittsburg and New York German papers, and will begin William Tell in a few days. Both classes are doing good work.

—A series of prayer meetings were held last week, beginning Wednesday evening, in behalf of the students and faculty of Westminster College—the outgrowth of the prayers offered up by the friends of the institution. The meetings were well attended and a lively interest manifested by all.

—One of the professors compares a student, who refers to his book during recitation, to a chicken-thief, but says, of course, there is some difference. He might have spoken of them in the same way that Horace Greely did when speaking of the Democrats. "I won't say that all Democrats are horse-thieves, but I will say that all horse-thieves are Democrats."

—English examinations next Friday in arithmetic and geography. Limit in arithmetic, Common and Decimal Fractions, proportion, Percentage and all its applications, Square and Cube Root, excepting Circulating Decimals and Annuities. In geography chief products of the various countries of the world; general description of Europe, Africa and Oceania.

—The Van Orsdel Club got weighed a few days ago. The weights are as follows;

McNall, Elmer.....	191 pounds.
McCalmont.....	174 "
McNall, J. M.....	171 "
Kilpatrick.....	170 "
Berry.....	166 "
Morrison.....	158 "
Ferguson.....	131 "
McNall, Wilber.....	129 "

Total..... 1,290 pounds.

Average weight 161½ pounds. What club in town will average more, in weight not grades?

—There was a S. S. treat and sociable at the

2nd U. P. church last Thursday evening, which was enjoyed by all present, especially by the younger members. A number of Bibles and Testaments were presented to those having committed the greatest number of verses from the bible during the last year. A number of pieces suitable to the occasion were given by members of the school. Rev. Kennedy read a brief report of the secretary for the past year which is as follows:

Total number enrolled, 233.

Average attendance, 136.

Largest number present was on September, 6th, 199.

Smallest number June 28th, 62.

Total contribution, \$144.56.

Average contribution, \$3.51½.

Largest contribution, \$5.51.

Smallest contribution, \$1.40.

Contribution for new church, \$88.38.

—A colored student in one of the U. P. Mission Schools wrote the following on his slate and very bashfully presented it to his teacher;

"Please mam excuse me out of this Hist. Ex. Please mam now Miss — I ask you because I know I can't stand it. You might take pity on me and excuse me out of one of my classes this examination because I havent been in very long you know and I dont like to get 25 and 30 and 15 to 10 in grade 100 is my man every time I likes that man and I always likes to get him and I think this will be the last examination I will ask to be excuse from. Now you know I will look on my card and I will see 2 in spelling, 5 in reading 10 in language 7 in arithmetic, one in History. Oh what poor grades there will be. Why I want to be excuse just this once So take pity on me this, this, once, and excuse me. "SAMMIE D. OLIVER."

PERSONALS.

—Miss Hart is in town visiting Miss Shafer.

—J. G. Berry, '87, went home last Thursday.

—J. W. Hutchison '87, was called home last week.

—Rev. S. M. Baily is now at Yellow Springs, Ohio.

—Rev. R. B. Taggart, preached at Greenfield, last Sabbath.

—Prof. J. B. McClelland, '78, was unanimously elected to read a paper at the next meeting

of the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance to be held at Oberlin, Ohio.

—Miss Stella McMillan has been out of college for a few days.

—Rev. J. A. Speer, of Canonsburg, in College Friday morning.

—Dr. J. M. Fulton, '72, is able to take charge of his work again.

—J. A. Henderson and daughter are visiting friends in Washington county.

—Dr. Ferguson lectured at West Middlesex, Friday evening, Feb. 5th, 1886.

—Dr. Ferguson preached to Y. M. C. A., on Tuesday evening, February 2nd.

—The Rev. J. L. Robertson, '64, preached in the chapel on Thursday evening.

—Sun La, a chinaman is in town making an effort to start the laundry business.

—Miss Anna Shafer, of the Senior class, is still out of college on account of sickness.

—R. J. Love, '85, will read a paper at the next missionary meeting in the Allegheny Seminary.

—Misses. Campbell and McLaughry, attended the Jubilee Concert in Mercer, last Wednesday night.

—Rev. Mr. Boyd, '75, of New Bedford, was in town this week attending the funeral of his mother.

—Prof. Austin, of New Wilmington, contemplates a trip to Europe in the spring.—*New Castle Democrat*

—Rev. J. D. Rankin, '82, will gladly give information concerning Denver, to any one thinking of going West.

—The Rev. R. M. Russel '80, will preach the annual missionary sermon to the students of Allegheny Seminary.

—J. Alex Van Orsdel, '85, expects to teach during the spring in the academy at New Sheffield, Beaver county, Pa.

—Prof. A. M. Crowe, '83, preached from 2. Cor. IX, 15, at the last meeting of Butler Presbytery. The discourse was heartily sustained.

HUMOROUS.

—Ordinary women's rights argument:

All men are equal;
All women are equal;

Things equal to the same things are equal to each other.
Therefore women are equal to men.

—*Epoch.*

—Smith and Brown, running opposite ways round a corner, struck each other. "That's a sign its hollow," said Brown. "But didn't yours ring?" "No," "That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.

—One of the brightest lads in a school not far away was asked by the teacher, "Why are animals larger in a tropical than in a frigid zone?" The quick reply was, "because heat expands and cold contracts!"—*Illini*

—They were driving in the moonlight,
While the moon was new,
In a little village wagon,
Just for two.

But, alas, the horse was restive,
So, in fear of harm
Neither of his hands were idle,
Neither arm.

Was it that the back was awkward,
That she, by his side,
Softly touched his left arm near her,—
Softly sighed:

Then, with bashful glance, but roguish,
Knowing he'd connive,
Whispered low 'mid her blushes,
"I can drive."

—*Courant*

—"Well, Mr. Talmage is certainly wrong for once," said Mrs. Snaggs, looking up from reading that gentleman's last Sunday sermon.

"How so, my dear?" asked her husband.

"Why he says there are no perfect men."

"And you think you found one when you married me, I suppose," beamed Mr. Snaggs.

"Indeed I don't," was the quick reply. "But I know there was a perfect man once, and his name was Mark."

"Mark," repeated Mr. Snaggs in astonishment.

"Yes, Mark, for the Bible distinctly speaks of 'Mark, the perfect man.'"

—"Father," said a young son of Deacon

Squibbs, "what is the difference between a man that dies wool on lambs and an editor?" "Well, now, really, my son," beaming benignly on his offspring, "I am not prepared to state. What is the difference?" "Why, pa, one is a lamb dyer and the other is a—." "What? What? my son?" "An editor," continued the youth, rolling his tongue around in his cheek.—*Beacon.*

—A number of college professors, social economists, and others, recently met in New York and formed an organization to be known as the American Economic Association. The object is "to promote among thinking men a more careful study, and a better understanding of the economic problems, and especially those in which labor is involved." Among the officers are, Pres. Francis A. Walker of Institute Technology, Pres. Adams of Cornell, Prof. James of University of Pennsylvania, and Prof. Ely of Johns Hopkins.

—The grinding of the crown glass disk of the immense lens of the Lick Observatory, California, is well under way at Cambridge, Mass., yet a whole year's work remains to be done before it can be finished. The telescope is to be fifty feet long and has already been seven years in construction.—*Monmouth Colledian.*

—A college is to be built in Russia, for the purpose of teaching all the languages of the different nations under the Russian rule, together with all the modern languages.

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THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MARCH 1, 1886.

NO. 12.

BEYOND THE STREAM.

Beyond the stream there looms a hill,
Upon the hill there stands a pine,
Upon the pine there hangs a cone,
Within the cone there lies a seed,
Within the seed there lies a germ;
But sun, nor dew, nor warmth, nor chill,
Will ever cause the germ to thrill.

Beyond the stream there lies a plain,
Upon the plain there rests a cot,
Within the cot there stands a crib,
Beside the crib a mother cries,
Within it still a dead child lies,
But mother's tears and prayers are vain
To call the child's soul back again.

Alone beneath the night I pace;
Outlined upon the setting moon
The gaunt pine sprays its pallid gleam;
The cottage sends one golden beam,
A fiery spark 'twill vanish soon,
As others live and leave no trace.

Oh, mystery of life! what'er
Thou art none knoweth, nor shall know
Until the tide of Time shall roll
Between the body and the soul—
Until each soul shall homeward go
To that great Soul of whom we dream,
And life with Life Eternal share,
Beyond the stream, beyond the stream.

ETCHINGS IN TEHRAN.

It is five A. M. of a June day. With good-bye to the folks in the door, we mount our horses for the ride down from the mountain village to the city. The cheering night breeze is still coming softly from the cool recesses of the mountains, while their quiet summits covered with snow have just caught the first rays of the sun. Behind us the mountains are piled in huge, fantastic heaps of brown earth and jagged rocks 12,900 feet high; to the west, the giant forms disappear in the haze of the

distance; some miles to the east the ridge begins to sweep in a great arc to the south and the west. Then a distant southern range, reaching into the far, indistinct west almost completes the circle of silent sentinels that guard the great plain. The plain is simply a gravel desert; but just now it is spotted with the green trees of the villages and patches of yellowing grain, and the barren expanse is softened and tinted by a rare mist. On the nearer edge of the desert, about eight miles away, is the flat city of Tehran, the capital of the Kadjar dynasty.

On both sides of the rough road we are following are great flocks of goats and flat-tailed sheep picking little weeds from the rocks, and tended by patient shepherds with bag and crook and dog. In a piece of meadow land to the east of the road the harvesters are at work. No dew falls, and they begin work early. Every spear of grain or grass is grown by irrigation, cut with a hand sickle, and carried to the stable or market on an animal's back. The farmer works for fifteen cents per day, makes his own clothes, never sees a picnic or a fair, and never rides a horse except on his wedding day.

At intervals on the road we meet long companies of mules, donkeys, or camels, usually fastened together by halter chains, loaded with hay or merchandise. By their side trudge the patient, desert-tanned drivers. This is the caravan of the East, as a native says, "Persia's railroad."

Soon we are so far down that we can see Mt. Demavend, forty miles to the east. The noble cone covered with snow stands clear

as a marble pyramid against the morning sky.

"That beauty
Terrestrial, but a surface by the flight
Of sad mortality's earth-sullyng wing
Unswapt, unstained."

The sun is not yet high, but the blaze is fierce, and the dust raised by the feet of the animals and people makes the air stifling. After entering the king's highway, lined with trees to within a few rods of the city gate, the dust is not less but the shades is delightful. This road is open to travellers on foot, horsemen and carriages, but the king has stationed soldiers to keep it cleared of sheep, goats, donkeys, etc. See Isa. xxxv, 8.

At intervals there are tea houses, and stretched on the verandas, benches and ground are numbers of men asleep; for this is the "blessed" month of Remazan, during which the Koran commands fasting from sunrise until sunset. For the rich this is no great denial, but it is very hard for laborers to abstain from eating, drinking and smoking all day long. The fast is, at least outwardly, very generally observed as a means of earning merit for heaven. In the evening it is amusing to watch the hungry men in the tea houses with lighted pipes and steaming tea and sometimes food in their hands, waiting the cannon shot that announces sunset and supper.

After passing the ruined palace "Kasr Kadjar," and the new summer place "Abode of Happiness," we in a few minutes emerge from the trees and approach the city wall. This is built of earth, fifteen to twenty feet high, ten to twenty feet wide on top, is twelve miles in circumference, and is surmounted by earth-works on both sides of every gate. Outside of the wall runs a moat fifteen feet deep, and twenty to fifty feet wide. At every gate this is crossed by arched brick bridges. We enter the Shimi-

ran gateway, fifty feet high with ground niches on either side, and tall minaret-like pillars. It is built of stone and white brick with colored tiles set in beautiful geometric figures. Over the entrance is a tiled mosaic representing a fight of Rustum, the Persian Hercules. The gate is of heavy timber, plated with iron and painted blue. The wall is built with a view to the growth of population, and for nearly the entire circuit of the city there is a large, open space between it and the buildings. The population is increasing, and is now estimated at from 150,000 to 180,000, some Persians say 300,000.

Passing the quarters of the soldiers guarding the gate, we cross the open space and enter Lalazar street. Dead walls of plastered clay and brick shut off the view of courts and houses. Water is running down both gutters to keep green the trees on either side of the street. Further down are the little shops (6x8 ft.) of grocers, barbers, upholsterers, etc. On the opposite side stretches a royal park. Deer are gambolling under the trees and idlers recline in the grateful shade. Streams of water are creeping through the grass and flower-beds. The cool air is delicious with the scent of buds and leaves. It is no wonder that the Persians in their dry and thirsty land value water, and that a place like this is a theme dear to their poets.

Across the street from the park is the American mission chapel, and at 7 A. M. the people are going in to worship. Sit down and see them take their seats. Those in European clothing, except that the skirts of their coats are gathered at the waist, who take off their hats on entering, are Armenians. Among this race of nominal Christians most of the mission work is done. Those wearing long robes, low shoes and wide trousers, and with dyed finger-nails, are Mussulmans. They keep their hats on

their heads. The rimless hat of black indicates that the wearer is an ordinary gentleman. They who have the tasteful white roll coiled about the head are mullas, *i. e.* teachers of religion. Those with green rolls are Seids, *i. e.* descendants of Mohammed, and accordingly have a proud air. The further half of the church is occupied by missionaries, children of the mission schools, and Armenian women. You observe that nearly all the people are polite, and most of them, attentive listeners to the preaching. But in all the service you understand nothing but the tunes to which the hymns are sung; and if you are a bit homesick the familiar music will carry your thoughts to heaven by way of old Neshanock.

At the lower end of the shady street is the cannon square,—a large paved space surrounded by the quarters of the soldiers. In the centre is a great water reservoir with the basin rising above the ground and guarded by four immense brass cannon. Six great gates open on streets leading to the various quarters of the city. Looking through the high and handsome gate at the south-west corner, there is seen at the further end of the shady, shop-lined street, the "Diamond Door" of the royal palace. This is in many ways a beautiful specimen of Persian architecture, exhibiting groined plaster arches, plaster pillars covered with glass, carved wood, and colored windows. High up on a polished surface is an inscription of "The Kadjar King," and on top waves the national flag of the lion and the sun. At this season strangers are not permitted to view the interior of the palace, for the Shah is at home. For a description and illustrations of the treasures and magnificence of the house of Nasre Din, see the *Century* for Jan. 1886.

We go down a narrow street to the west between the military school and the offices of

state, and pass the gardens of the royal *andarun*. Colored canvas stretched along the fence conceals from view the women gossiping and smoking under the trees, too fair (?) for the eyes of any man save the king.

Now we have reached the bazaars or markets. These consist of narrow-roofed passages lined with little shops and stores; while here and there is an open square or caravansary for the loading and unloading of caravans carrying goods. The diminutive stores have one full side open to the street and the customer stands outside and "dickers" for a reduction of the exorbitant prices asked. The merchants sit with crossed legs in the midst of their goods, smoking the water-pipe, or auditing their ledgers. The narrow ways are crowded close with animals and people. Voices cry "Be informed," *i. e.* that I am coming, get out of the way. This June morning a thick cloud of dust and vapor rises to find egress through the small apertures in the arched roofs. Through these openings the sunlight falls in heavy bars across the varied costumes and features of sweating artisans, dignified merchants, toiling burden bearers, women veiled so that not a finger is visible and here and there a howling dervish, a mounted Arab with a long spear, or a proud Pharisee with attendants clearing the way for him.

Here is a restaurant with the kitchen in full view—great caldrons of boiling chickens, stewing rice, mutton roasting to delicate *kabobs*—adding its flavor and steam to the general sultriness. Tea houses with steaming tea-urn, nimble waiters and men reclining and smoking or drinking tea or sherbet glass by glass are everywhere. Not a saloon is anywhere to be seen. Mohammed did one good thing for the world in forbidding wine-drinking. The upper

ten in Persia do drink wine sometimes to excess, but the lower millions do not, and no Mussulman dare open a wine shop. They number perhaps ninety-six per cent of the population of the capital, yet in a year's residence I saw but one drunken Mussulman. Prohibition *can* be enforced.

But it is growing late and we must hurry to the house for lunch. As we enter our gate the sleepy soldiers on guard rise to salute us. The house of one story is built against three walls of a small court; a brick pavement runs around the court and to it open the doors of all the rooms. In the centre are trees and bushes shading a small water tank, while the sweet flowers and the feathery scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate trees brighten the foliage. This is a bright spot in the recollection of our little Persian home.

Dinner is brought in from a restaurant,—mutton boiled on sticks over a charcoal fire, bread in long sheets like leather, and choice rice pilan. The meal ends with apricots, figs, grapes and iced sherbets.

During the fierce mid-day heat most of the Persians sleep, and we foreigners attend to work that can be done without going out in the sun. The work of the day done, we start home near sunset. A rosy light touches the house-tops. But the avenues leading north and south are in shadow, and the dust is laid by the water thrown by the *sakkas*. The sleepers have wakened. Story tellers and reciters of poetry are entertaining crowds at the tea houses and street corners. And with slow and dignified steps the Persian gentlemen stroll through the pleasant avenues engaged in genial converse. Their long robes and great turbans give them an air of stateliness as they move along undisturbed by horses or carriages, or hideous, filthy dervishes who ask alms on the merit of their sanctified rags.

Galloping up the road to the summer

place through the suffocating cloud of dust, raised by the carriages we are met by the, cool and refreshing—oh, how refreshing!—breeze from the mountains just as the sun sinks behind their mighty bulk. The view of the stupendous white mountains so grand and still fills the tired spirit with rest. Just as night is falling we reach home, and soon the splendor of the Oriental sky and the clear notes of the nightingale are forgotten in wife's supper and the cooing of baby.—*Thos. J. Porter.*

COL. J. P. SANFORD VINDICATED.

In your issue of December 1st, there is an item taken from the *Dispatch* which does great injustice to Col. Sanford, the great traveler and lecturer, and which I wish to correct so far as the readers of the *HOLCAD* are concerned. In the item referred to is a story told by Col. Sanford—an incident which happened to him while lecturing in Eastern Pennsylvania, or rather a trick which Burdette played upon him—which sets the Colonel in the light of a drunkard, and which reflects upon the sincerity of his remarks before the students of Westminster College in chapel the morning after the lecture. It is singular how often a shadow is cast upon an innocent person by a slight misstatement in newspaper reports. The story as given by the *Dispatch* and copied by the *HOLCAD* is in the main true—that Burdette and Superintendent Bauer came to Col. Sanford's room; that Burdette twitted the Colonel about not treating his friends; that the Col. thinking Burdette's companion to be a Presbyterian did not wish him to give him the false impression that he was a drinker; that Burdette went and opened the Colonel's satchel, but instead of a "quart flask of gin," as the *Dispatch* has it, it was a "half pint of brandy," which he found there, and which a friend had given to Col. Sanford before he started on his lecturing tour four weeks before, and which he had carried with him for use in case of sickness, and which had never been opened till Burdette and Bauer assailed the Colonel's satchel, and drank the contents of the "half

pint." I make this correction without the knowledge of Col. Sanford, and only with a view to vindicate the good name of one of the grandest lecturers on the American platform against the charge of insincerity on the subject of temperance, and that the students of Westminster and other colleges who read the *HOLCAD* may not, on that account fail to engage a lecturer whose whole influence is against insincerity as well as intemperance. J. A. L.

Xenia, O.

[We give space to the above because we are unwilling to do any man an injustice. The light in which the Colonel represents himself in the interview in the *Dispatch*, if it be correctly reported, is strangely out of harmony with his public professions in his lectures, and especially in his remarks in chapel to the students here. It seemed to us to warrant our conclusion as to his sincerity. We trust that this "vindication" will set matters right. We think, however, that it would be more prudent in the Colonel not to be so susceptible to the kindness of his friends. He should not carry "a half pint of brandy" with him as a temptation to others, for Burdette seems to have known that it was the Colonel's custom to keep a little on hand. Nor should the fear of sudden sickness necessitate the keeping of this invigorator so near by. This seems like undue precaution. To all appearances the Colonel's physical condition is good.—Ed.]

HUMOROUS.

—The man who went to the country last summer for "rest and change" says the waiters got most of the change, and the landlord the rest.—*Ex.*

—Junior (confused)—"I have an idea, but I can't express it." Professor—"Well, if you cannot express it send it by freight; there's no hurry for it."—*Ex.*

—The Young Ladies' Anti-Slang League has been in organization for three years. Last term it was disbanded. The cause

has lately leaked out. A dispute arose as to whether "kid" was slang or not. The discussion grew heated. The president and secretary resigned in a rage, and the organization went to pieces. The point remains undecided.—*Courier.*

—Junior (to Professor in Mathematics): "Professor, did Anthon edit a series of text books in Mathematics?"

Prof—"I don't think he did. But why do you ask?"

Junior—"Why, I should like to have an Anthon's General Geometry."—*Bethany Collegian.*

—Culpit—"Yes, sah, I tuck de chicken. I wa goineter make some chicken pie, and I tuck de cook book and read de direcshuns, and hit says, '*Take* one chicken.' Hit don't say buy one chicken, or borry one chicken, but hit says *take* one chicken. Hit don't say whose chicken ter take, so I jess tuck de fust one I could lay my han's on. I followed de direcshuns, sah, in de book.—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Poor George," said a fond mother referring to her son, who is home on a vacation from college, "Poor George, I am afraid he is studying too hard. Last night he was reading in his room until after one o'clock."

"What was he reading," inquired the old man.

"English literature, he said. Hoyle, I think, was the name I saw on the cover."—*New York Sun.*

—A tom-cat sits upon a shed,
And warbles sweetly to his mate;
'Oh, when the world has gone to bed,
I love to sit and *mew till late.*'

But while the tom-cat sits and sings,
Up springs a student, mad with hate;
He shoots that cat to fiddle strings—
He also loves to *mew till late.*

—*Bethany Collegian.*

THE HOLCAD.

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THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

THE country is becoming flooded with business Colleges. Their circulars and advertisements are thrown in the way of almost every one who is or ought to be looking for a desirable position in some business or profession. There is no doubt that they are a good thing in their place, but those who decide to depend upon them for their education should first carefully consider what is their province. One of the principal inducements which they hold out is the brevity of their course compared with that of the classical schools. A course of seven years in a classical college looks long and tedious when compared with one of seven months or a year in a business college, which promises to be just as good, and insures a good position at the close. They claim to have found the "royal road to success." They sift the legislatures of the states and the nations for examples of men who have reached high positions and commanded the confidence of the people with-

out the polish of a classical school. They find a considerable number of this class, and argue from this that our colleges are failures. But are their claims well-founded? It does not require wide experience or extended observation for any one to learn that education is the result of labor, and from its very nature cannot be attained without labor. If we were to examine more closely the lives of those men who stand high in the estimation of the people without the advantages of a college education, we would find that in all cases they have spent as much time and labor in preparing for their position as those who have taken it in the more systematic way of a classical course. The business college, like any other technical school, can assist its students in learning to apply what power they have in a certain direction, but from the length of the course and the kind of work done, their education must be narrow and incomplete, and we can look for nothing but comparatively narrow-minded men among the graduates of these institutions. The best and most influential men in the country are by no means those who occupy the highest offices, or American politics would be of a different character. Our best men are at the bar, behind the sacred desk or among the private citizens. These are the men whose influence is felt, and very few among them enter upon their profession without a classical education.

THE special prayer-meetings in the chapel continue to be held every afternoon at half-past four o'clock. Though the interest is not as great as it should be, it is hoped that good is being done—yes, we know that earnest, persistent prayers offered in faith cannot but bring a blessing in some form. The fact that these meetings have been held during the past two weeks, with-

out producing any visible change in our spiritual condition, should not discourage, nor should it be a reason for discontinuing them. If the hearts of the Christians are first made right, and the blessing is then sought in true Christian sincerity, why will it not come? Perhaps the Christians themselves are not yet prepared to receive the blessing. It is hoped that the meetings hereafter will be better attended. The hour is a convenient one, and there is really no good reason why the chapel should not be well filled every afternoon. Let all show an interest, at least by regular attendance.

DR. WILLITT'S lecture was well received. Instead of "The Model Wife" it was "Sunshine," and perhaps the change was a wise one. There are more members of the family concerned in making home happy than the wife or the mother. If there is sunshine in the household brought there by the father and the brothers and sisters, it will be very difficult for the wife or the mother to be any other than a model one. Under other circumstances, she should scarcely be expected always to wear a snile.

The lecture was interesting and funny, full of sound advice, and earnestly given with a desire to benefit those who heard. If men would do as the doctor urges they should do, look more on the bright side of things and less on the dark, thank God more for his goodness and complain less because of little misfortunes, resolve to consider every experience as the one best for them, all would be happier and the world would be brighter. And all can if they only will to do it. The Doctor evidently knows what it is to feel the influences of this sunshine himself, else he could not diffuse so much of it wherever he goes.

His lecture and his chapel talk both did us good. He left us better than when he came. Dr. Willetts is a pleasant and forcible speaker. His language is very chaste and well chosen, his voice clear, and his whole manner singularly attractive.

MR. E. D. LUDWIG, of Erie, was in town for some days a short time ago, representing the New Castle Mutual Life Insurance Company. This company has been organized within the last two years and it has many features which recommend it to those who desire to take a Life Insurance policy. It is perfectly reliable. The name of Capt. M. S. Marquis, New Castle, the president, and the names of the other gentlemen who are associated with him in the management of the company's affairs, give ample assurance of this. The principles upon which it is organized and the methods by which it conducts its business are approved by the best and most successful companies, and receive the indorsement of the most experienced business men. And besides this, what is more important to those who wish to take policies, it is cheaper than other companies. It costs almost double to get a policy in any other safe company. These considerations are worthy of notice. The names of the prominent business and professional men who have already taken policies in the New Castle Company are an additional recommendation.

WE would remind our readers again of the entertainment on Friday evening next by the Arion Quartette. It is given under the auspices of the Base-ball Association, and for this reason, if for no other, deserves the patronage of the students and citizens. But the entertainment itself will

be fine—finer than any we have had an opportunity to attend for some time, or may have soon again, since the engagement of the Lecture Committee with the Meigs-Underhill Combination has been postponed, perhaps indefinitely. Mr. Harry Brockett, the well-known soloist, forms one of the Quartette. Mr. Warren Lytle, whose success as an elocutionist is too well known to need comment, will accompany the quartette, and give a number of readings and recitations. This is about the first opportunity the boys have given the public to show their interest in them. We trust that the chapel will be well filled, and also that the supper after the entertainment in the rooms on the first floor of the college building, will not be forgotten.

Since writing the above we learn that the Meigs-Underhill Combination will be here on Friday, March 12th. 10

WOOSTER UNIVERSITY mourns the loss of one of its ablest and best loved professors, Miss Anna B. Irish, Professor of German, died on Feb. 12, after an illness of more than a week. Though she had been no longer than five years in connection with the University, she had so endeared herself to both students and faculty that her death makes a breach that will be hard, indeed, to fill. She seems to have been a lady of the most scholarly attainments, and of the most beautiful Christian character. Her whole life was spent in earnest endeavor to do good. It was a busy life, and one whose grand results show what a woman can do. It affords another illustration of the fact that the field of woman's duty and privilege is widening, and that in the line of educational work in particular, there are few, if any, positions that she cannot worthily fill.

Miss Irish was the daughter of Colonel

Irish, some years ago Consul at Dresden. Her father's position gave her opportunity for study and travel. These she improved most assiduously so that at a very early age she had become thoroughly acquainted with both French and German, and much of their literatures.

Returning to this country, she spent some time in Washington where, in connection with the public station of her father, she found ample opportunities for using the knowledge she had acquired abroad. Here she won the esteem and confidence of many well-known public men. She was for some time Librarian of the Department of the Interior, was private secretary of Secretary Schurz, and a friend of President Garfield. During her residence in Washington she also found time to complete her studies in Anglo-Saxon in the John Hopkins University. Her connection with Wooster University began in the spring of 1881. We cannot refrain from quoting a few passages from Dr. Scovel's memorial address:

"Her intellectual life was characterized as much by a certain poise and sureness as it was by quickness and versatility. She was thorough, and could ill conceive of any intellectual creature not at least desiring to be thorough. She had written something for the press before coming, but relinquished that avenue for her work here, except to meditate upon and plan a work in her own department in the nature of a Lexicon. Such studies, however, were completed here as secured for her the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Think of this! Accomplished in home life, fairly master of two, if not of three literatures, a full professor, and a Doctor of Philosophy and yet a slender woman of twenty-five years of age. (Let the faithful think of it with encouragement, and the lazy with shame.) * * * Miss Irish never made the mistake of supposing that only one thing

can be done well, but practiced ever the better sentiment that many things must be done in order to do one thing well. * * * The presence of God, the atonement of Christ, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, the future life of rewards and punishments were all active and efficient motives in her daily life. There was no wavering in her views; no uncertainty in her christian walk. Especially was her love of, and acquaintance with the Bible a marked feature. We may underline our year-text best by noting the underlinings and marks and annotations in her Bible. These markings constitute the history of her Christian experience; they show the vicissitudes of trial through which she passed, and the source of her deep peace and comfort. * * * Sad as was the sound of her mother's mourning words, 'Only twenty-eight,' sad as they must ever remain to us, there is in them an encouraging lesson as to what can be done early. Her concentration and purpose and character with the source from which they all sprung, are the waiting gifts of God for any eager soul willing to begin at any year of life, to use them. There is no time to waste in waiting to begin, and there is no need of waste. Begin where she began, if you would achieve what she achieved. Away with this disesteem of rare advantages, and the weak neglect both of talents and of opportunities. Seize the present and make the future. Nothing out of heaven could give such joy to her noble soul as to know the inbreathing of an earnest resolve, in this hour of sad regret, which should secure the just fruits of your privileged youth, to mark here the power of influence as distinct from direct precepts. How marked and ever growing was hers! As silent as the dew, but as pervasive and refreshing. Such an influence as hers is often more powerful than that which seems to be ever overflowing. Gently such moni-

tions find their places in our hearts without awakening antagonisms, and thus unconsciously lead us captive. The gliding figure that shows the way, and only beckons, sometimes attracts us when the uplifted hand of authority only maddens. It is the influence of a life that we have here, and it is of subtle force to reach us and vital in its touch upon us, because it was living in her. Now that we stop to think upon it, was there any one influence among us so strong? I trust that through faithfulness to her memory and the power of tradition, the pervading presence in these great halls of that little, modest, black-robed figure will never leave them." There is much more in this address that we would like to give, but cannot for lack of space. This is sufficient to show Miss Irish has left to the students of our land a rich legacy, in her earnest, Christian life and character.

“ETCHINGS IN PERSIA” from the pen of the Rev. Thos. J. Porter, '81, will be found interesting. Mr. P. has recently returned from Persia, where he has been engaged for more than a year in the mission work of the Presbyterian church. The illness of Mrs. Porter necessitated the return. We hope that she will soon regain her health and strength and that they, though providentially prevented from doing work in the foreign field, may find abundant and congenial work here in our own land.

EXCHANGES.

A CHANGE has been made in the management of the *Washington Jeffersonian*. The paper, hitherto, has been in the hands of the students. They have recently decided, however, that it be placed under the care of two literary societies, who are to assume

all responsibilities and that each society elect two editors and these four choose a business manager. We wish our neighbor success in its new departure.

* * *

THE London correspondent of the *Oberlin Review*, in a letter to that paper, gives an account of the reception of W. T. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, at a meeting in Exeter Hall. It is evident from the writer's description that the moral sentiment of the English middle classes is overwhelmingly in Mr. Stead's favor. A gift of a handsome illuminated scroll was made Mr. Stead, upon which over 27,000 women of England had testified their admiration of his courage and self-sacrifice, by subscribing their names and one penny. The pennies transformed to pounds, in a silken purse, accompanied the names.

* * *

THE *Campus* has an able editorial on College Education. It notices the old, threadbare objections to a college course, *viz*: That such a course unfits men for practical work and that it is not necessary for "advancement to the higher planes of life;" and answers them by quoting the following facts and figures from an article by Pres. Scovel, of Wooster University:

"In nearly all cases where great brain-power is demanded, the positions are filled by educated men and usually college men. This is true of the trades as well as of the professions. The percentage of graduates among all the chief justices of the United States, is 83. Among Lincoln's counsellors, for example, Seward, Chase, Stanton, and Welles were college graduates. The great generals of the Rebellion, who retained their positions to the end, were men with disciplined minds. The graduate of 35 years of age is equal to the non-graduate of 45 years. President Allen, of Illinois, considers a college education equivalent to a cash capital of \$10,000. Joshua Spinner once said in a large company to a young man who was using his success without a college course, as an argument against a symmetrical training: 'Young man, it has cost me 40 years of toil to gain what you should acquire in four.'"

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

- Rain.
- Mud.
- Sunshine.
- Snow.
- Cold.
- Colder.
- Freeze.
- Frozen.
- "Klumps."
- English over.
- "Is it fixed, or stationary?" A Senior.

—The evening prayer meetings are still well attended by many of the students.

—The mummy has returned from Greenville. No doubt she enjoyed the trip.

—A number of students from McDonald Academy expect to enter college here next fall.

—The Senior class is still worrying over the Mental Science Essays. How they do lament.

—An elegant essay was read in the ladies society on Friday last, subject "Bangs and Beaux."

—The last bi-weekly examination in Chemistry was held on last Friday. The Juniors think they could scarcely survive another.

—Misses Oella and Maria Patterson entertained the HOLCAD staff and their lady friends very pleasantly on Friday evening, Feb. 19th.

—The "Persecuted Dutchman" has gotten out of his troubles. He is now breathing fresh air, and rests easy after getting his "two cents change."

—A curious thing: Four students on Eng. examination gave the same answer to a problem in Arithmetic; and the answer was not correct. Is this because great minds run in the same direction? or ———?—*Globe*.

—One of the lady students has lost two knives within the past few weeks. One was a fine ivory handled knife; the other a common white handled knife of two blades. Any one finding, or having found such knives will oblige the owner by leaving them at the HOLCAD office.

—The Prohibition party in this place has secured one column in the *Globe* for Prohibition items. Their editors, Prof. R. O. Graham and Prof. W. W. Wallace, are to be held responsible for any thing that may appear in it. The column is well edited and deserves the attention of every reader.

—The entertainment given on Thursday and Friday evenings by the young ladies of the M. E. Church was a success. The performances were generally very good. The two Quartets, the selection, "Our Traveled Parson," and the drama, "The Persecuted Dutchman," deserve special mention. The ladies will nearly clear off their debt.

—The Y. W. C. T. U. have organized with Miss Etta Reed as President. The Vice-Presidents are Miss Mattie C. Poppino, of the M. E. Church; Miss Estella McMilihan and Miss Nannie Spencer, of the 1st and 2nd U. P. Churches; and Miss Mary Dawson, of the Presbyterian Church; Secretary, Miss Swartwood and Treasurer, Miss Flora J. Irons.

—There will be a musical entertainment and supper given by the B. B. A. on Friday evening, March 5th. The entertainment will consist of selections by the Arion Quartette and the renowned soloist, Harry Brockett, of Pittsburgh, interspersed with readings and recitations by the celebrated elocutionist, Prof. Warren Lytle. The supper will consist of—"all good things."

—We give below the first three divisions of Senior essays and orations:

First Division—J. C. Kistler—"Bethlehem;" J. A. Alexander—"The Dome of Thought;" O. A. Byers—"The Landing of Ebbs Fleet;" R. T. Campbell—"Genius Triumphant;" Sadie McElree—"The Pioneer."

Second Division—M. B. Griffith "Triumphs of Truth;" Jennie Duffield—"Penn's Monument;" Harrah—"The three Powers;" Mina McElwee—"The Mission of Ugliness;" George Hover—"Delusion."

Third Division—J. C. Adair—"A True Statesman;" S. M. Krohn—"Israel and her Leaders;" J. W. McClung—"A Hero's Defence;" Carrie Hay—"Without a Country;" Stella McMillen—"Regaining the Lost Vantage Ground."

—Friday evening, Feb. 19, was the scene of much excitement in the Adelphic Society Hall. The members of this society, with the assistance of several members of the Alumni and friends held a Republican nominating convention for 1888. Although looking considerably into the dim future, much interest was manifested by the many hopefuls, as they were trying to ascend the stepping stones to American politics. The convention was called to order by the chairman of the national convention, Mr. J. C. Adair. Dr. John Haley was elected temporary chairman; and after a brief speech the following officers were elected: Prof. Cummings chairman, Prof. I. N. Moore and Ried Kennedy Rec. Secs. After a very appropriate dress the chairman assumed his duties. Mr. Kennedy read the report of the Committee on Rules, which was adopted. Mr. Stewart read the report of the Committee on Platform; objections were raised to two articles, 1st referring to the prohibition of intoxicating liquors, 2nd referring to the Morriss Bill. After a heated discussion the platform was adopted as read. The roll of States was next called, and any one had the right to nominate a candidate when his State was called. Again and again the hall rang with shouts of approval as the "silver tongued" orators painted the illustrious picture of greatness, which enshrouded their ideal hero. The following is the result of the election. John A. Logan was elected by one of majority on the 6th ballot, afterwards the vote was made unanimous. William Evarts was elected Vice President by acclamation.

	1	2	3	4	5	6
Evarts.....	30	25	22	74		
Lincoln R. T.....	139	177	151	64		
Logan.....	83	132	160	262	234	403
Sherman.....	6	17	14	22	272	46
Edmunds.....	46	45	46			
Blaine.....	110	9	178	138	290	290
Conkling.....	141	77				
Douglas.....	174	189	230	220		

PERSONAL.

—A. C. McClelland was in town Saturday.

—The Rev. W. A. Campbell is now at home.

—Rev. Mr. Smith spent Saturday at home.

—Miss Mary McDowell and Miss May McDowell of Byron, Minn., visited the Leagorian

Society last Friday afternoon. They were appointed judges on the debate. Question, "Should there be a third party?" Decision in favor of the negative.

—I. N. Moore, '85, in town over Sabbath the 21st.

—J. Alex Van Orsdel, '85, is able to be about again.

—Rev. T. J. Porter, '81, and wife are now at home.

—Rev. E. O. McFarland, '82, is expected home soon.

—T. W. Swan, '85, preached at Transfer last Sabbath.

—A. M. Prather has finished his map of New Wilmington.

—Mr. Lawrance Bigham of Mercer, was in town last Friday.

—Rev. H. G. McVey preached in Mecca, Ohio, Sabbath week.

—D. O. McLaughry contemplates getting a bicycle in the spring.

—Berry, '87, Miss Purvis, and Miss Black, '87, came back last Thursday.

—Miss Laura Farrar spent Sabbath and Monday at her home, this place.

—Miss. Aggie Irons and Miss Shields spent their holiday (22nd) at home.

—Rev. Cyrus Cummins occupied the pulpit of the 1st church last Sabbath.

—C. H. Robinson, '82, received a call to the U. P. church at Turtle Creek, Pa.

—Rev. J. W. Witherspoon, D. D., Sec'y. of the Board of Trustees, was in town one day last week.

—Misses Nettie & Maggie McCreary, of East Brooke were the guests of Mrs. Dr. Smith last week.

—Rev. Thos. Johnston, of Talley Cavey, Pa., preached in the chapel last Sabbath evening week.

—Miss Belle Campbell, '80, and Miss Mary Campbell, '82, spent their holiday (22nd) at home.

—The Rev. J. C. McElree assisted Rev. Mr. Crabbe of Mercer last Sabbath in communion services.

—Miss Emma Alexander, '78, entertained a number of her friends very pleasantly Saturday evening Feb. 20th.

—Rev. J. A. Bailey, of Sharon, has received a letter warning him to take no active part in remonstrating against applications for liquor licenses.—"*Globe*."

—An interesting letter from the Rev. D. R. McDonald, '81, appeared in the last *Mercer Republican* describing the scenery of the Allegheny, natural gas wells, etc.

—R. J. Totten, formerly of the Junior class, has stood the preliminary examination and has been admitted as a student of the law at the Lawrence county bar. He is under the care of McCracken & Martin, '81.

—Miss Huldah Campbell, '84, held a spelling bee at her school Friday evening Feb. 12th, which was quite an enjoyable affair. The "Apollo" band of McDonald furnished music. The following is clipped from the *Washington Observer*: While the "Apollo" brass band was practicing in their room on Thursday night last they were agreeably surprised by the arrival of a treat in the shape of oranges, cake, &c., which had been sent them by Miss Huldah Campbell, of the Moorhead school, as a recognition of her indebtedness to them for furnishing music the evening of the spelling match in her school.

—The Faculty of the Case School of applied Science at Cleveland, has directed its students to make a code of rules for its own government. The experiment will be watched with interest. Should it prove successful, it may cause a great change in the politics of college administration generally.

—The members of the Bowdoin faculty have each set apart an evening a week for visits from students.

—Studies in the Senior year at Columbia are all elective.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MARCH 15, 1886.

NO. 13.

HAWTHORNE.

[The following essay was lately discovered among the archives of the College. If the author will make himself known we will gladly give the honor due the writer of such an able production.—ED.]

Within the past few years, American literature has lost many of those writers who have given it a name and a place among the literatures of other nations. We have been called upon to lament, in quick succession, the death of Cooper, Prescott, Irving and Hawthorne. We can but ask, who are arising among us to make good the loss of such men as these? And certainly, out of all those mentioned, we have lost no man of richer gifts, or more extended and lasting fame, than Nathaniel Hawthorne. American, as he was by birth and culture, he was also American in his genius; and we can make no prouder boast of the civilization which our century of national life has ripened, than that it has produced so entirely original, and also so powerful and cultivated a writer.

During Hawthorne's life, we very naturally hesitated to pass a final judgment on his writings, for we felt that his powers were constantly attaining a riper maturity and a fuller development; but now that he has passed away, and we are to estimate his genius by the works which he has left, it is well that we should review those works and endeavor to establish in our minds the position which he should hold in literature. A slight attempt to do this, will be the object of this present essay; not to give any account of his literary career, or to notice his separate works in detail, but merely to

point out his principal peculiarities as a writer, and to hazard a few remarks on his merits and defects.

In Hawthorne, then, we have a pre-eminently original writer; one who, in the aim and character of his works, differs from all other writers of fiction. Other novelists take it for their object to depict certain forms of society, or to draw as vividly as they can the characters which figure in their stories, or to do both. With Hawthorne, both these objects are but secondary. He delineates society only so far as is necessary for the purposes of the narration. The delineation of the character, as a whole, is subordinated to the favorable portraiture of a part of their nature. The primary object of Hawthorne's novels seems to be, to depict his characters as under the influence of some great passion, and to trace out the workings of this passion and its effects on the soul. For instance, the object of "The Scarlet Letter" is not to depict the New England of two centuries ago, or to give individuality and life to the several characters who figure in the story. Its object is to show one soul under the influence of remorse for a hidden crime; to display another under the torture of open shame and contumely; to portray a third undergoing a transforming process into a demon, through the persistent and all-absorbing pursuit of a malignant design. Another point in which Hawthorne's stories differ very widely from other novels, is the poetic tone which their author has permitted himself to give them.

In limiting himself thus, Hawthorne has, at the outset, relinquished what are usually considered some of the highest qualities of

fictitious writing. One of these is the creation of characters that present themselves to our consciousness as actual beings, whom we remember, after reading the story, and who seem to be invested with the warmth and vigor of actual life. The delineation of such a character is incompatible with Hawthorne's method. It is not by representing a person as entirely under the influence of one absorbing passion, that a graphic picture of his character is formed, for we do not thus see the men around us. The life of every man is largely made up of little things; his character is chiefly distinguished from that of other men by little peculiarities; and he who would faithfully describe a life, or clearly portray a character, must give careful and minute attention to little points. But Hawthorne, in his eagerness to delineate the greater action of the soul, passes by these little matters, and thus fails to breathe into his characters the breath of life. Another result of the peculiar character of Hawthorne's stories is, their total absence of vraisemblance. They are not, and are not intended to be, close imitations of scenes from real life. The characters, as has just been said, seem shadowy. The author gives his imagination free range, and introduces poetic images very different from the sober style of the chronicler of actual events. Nay, he at times boldly introduces the supernatural into his stories to add to their poetic effect; thus, of his own accord, dispelling the illusion of reality. He himself says, speaking of himself under an assumed name: "He generally contents himself with a very slight embroidery of outward manners,—the faintest possible counterfeit of real life,—and endeavors to create an interest by some less obvious peculiarity."

In this limit which he has marked out for himself, Hawthorne displays wonderful power. He possesses a piercing insight

into the soul, and profound knowledge of the laws of its action. He lays open the souls of his characters with the clearness and merciless dexterity of the anatomist; bringing clearly into view the most subtle emotions, the most hidden thoughts. He does, indeed, penetrate to the very inmost recesses of the soul; he seems to know "where the senses mix," and "where the passions meet." Some profound remark from him will often give us a glimpse into the hidden depths of our own nature, and reveal to us truths, of whose existence we had hitherto been unconscious. The mysterious intercourse of the soul with itself, in which the consciousness of identity shifts from one phase to another, and all those mysterious mental processes of self-knowledge and self-deceit, known, and yet persisted in, are by him represented with wonderful accuracy and power.

And his knowledge of the effect of internal causes upon character, is not less remarkable than his insight into individual souls. Nothing can be more accurate than his delineation of a soul rapidly changing under the influence of some mighty passion into a being different in moral attributes from its positive state. We follow the character underlying this transforming process with breathless interest, acknowledging the justice of each step, until the final result comes, so logical, that though we lament over it, (if sad, as it often is,) we yet assent to it in our minds, as implicitly as if it were a decree of Providence. In addition to this profound spiritual knowledge, Hawthorne possesses an imagination of great power. This enables him to give his inner glimpses tangible shape, and to embody them with striking clearness and intensity. Imagination is defined, by a recent writer, as "the power of embodying things of spirit, and spiritualizing and giving life to material things." We see, in Hawthorne's writings,

both these proofs of a powerful imagination. With what admirable clearness and force does he delineate the emotions of his characters, causing them to stand out with all the charms of bas-relief! Surely, it seems as if things so purely spiritual were never embodied in so plain a shape. A striking evidence of his power in representing to the reader the creations of his imagination, is found in the fact that the time and place in which the scene of the works is laid, are so perfectly represented before the mind. An atmosphere of chill and gloom pervades "The Scarlet Letter," and we seem to feel, in reading it, the cold blasts of New England, and to see a clouded sun and leaden sky. "The Marble Faun," on the other hand, is pervaded throughout by the mellow air of Italy. The reader seems to feel the soft breezes blowing from the Adriatic; to see above him Italy's soft blue sky, and also to feel the spell of Rome's former glories on him. A paragraph from the preface of the work, will convey some idea of the vigor with which his imagination reproduced Italian scenes before him, when writing. He says: "While reproducing the book on the broad and dreary Lands of Redcar, with the gray German Ocean tumbling in upon me, and northern blasts always hurling in my ears, the complete change of scene made these Italian reminiscences shine out so vividly, that I could not find it in my heart to cancel them." The second quality of Imagination, as given in the sentence above quoted, "the power of spiritualizing and giving life to material things," must be conceded to Hawthorne in a still greater degree than the first. He possesses the true magician's wand, which could evolve from the common and seemingly unpoetic things, images of the utmost beauty. Nothing was so humble that he could not find poetry in it. For instance, he says; "The domestic fire seemed to bring might and majesty and

wild nature and a spiritual essence into our inmost home, and yet to dwell with us in such friendliness that its mysteries and marvels excited no dismay. The same mild companion that smiled so pleasantly in our faces, was he that comes roaring out of Aetna, and rushes madly up the sky like a fiend breaking loose from torment and fighting for a place among the upper Angels."

It would be difficult to find a passage in which a thing so common suggests a more tremendous conception.

A proof of the strength of Hawthorne's imagination is found in the completeness with which it swallows up his own individuality. We have no thought of Hawthorne in reading his works. We are not conscious of an author behind the scenes whose own thoughts and feelings are uttered by his characters. The man is absorbed in the artist. No favorite theories of the writer are wrought out, no argument is established by the story. The author, gazing with wrapt view into the souls of his characters, forgets his own existence. Hence it is that though we so greatly admire Hawthorne's genius, we feel so little affection for the man. He has given us no glimpse into his heart, and we feel toward him as toward a mere stranger. How different it is with Thackeray. Throughout his works we never lose sight of the witty, kindly, severe, but noble-hearted satirist. We are continually hearing his laugh at folly, his vigorous denunciation of meanness, his eloquent eulogy of all that is noble, true and good. This individuality is fused through every line. Hence we soon come to regard him as a familiar friend; and our friendship grows warmer and warmer with the perusal of each succeeding work. For this reason it is that when Thackeray died, a burst of sorrow, more sincere than is often felt for the death of a literary man,

greeted his death in our country as well as his own.

Hawthorne's imagination is remarkable for its affluence as well as its power. We see this in the diversity of his characters. No two of them are alike. We do not recognize in one story the same persons who, in different guise, appear in another, and no stock character does duty in all. In this respect, too, an interesting contrast might be drawn between our author and Thackeray, showing the wealth of imagination possessed by the one, and the comparative poverty in this respect of the other. Not only do we find an entire diversity of characters in Hawthorne's larger works, but we also find, scattered through his sketches, in endless profusion, outlines of characters and gems of plots, which, if elaborated, would equal in power any novels he has written. His imagination also assists him in adding to the power and beauty of style, by using the most happy chosen figures. We are continually delighted in reading his works to meet with a subtle shade of thought, most ingeniously brought into tangible shape by the use of some most felicitous illustration, or to find the plain simplicity of his narrative relieved by a comparison of exquisite beauty. We do but justice to Hawthorne when we say, that in power and wealth of imagination, he excels all other cotemporaneous writers of fiction.

We also find in Hawthorne's writings, humor of a subtle and rare quality, whose stinted use we have reason to regret. In "The House of Seven Gables," where alone he has allowed himself to use it freely, it adds very much to the pleasure with which the work is read. Quaint old Uncle Vener, with his ancient maxims and slyly humorous sayings, bears, perhaps, the closest resemblance to reality, of any of Hawthorne's characters. And in the delineation

of Hepsibah Pyncheon's struggle against pride in obtaining a livelihood, humor and pathos are delightfully blended, now one, now the other predominating. Throughout all of Hawthorne's works we meet here and there with a quiet, demure humor, which he apparently was half ashamed to utter, but was unable to repress, peeping out, often, in close juxtaposition with scenes of profoundest gloom.

Having now considered the peculiar nature of Hawthorne's novels, and the fundamental traits of his genius, I will hazard a few more general remarks conveying the characteristics of his works.

And first, let us notice the style in which these works are written. Upon this it is difficult to bestow sufficient praise, without appearing extravagant. But, in spite of this, I will hazard the remark that it contains higher excellencies, marred by fewer faults, than that of any other imaginative writer of our age. Beauty, perspicuity and power, co-exist in it, to a degree almost unparalleled in English prose literature. It reaches the perfection of perspicuity, in which the style is entirely forgotten, and the whole attention absorbed in the thought expressed. Through it the thought shines clear as wine through a crystal vase, in expressing truths which lie at the very limit of our comprehension, it is no more obscure than in the plainest narrative.

Those ethereal fancies which float brightly through our minds, but which we are unable to catch and imprison in words, are embodied in language as easily and naturally as the plainest fact. There is not a sentence which is not framed with the most simple elegance; not one which might not be taken for a model. And yet this correct style, far from being rendered tame by its correctness, is full of vigor. It can express thoughts of every compass with equal precision, is beautiful in description, graphic

in narration and strong and earnest in declamation. It is, in fact, just that ideal form of expression in which one would choose to put his thoughts, if choosing gave him the power. While the ground work of Hawthorne's novels is in the inward experience of his characters, they are rounded out into completeness and symmetry by description passages of exquisite beauty. These passages are not introduced for their own sake however, and are not merely a superfluous addition for the sake of embellishment, but are so artfully interwoven with the narration, as to greatly add to its interest. Those who remember how, in the interviews between Hester Prynne and Mr. Dimmesdale in "The Scarlet Letter," the face of nature, gloomy and dark at first, lighted up into sunshine, as if in sympathy with the temporary happiness of that unfortunate pair, will see how a strong imagination can seize hold of nature, not only to embellish, but also to vivify a narration.

Hawthorne's descriptive power, of itself, deserves special notice. With a few quiet touches, he brings the object described before the eye as clearly as if in painting. He uses no painful elaboration of particulars but seizes hold of the salient features of the object described, and so skillfully arranges them, as to produce a vivid and harmonious picture. His "Old Home," not remarkable for profound insight into the British character, is the best book of travels, from a descriptive point of view, ever published. The impression produced by Hawthorne is moral, rather than the contrary; but the effect produced upon the moral nature is not very deep or lasting. He shows the terrible ravages upon the soul caused by sin, and the natural influence is to avoid committing sin. But the attention is fastened so much more upon the punishment than upon the crime that the latter seems too severe, and the reader's

sympathies go with the offender. When Hester Prynne proposes to Mr. Dimmesdale to fly from New England, and to renew, in another part of the world, their guilty intimacy, the reader is no less heartily in favor of the plan than the parties themselves. He cannot help desiring any relief to so much misery as they were then suffering, even if purchased by guilt. Hawthorne, indeed, does not seem to have been a man of strong moral convictions. He studies the effect of crime with curious interest rather than with sorrow and hatred. Nowhere in his works do we find any strong denunciation of evil, or hearty praise of what was right. It has been said of him, with truth, that his intellectual qualities predominated over his moral nature; that love of beauty was stronger in his nature than love of right; that a sin against taste was more heinous in his sight than a sin against God.

Hawthorne's imagination is of a sombre cast, delighting to call up pictures of sorrow rather than of happiness. Within this limit its power is great and its wealth inexhaustible; without it, it is shorn of strength. He can delineate with terrible force a soul darkened by sin, and coming more and more under the dominion of evil, but he cannot delineate a poor and manly soul triumphantly resisting temptation, and gaining strength through each new victory.

But though his genius was essentially tragic, in his later works he has happily relieved the shadow by occasional bright glimpses of sunshine. We find an improvement in this respect in each succeeding work. "The Scarlet Letter" is certainly a very painful book. It opens with a crime, the consequence of which pursue those connected with it with relentless vigor on to the tragic termination of the story. But we find in "The House of Seven Gables," no in-

THE HOLCAD.

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Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

THE entertainment given by the Arion Quintette was well received, but the audience was small—so small, indeed, as to reflect not creditably upon the people of New Wilmington. It may well be doubted whether there is any other town in the United States, of the population of this, whose citizens would show so little interest in an enterprise of this kind. The College seldom makes any demands upon the town, whereas the business interests of New Wilmington are almost entirely dependent upon the College. It is not difficult to see that about two-thirds of all the money that comes into the town, and into the pockets of the citizens, comes through the students and professors of Westminster, and yet, when an appeal is made to the citizens to help forward a little college enterprise, with a kind of independence and self-assertion, they respectfully, but emphatically, decline. A great hue-and-cry is raised by our merchants, if a few clubs find it con-

venient and cheaper to purchase their provisions in New Castle or Pittsburgh, because, of course, home trade should receive their patronage, but these very persons should not forget that patronage should be reciprocal. There was no good reason why the chapel should not have been filled on the evening of the entertainment. If all those who take such a delight in looking on when the base ball club is practicing, or playing with another nine, had been present, it would have been filled, and the boys could not reasonably complain of a lack of interest. There is nothing that New Wilmington needs so much to have infused into her citizens as the disposition to advance common interests, those of the College, of the town and of individuals. No town can be progressive where there is such a manifest lack of public spirit.

NO lamps have yet made their appearance in the Campus. We once cherished the hope that ere we closed our editorial career this one improvement, as a result of our earnest and well-meant agitation, would be made, but we are forced to admit that all our efforts have been unavailing. Yet we draw this consolation that we have done our duty. We certainly have not failed to remind the authorities that light was needed. Nothing has deterred us from what we believed to be right in this matter, and we trust that the subject will not fail to receive due consideration at the hands of our successors.

IT is a matter of general regret that Mrs. Samson, who has had charge of the Ladies' Hall since its opening for the accommodation of students, has sent in her resignation to the Board to take effect at

the close of this session. She has accepted a less laborious position in Allegheny as "Actuary" of the "Children's Aid Society" of that city.

It is due to her to say that she admirably filled the place of Governess, and retires with the sincere affection of the ladies under her care. Possessing energy combined with tact, lady-like manners joined to intelligence, she discharged the duties of her office efficiently and acceptably. Coming among us a stranger, she soon won, and has since held a high place in the esteem of all who knew her.

We are sorry to lose her, and wish her success and pleasure in her new line of work.

We understand that a committee of the Board have a lady in view, who is likely to prove a worthy successor to Mrs. Samson. Of this we will probably be able to make announcement in our next issue.

INSTEAD of the Meigs Sisters, as had been previously announced, Mr. Underhill was assisted by the Courtney Ladies' Quartette, in his entertainment here on the evening of March 10th. Though the audience was somewhat disappointed when it was known that, because of sickness the Meigs Sisters could not be present, the singing by the Quartette was so well received that disappointment was soon forgotten in real pleasure. The selections were fine and were rendered so well that the audience could not restrain hearty applause. Their articulation was distinct, and their voices blended in pleasant harmony. The impression they have left is such as to insure them a cordial reception should they come again.

As to Mr. Underhill, we must say he improves on acquaintance. It is but the truth to say no other elocutionist has been so

warmly received here. His readings and recitations were good when we heard him before, but they were better this time. He is certainly one of the most entertaining, impressive and refined elocutionists we have ever had the pleasure of listening to. His manner is perfectly free and easy, and is attractive because of a naturalness seldom found in public readers. There are no mannerisms, no exaggerations and no tearing of passion to tatters. Mr. Underhill evidently endeavors to render his selections as their meaning requires, free from all theatrical embellishments. Such efforts cannot fail of appreciation. He may always expect a hearty welcome at Westminster.

AN interesting exchange will be found on our table now, and anyone, who may so desire, is welcome to peruse it. It is from the Asyoot Mission College, Egypt, and is a publication, managed entirely by the students, and printed at their own expense. A card from the Rev. Mr. Giffen tells us that the "name of the paper, literally translated is *Purity or Pleasantness*, for the word has in it both ideas, as if pleasure comes from purity." This certainly shows a commendable enterprise, and we wish the students success, and trust it will prove a pleasure and a blessing to them all.

MR. JAMES C. BRACKIN, of the firm of Brackin & Co., of Greenville, will be in town on the 16th and 17th, with a number of samples of spring and summer suitings. The firm have fully three hundred new styles, and have engaged a large number of the best workmen, and are therefore prepared to do more and better work than ever. For some years Brackin & Co., have had a flourishing trade in New Wil-

mington, and the general satisfaction their work has given recommends them to those desiring clothing. Mr. Brackin would be glad to have as many of the students as will, call and examine his goods and learn his prices even if they do not buy. Special rates will be given to Seniors.

WITH this issue of the HOLCAD, the Senior members of the staff retire. The names of the newly elected members from the Junior and Sophomore classes may be seen in another column. Mr. H. D. Gordon, of the present Literary Committee, has been elected Editor-in-chief, and we take pleasure in assuring our patrons that the HOLCAD is left in good hands, and we trust that the coming year may be in every respect, the best of its existence.

In resigning now the editorial work to others, after a varied experience of almost two years, even though glad to be relieved because of other duties, we cannot but feel some regret. The work has not been without much pleasure and profit. Though undertaken with no little solicitude, and not having received the encouragement of the Alumni and friends it should have received, yet there is much satisfaction in knowing that the enterprise has succeeded so well, and that the editorial work bids fair to become a permanent part of the college discipline. No one can doubt that a paper conducted in the interest of the college is advantageous to both college and student. Not the least of the benefits derived from such a publication is the familiarity it gives with the college world through its own columns, and through its various exchanges. It is a matter of regret that these benefits have so far been practically lost to the students of Westminster because none of the exchanges have been accessible to them. We suggest that the incoming staff make a pro-

position to the Reading Room Association to file their exchanges there, if a place be given. There is much that will be found of interest to all the students. We congratulate ourselves that our paper compares so favorably with the papers of other colleges. Perhaps, after seeing and reading the exchanges, Westminster boys and girls will have a higher opinion of their own organ.

We would bespeak for our successors the support and encouragement of every student. They need it and should have it. It can at least do them no harm. The Editor-in-chief, whose position is one of no little care and responsibility, especially, needs more than the co-operation of his co editors. A word of approval from a fellow-student or a friend occasionally will not be without good effect. Read his editorials whenever you can, and tell him sometimes that you think this one or that one is good. Do not measure their worth by your ideal, or even by what you would or could do yourself, nor let him think that it is his melancholy duty to write every two weeks a page or two of matter which nobody reads. It is not the pleasantest thing in his experience to ask a friend's opinion of an article, and find it has not been seen. Grant him, too, the privilege of expressing his opinion on matters with which he has to deal, and do not scowl if his is not always yours. Boast not what you would do under certain circumstances were you in his place. Remember you are not there, and that you know far less than you think you do about his duties, or his motives. Go to him kindly and in a friendly manner, if you have anything to say, but do not be too free with advice. He gets far more of this than he can conveniently dispose of. Yes, and it is always better to go to him, not to some one else about him. It is never the wisest thing to criticise and draw conclusions on the strength of your own or another's impressions or predilections. It should be the endeavor of every student to lend a helping hand, and show an interest in every way he can.

As to the Alumni, so much has been said time and again in these columns about their duty in this regard, that it may not be prudent for us to say more. Certainly, however, they should regard it a privilege to aid by their sub-

scriptions. We trust that they will respond more liberally in the future.

As we began our work with a wish for Westminster's success, so we close it. May her future be even brighter than her past! To our brethren who remain, and to all our friends we say *Aufwiederschen*.

EXCHANGES.

THE exchange column of the *Delaware Review* abounds in criticism of, and advice to, its exchanges. The exchange editor seems to have an unlimited supply of both at his pen's end.

* * *

THE *Monmouth Courier* for February contains a sketch of Miami University. It relates the history of this once famous college and points with pride to some famous names among her alumni. This sketch will be read with interest by all lovers of "Old Miami."

* * *

THE *Hatchet* and *Epoch* have united their forces and the result is the *Pharos*, a neat and readable paper. The Exchange, and "College Spirit" columns are spicy and entertaining.

* * *

WE clip the following editorial from the *College Chronicle*: "He who thinks he can, can." Nine-tenths of all our failures are due, not to a lack of ability in the individual, but to a lack of moral courage to meet and attack opposition. We need to hope less and with an inflexible will, work harder. It is impossible in this world to attain to any degree of success without having a fixed determination and purpose in whatever we undertake. Buxton, near the close of his life, said: "The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between the feeble and the powerful, the

great and the insignificant is *Energy, Inevitable Determination,—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory!* That quality will do any thing that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it." Remember the old and time-tried maxim "Drive thy business, let not that drive you."

* * *

THE latest visitor to our table is the *Student* from Cumberland University. Its contents are varied and interesting, and its general make-up is attractive. We are glad to place it on our exchange list.

CLIPPINGS.

—President Porter of Yale is seventy-four years of age. His resignation will take effect next June.

—There is not a chair of philosophy in Germany that teaches materialism.

The average age of those who enter college in this country is 17; a century ago it was 14.

—The Syracuse University has received from Rev. Wm. Griffin, D. D., a check for \$10,000 as the first instalment of an endowment of \$40,000, which he designs to make to the University.

—"Papa, I read in the paper to-day that Mr. Brief is an upright lawyer," said Johnny Crimsonbeak to his father at supper the other evening. "Now tell me, what is an upright lawyer?" "Well, Johnny," replied the head of the house, whose late experience with a disciple of the bar was still fresh in his mind, "I presume an upright lawyer is one who lies straight up and down."

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Pay up your subscription!

—This term closes the 23rd.

—Monday evening was the last evening of Seniors orations.

—Examinations in New Testament History Monday the 15th.

—The editors of the HOLCAD staff are henceforth excused from English examinations.

—Junior in Chemistry—"The solid lead is then dipped out by means of a *perpetual* ladle."

—The B. B. A. cleared about \$25 from the entertainment given on the evening of March the fifth.

—Two of the Junior ladies paid a visit to the Hebrew class, the other day, and report the boys to be doing good work.

—The next lecture of the college course will be given sometime in the latter part of April by the well known orator and poet, Wallace Bruce.

—The ornament on the top of the college tower was nearly broken off by the late wind storm. The one on the new and U. P. church also taken a lean.

—The *Denver Tribune-Republican* under date of March 8th publishes an excellent sermon by Rev. J. D. Rankin, '82, on the theme, "Man's Duty to His Home."

—The following persons have been elected in the editorial staff; Mr. Ricketts of the Junior class and Miss Hattie Shontz, Messrs. Barr, Sr., Purvis and Robertson of the Sophomore class.

—A Junior was invited out to tea a few evenings ago, but forgot all about it until he had begun to eat at his regular boarding place. Being reminded of the fact Jim departed in haste.

—The following are the orators and essayists of the last two divisions of the Senior class, with their subjects;

Fourth Division—Sam'l. McNaugher—"Hildebrand and Cromwell;" Mary McElwee—"The Children's Crusade;" John Swan—"The Joy of Success;" Jennie McKean—"Victor Hugo;" Jno. H. Webster—"Prohibition, Partisan and Non-Partisan."

Fifth Division—W. H. Moore—"Fidelity to Conviction;" W. A. Moore—"A Nation's Death;" Mattie C. Poppino—"Mosaics;" J. L. Snyder—"The Intuitions and Religion;" E. F. Wilson—"Trials and Triumphs."

—The entertainment given on last Wednesday evening by Chas. F. Underhill and the Courtney Lady Quartette—the Meigs sisters being unable to be present on account of sickness—was first class in every particular. There was a large audience present and the performers were encored again and again. The following is the programme:

"Fritz Catches a Cold".....	Underhill.
"The Peasant's Wedding March".....	Quartette.
"On the Doorstep".....	Underhill.
"Pat's Panorama".....	Underhill.
"The Miller's Song".....	Quartette.
"Lord Dundreary".....	Underhill.
"The Dignity of Manhood".....	Underhill.
"Legends".....	Quartette.
"Nora and Jamesie".....	Underhill.
"The Wagon".....	Quartette.
"Guessing at Nationalities".....	Underhill.
"Sleep Gentle Lady".....	Quartette.

—The following program has been arranged for a special meeting of the Adelpic Society to be held in the Adelpic Hall on Friday, March 19, at 7 o'clock, on the general subject of temperance.

Lecture—General Review of the Work—S. M. Krohn.

Declamation—Sam'l Douthett.

Oration—The Necessity of the Work—Reed Kennedy.

Paper—The W. C. T. U. as a Factor—J. C. Kistler.

Recitation—J. R. Vance.

Paper—The Attitude of Young Men—T. E. Moffatt.

Oration—Law as an Educator—E. F. Wilson.

Paper—Moral Suasion vs. Legal; Which? J. D. Barr.

Oration—The Outlook—R. L. Hay.

—The most remunerative professorship in the world is that of Prof. Turner, the distinguished anatomist, of Edinburg, which yields \$20,000 per year.

PERSONAL.

- T. W. Swan, '84, in town again.
- Mr. Brownlee visited college last week.
- Miss Stella Swartwood is again in college.
- Rev. E. O. McFarland, came home March 9th.
- Mr. J. H. Black closed his school March 9th.
- Lawrence Johnston, Lawyer from Allegheny, at home.
- Miss Bessie Brewster, '87, in college Wednesday morning.
- Mr. George Gilmer, of Grove City, in chapel Thursday morning.
- N. I. Stewart, Paul Stewart's brother, in town Tuesday March 9th.
- La Monte Hay '86, dropped in to hear the Hebrew class on Monday.
- Rev. W. E. Stewart, '78, may now be addressed Washington, Iowa.
- Miss Eva Grier, of Verona, was the guest of Miss Swartwoods last week.
- J. M. Sword, '84, attended the entertainment given on the evening of the 5th.
- W. R. Mehard, started Wednesday, March 3rd. for Montgomery County, Iowa.
- G. E. Fisher, '87, finished his school last and Friday, will enter college next term.
- Mr. and Mrs. Krohn, '86, entertained the Hebrew children very pleasantly last Friday.
- Miss Mary Elliot, has been elected treasurer of the building fund of the 2nd. U. P. Church.
- I. N. Moore, '85, in town Friday 5th, and attended the entertainment given by Prof. Lytle.
- Rev Mr. Taggart occupied the pulpit of the U. P. church, at East Brook, Sabbath, February 29th.
- Miss Etta Reed '87, left on Wednesday to visit her sister Mrs. T. M. Lewis, of Shelby, Iowa.
- Mr. Stephens, former member of present Senior class, was visiting friends in Middlesex last week.

—Miss Maggie Rowland, of Pulaski, was the guest of her sister Anna, of the Freshman class, last week.

—Misses Maggie McLaughry '74, and Jennie Lytle of Greenville, spent Feb. 27th, at Miss McLaughry's home.

—Rev. J. A. McCalmont, '74, has received unanimous calls from Newton and Palo Alto, Des Moines Presbytery.

—Messrs J. G. Berry, W. H. Hay, and W. R. Irons have been granted the privilege of working in the laboratory next term.

—Rev. N. Winegart, '74, will remove to Lawrence Co. on the 1st of April, and take charge of his new charge.—"*Franklin News*."

—Miss Lizzie Neal has partially recovered from her fall. Its well she was going down, instead of coming up, when the accident occurred.

—R. P. Allen, '85, who is teaching in Middlesex, was visited last week by some of his "old college chums." They report a fine school and everything going off in the right way.

—Misses Aggie and Carrie Hay, and their brother, R. L. on Wednesday last, attended the wedding of their cousin, Miss Mary Collins, of West Middlesex, and Mr. Will Beatty, of Erie, Pa.

—Rev. Mr. Stone, of the M. E. church, addressed the Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday evening, March 2nd, Subject, "Missionary work as an Educator." The address was a very interesting and profitable one.

—Mr. N. L. Heidger, '84, gave a homily and lecture before the Presbytery held in Xenia, Ohio, Jan. 12, which was unanimously accepted as a part of his public trials for licensure. Mr. A. L. Davidson, '85, was received as a student of theology.

—Rev. W. A. Campbell, of New Wilmington, occupied the pulpit of the U. P. church in this place morning and evening last Sabbath, preaching acceptable gospel sermons on both occasions. Rev. Mr. Campbell is financial agent of Westminster College and is doing good work for the institution.—"*Advance Argus*."

HAWTHORNE.

Continued from page 149

considerable share of sunshine to relieve the gloom. The characters are not all morally diseased, and the termination of the story is happy. "The Marble Fawn," also, although the burden of the story is the effect of crime, has its sadness relieved by abundant cheerfulness, and this impression derived from the whole work is rather pensive than painful.

Hawthorne's works are not of a character to excite enthusiasm or love. We feel for them a strong but cold admiration. They are not such as we mark our favorites, to read in every changing mood, the solace of our troubles, the companion of our leisure. One reason for this is the sadness which pervades them and the sorrow and crime which are their key-note. But another and stronger reason is, that we find so little heart in them. They are beautiful as chiseled marble, and as cold. The author, while expending on them all his genius, did not throw into them the warmth of his heart. We find in them much to admire, little to love. They contain no noble, genial characters, teaching us lessons of kindness and benevolence, of charity and of love. They interest but cannot amuse, thrill but cannot delight, awe but do not elevate.

Owing to the peculiar character of Hawthorne's works, it is difficult to compare him with other writers of fiction. Suffice it to say, that while we miss in him many of those qualities which delight us, there can be no doubt that in those high qualities of genius, spiritual insight, and imaginative power, he is not equalled by any writer of his age.

There is something in Hawthorne's works which is peculiarly gratifying to our national pride. It is the evidence they bear of a

high state of civilization in the people from whom he sprung. No literature can show writings of more exquisite finish, or an author of more refined organization. And their total absence of all that is tawdry, their subjects far removed from those which please the vulgar mind, their delicate beauties, all show that the public which could appreciate them must possess no mean degree of intellectual culture.

THE NEW-FASHIONED GIRL.

She'd a great and varied knowledge, picked up at a female college, of quadratics, hydrostatics and pneumatics very vast.

She was stuffed with erudition as you stuff a leather cushion, all the ologies of the colleges and the knowledges of the past.

She had studied the old lexicons of Peruvians and Mexicans, their theology, anthropology and geology o'er and o'er.

She knew all the forms and features of the prehistoric creatures—ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, megalosaurus and many more.

She'd describe the ancient Tuscans, and the Basques and the Etruscans, their griddles and their kettles, and the victuals that they gnawed;

She'd discuss, the learned charmer, the theology of Braham, and the sandals that they trod.

She knew all the mighty giants and the master minds of science, all the learning that was turning in the burning mind of man.

But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt and hungry sinner, or get up a decent supper for her poor voracious papa, for she never was constructed on the old domestic plan.

—A St. Louis editor received in his morning mail, by mistake, proof-sheets intended for the employes of a religious publication house. After glancing over them he rushed to the sub-editor, yelling, "Why in the world didn't you get a report of that big flood, even that slow old religious paper across the way is ahead of you. Send out the full force for particulars. Only one family saved. Interview the old man, his name is Noah."—*Pharos*.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., APRIL 1, 1886.

NO. 14.

A DREAM OF REST.

In quiet nooks on Dreamland's Isle,
'Mid fancy's fond and favorite bowers,
I oft the moments sweet beguile,
And lull to sleep life's restless hours.

I dream of glories woven soft
From out the warp and woof of life;
And thus in dreaming find I oft
My heart set free from toil and strife.

The dawn and day clasp hands and meet
To weave a garland for the moon;
Then o'er my isle with joy replete,
Hands trembling tress of smiling moon.

I dream of isles beneath the sea,
Where mermaids tune their harps to sing;
And oft I hear their songs set free,
And o'er my Dreamland's waters ring.

And then I dream of isles afar,
Beyond our worldly care and strife;
Where nought their lisping waters mar—
And drop a tear for earth and life.

I see cerulean waters nigh,
The sun-bathed isles that softly rise;
And empyrean landscapes lie
Like angel dreams of Paradise.

I hear the rustling robes of spring
Trail through the bright elysian wood;
I feel the breath of spirit wing
Sweep 'neath the sunlight's golden flood.

I see the trees immortal grow,
Bright flowers deck the emerald sod;
I see the streams perennial flow,
And hear the angels talk with God.

I drink these joys like drinking wine,
While all the busy world goes by;
I know a sleep whose dream is mine,
That will no more awake, to die.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

The literature bequeathed to us by those dark days when ignorance and superstition reigned in the world is full of strange and mysterious stories, possessing a charm

which even the light of the nineteenth century cannot break.

"Ye who love a nation's legends
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
Listen to this simple legend."

The sons of men had done that deed upon which the sun refused to look, and at which the rocks were rent, and the graves gave up their dead. The events of that day had changed a timid believer into a bold disciple; he who had hitherto been constrained by fear to conceal his belief, went in boldly and begged the body of his Lord. Before going to the cross he entered that upper room where the Master had partaken of the last "sad supper with his own," and took therefrom the cup which had been used at that feast. Blood was still trickling from the wounds in the hands and feet and side, and a few of the precious drops were caught in the holy cup. Afterward it was taken by Joseph into England, where it remained many years in the keeping of his descendants, and was an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for whoever could touch or see it was healed at once, by faith, of all his ills.

As time passed on evil increased in the world until it entered even the heart of the keeper of the Holy Grail, and the sacred cup vanished with his pure character, mysteriously and silently as mist before the sun;

"When King Arthur made
His table round, and all men's hearts became
Clean for a season, surely it was thought
That now the Holy Grail would come again,"

and heal the world: and many of the Knights of the Round Table took upon

them vows to journey in all climes, over land and sea, until it should be found.

Of the many knights who spent their lives in this search, only one, Sir Galahad, a knight well known as one of more than common virtue was successful. There was ever present with him, by day and by night, but brighter by night, on the snowy mountain top, or in the green valley, a blood-red cup within a silver beam, which brightened and glorified everything upon which it shone. He made war upon all forms of vice, and in the strength of the vision was victorious; when he attacked an evil custom it was destroyed; if he fought with pagan hordes, their realms were subdued.

The other knights were not Sir Galahads. They had not his purity of heart and life, and the vision was not for them, neither were they to do extraordinary deeds; but might not the beautiful performance of ordinary deeds guarding their country against evils within and foes without, righting the wrongs of the oppressed, and relieving the wants of the suffering and poor, might not these have been made the means of attaining to that purity?

The search for the Holy Grail has not been confined to Arthur's time, and phantoms have not been pursued by the Knights of the Round Table alone while the voice of duty called in vain. The desire to do great deeds is stronger in the human heart than the desire for wealth or position. The poor man's life is embittered more by his fancied inability to perform great deeds than by his poverty, but fancied it is. To be heroic and brave it is not necessary to command a man of war, or lead an army to battle. The most striking deeds of courage and valor are not recorded in history. There you may read of the brave deeds of an Alexander or a Napoleon or a Washington who was stimulated by the knowledge that defeat meant disgrace, and victory

fame and honor; but history has naught to do with the private soldier who stood calmly in his place, the shot and shell falling like rain around him, facing a death which meant want and privation to loved ones at home, and to him a shallow, hastily-dug grave in a strange land, marked by a single slab bearing that dreary word "Unknown."

The very difficulty of a deed, or the greatness of a sacrifice may give strength for its performance, while the constant effort required to perform continually recurring duties causes many to turn away from present opportunities to dream of great things far distant from their lives.

A man may pity the poor, and long for means to help them; he may in imagination build homes, alms houses and asylums, and in deed turn the poor homeless wanderer hungry from his door.

Many a girl who longs to be a Joan of Arc, envies her her opportunities, pictures to herself how manfully she should endure the hardships and privations of war, how bravely she would face the dangers of the battlefield, and how calmly she should even that unjust death, permits ordinary pain or disappointment to call from her lips murmurings and complaints.

Many a woman who dreams of being a Florence Nightingale would turn with loathing and disgust from the sick bed of a poor neglected neighbor.

It is well to emulate the good and great and it is duty for every one to strive to fill the highest place for which her talents fit her; but there is an ambition which wastes lives, by blinding men to the beauty and nobility in even the humblest life well lived.

The life of Florence Nightingale is beautiful, and few can read it without thrills of admiration. Born of wealthy parents, reared in the midst of luxury and refinement, and loved by her family and associ-

ates, what led her to choose a life of toil and even hardship, rather than one of ease and comfort? It was her love for her fellow beings, and her desire to help them. It was this which led her to visit the poor and sick, to feed and nurse them, to spend her time in hospitals, and jails and reform schools, while her companions were enjoying all the pleasures of society. It was the knowledge of human suffering, and the belief that she could do much to lessen that suffering that led her from her home to endure hardships and dangers in a foreign land. The Crimean war was raging; the wounded soldiers were lying neglected at the hospitals on the Bosphorus. This was enough to rouse a woman like Florence Nightingale to action. She embarked on board a ship which carried her to the scene of suffering; she began at once to nurse the sick, and organized at once a system of nursing which proved very effective. The path of the dying to the grave was made smoother by her tenderness, and many were saved by her care to engage again in their country's cause.

But in this wide world there is room for many beautiful things. One does not love the lowly little violet the less because he admires the strong majestic oak. If all the little things were taken out of the world, it would lose half its beauty. While the deeds of the world's great are to be admired, they do not comprise all that is admirable.

Who could not draw from his own knowledge a picture of a life as beautiful as that of Florence Nightingale's, and yet a life unknown, except to a little circle of friends? A woman who never seems to have a thought of self, for whom no sacrifice is too great if it will benefit those she loves. She is calm and persevering in the midst of difficulties that might well discourage stouter hearts. Pain and disappointment are borne in uncomplaining silence. She will watch

day and night by the bedside of a loved one in pain, without sign of weariness; her fear and anxiety hidden under a cheerful countenance; her soft step never disturbs the slumberer, her gentle voice is soothing to the tortured nerves, her hand smoothes the wrinkled pillow and cools the fevered brow. She is a guide to the erring, strength to the weak, and comfort to the sorrowing. The poor and the unfortunate ever have in her a friend. She may not be rich, and it may be little she has to give, but if it is only a crust of bread it is given with a kindness and sympathy that are more precious than the gift. She may never have heard of Sir Launfal, but in her heart she says with him to the poorest beggar:

"I behold in thee an image of Him who died on the tree.

Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's son, acknowledge me,
Behold, through Him, I give to thee."

Oh, if all could have that "vision true" which led Lowell's knight to exclaim:

"The Grail in my castle here is foun-
d! Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

All honor be given to those noble men who have seen and pointed out the grand possibilities in humble lives, and by their writings have "made service seem divine," and filled the hearts of the common people with a sweet content.

Mina McElwee.

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

A GHOST STORY.

One evening as we sat around the fire in the room of one not long graduated from college, the conversation turned to the supernatural. All, except our host, had ex-

pressed an opinion on the subject, but he sat silent. We turned to him; and, saying that from some strange experience, he knew scarcely what to believe, he began the following tale:

In one of the Middle States is situated an academy of some local note. Feeling the need of a better education, I determined to spend a fall and winter there to prepare myself for college. As I had to make my own way, I concluded to board myself, so when I reached the village of X——, I began to look around for a suitable place to lodge.

About a mile from the academy, in the outskirts of the town, was an old farm house. This I thought would be as suitable a place as any I was likely to find, so after getting the necessary permission, I moved my belongings thither. The house stood near the center of a large yard, sloping toward the east, where ran the road. It was a one-story building, of a weather-beaten and gloomy appearance, long and low and containing three rooms. The rooms ran across the house, so that the middle room opened into both the others, there being an outside door to each room. The long way of the house was north and south, and in the north room I took up my abode. Hard work at my books made the time pass rapidly. Sunny September glided into bright October, and drear November found me "striving vigorously," as we boys would say.

One night, it was the 18th of November, about half-past ten o'clock, I heard a fearful racket in the south room. I hastened away to the room and opened the door. "Darkness there and nothing more." Striking a match I looked around but could see nothing unusual. There was one thing about this room I forgot to mention. It was filled with all sorts of old trumpery that gathers about a house. Old chairs,

grapevine and baby bedsteads,—in fact, it hoes, tables, rakes, cradles—turkey-wings, looked as if the useless articles of the last three generations were piled away in that room. Naturally I was surprised at neither seeing nor hearing anything and after standing in the door awhile, I went back to my room. I had but taken my seat when the noise began again as loud as ever. Resolved to see what it meant, I took my lamp and cautiously crept up to the door and listened. It was, indeed, a strange noise within. It seemed as if some mighty hand had thrust a stick among the trumpery and was stirring everything up with it. I took hold of the latch and quickly threw open the door, letting the lamp shine in and saw—everything in its usual place. Nonplussed I went back to my room and after an hour or so the noise stopped. The next night it began about the same time and continued several hours. I soon grew so accustomed to it that I could fall asleep with the noise of the "Devil's Mush Pot," as I came to call it, sounding in my ears. As I look back on all that happened, I wonder that I stayed as long as I did, but I was too skeptical to believe there was aught of the supernatural about the matter. True, I could not explain it, but I knew of houses being "haunted" for a purpose, and I desired, if possible, to expose this. So I stayed there alone, not even speaking of it to any one.

Do not imagine I simply listened to this noise and did not try to discover the cause. No, my doubting spirit would not allow me to rest. Nearly every night I would go and listen. I would take notice of the old furniture to see if it was moved, but never an hair-breadth of difference in position could be noticed. I often set my light in the room and would go outside. Then when the stirring began I would peep slyly in the window, but never an eyelid could I get

above the sash before the noise would stop. So a month or more passed away.

The events of one night are indelibly impressed on my memory, not only for the supernatural, but the natural as well. I had been spending an evening toward the last of December at the house of a friend a mile or so distant, and about ten o'clock started home. Between me and my old farm house lay quite a stretch of low, level road, whose loneliness was broken by but one house. Here lived an old man and woman, all alone, saving the presence of a big, savage, bull-dog, the terror of the neighborhood. I had never made his canine lordship's acquaintance, nor for that matter did I wish it, but the Fates had decreed otherwise.

There was just light enough for me to make out the road, as I stumbled along toward home. When I drew near the dog's home I tried to slip past unheard by the fierce brute, but in vain. I heard a savage growl, when quite a distance from the house, and then as I waited all grew silent and I stole silently forward. I was almost past and began to congratulate myself that I was about safe. I breathed more freely, for since his growling, I had heard nothing of him, when right in the road in front of me I saw two shining eyes. My heart oppressed me by its beating. I saw no way of retreat, while directly before me the eyes of that awful dog gleamed and sparkled like two glowing coals. I had no pistol or club, but fortunately I had picked up a stone of two or three pounds' weight, as a possible necessity. With a prayer for its guidance, I threw straight at those shining orbs, and as one of them went out into utter darkness, and the dog started home howling, I left for more hospitable quarters.

In a few minutes I reached my room and sat down to recover my wits and my breath. As I turned to my studying I noticed it was

the time for the stirring to begin, and I was not kept long in suspense. It began with its usual clatter, but, strange to say, in about half an hour it ceased. Startled by the unusual stillness, I raised my head to listen. All was quiet. A strange silence hung over the old house, but it was the lull before the tempest.

"'Tis now the very witching hour of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world."

The stillness was almost suffocating and I was about to move around to disturb it, when a strange sound rooted me to my chair. It seemed as if a huge log chain were dragging along the frozen ground. At first it was at the far end of the house and seemingly some distance away. Slowly it drew nearer and seemed to be mounting up the side of the house, and I perceived that the chain was encircling the house three or four feet from the ground. Nearer and nearer it came around, and rousing myself I went softly to the door. As I laid my hand on the latch, I heard the foremost part of the chain grate on the window casing, grating as distinctly as if it had been at my feet. It passed the window, turned the corner and came to the door. It struck the latch that I held in my hand. Distinctly and clearly did the metal grate with metal. I heard it, as I hear my own voice at this moment. With a sudden jerk I threw open the door. There was a deafening, startling whirl, and with a rustling noise the chain went into a hole under the house. At this my blood ran cold. My knees smote together. I became so weak I could hardly stand. I reached my chair and sat down to collect my scattered thoughts. That a metal chain fully forty feet in length should vanish in an instant and without any metallic sound was too much for my belief. That night was the last I spent in the old house, the next found me in other quarters.

The old house was torn down, but the mystery was never explained. And, said he in closing, though this story is contrary to the natural order of things, I tell it just as it happened.—*Nick Van Stan.*

THE HOLCAD.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

WITH the last issue of the HOLCAD the Senior members of the editorial staff severed their connection with the paper. The most of them have been connected with the HOLCAD for nearly two years, or during its entire publication, and it is to their persistent labors that the present prosperous condition of the HOLCAD is largely due. The retiring Editor-in-chief, Mr. W. H. Moore, has proved himself pre-eminent-ly qualified to fill the position, and has acquired a facility for editorial writing that is by no means unenviable. In the discharge of his duty he always kept the reputation of the paper in view, and spared neither time nor pains to accomplish this end. Quick to suggest any needed improvement, and prompt to note its completion, he has been instrumental in awakening public sentiment, and in arousing an enterprising spirit, for which he receives the commendation of all fair thinking people. He can retire with

the full assurance that he has performed his duty in a creditable and satisfactory manner.

It is with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure that we who remain say farewell to those retiring,—with regret, that the pleasant relations which have existed for almost a year, have been severed,—and with pleasure that it was our privilege to associate with them for so long a time. These relations have not only been pleasant, but they have also been profitable. We became better acquainted with them by our editorial associations during the past year, than perhaps, we shall ever be again, and received valuable assistance from their experience.

We who remain extend our best wishes and warmest regards to those retiring, both in their few remaining weeks in college, and in their chosen professions, and trust that their future career may be as pleasant and useful as their editorial work has been proficient, and their college course successful. If their editorial work is taken as the criterion, we are safe in predicting abundant success for them in whatever profession they may enter.

We greet the newly elected editors with a hearty welcome, and trust that the work of the coming year may be as pleasant as the past.

THE recital given by Prof. Austin and the music students in the parlors of the Ladies' Hall, Mar. 16th, was a grand success in every particular. In response to invitations given by the Prof. and music students, about one hundred and fifty persons were present and highly appreciated the entertainment as was evidenced by their close attention and good order. A new feature of the recital was the Choral

Union. Judging from the character of the performances and the manner in which they were delivered, we are free to say that the Professor is well qualified to fill the position which he occupies. With a proficient professor and commodious hall, Westminster now offers advantages in the musical department that are surpassed by no other college in western Pennsylvania, and deserves the support and encouragement of all her friends.

THE Trustees of the 2nd U. P. church have formally received the keys of their new church from the contractor, Mr. Jameson, of New Castle. The church is a neat brick edifice of model beauty and convenience, and speaks well for Mr. Jameson as a contractor and builder. The building committee deserves credit for the satisfactory manner in which its duties were discharged, and the congregation is to be congratulated that they are soon to have such a comfortable house of worship.

The furnishing of the church, which is being done by the ladies and young people of the congregation, is progressing rapidly, and the church will be ready for dedication in the near future. We are not authorized to solicit contributions, but if any of our readers wish to aid them in this work, their assistance will be thankfully accepted.

THE members of the Y. M. C. A. in connection with the College have reasons to be encouraged to greater earnestness by the accession of so many new members during the last term. No one doubts the moral influence of this association. We are assured of this fact by the numerous letters from students in Theological Semi-

naries, Medical Colleges and Foreign Missionary fields, asking an interest in our prayers, and urging the students here to improve this opportunity. Besides, our own experiences testify to the good derived from this source. No student can well afford to lose the benefits of this association, much less those who are professing Christians.

VACATION is here again, and the students have laid aside their work and most of them have returned to their homes to enjoy a brief season of rest and recreation. No one needs this more, nor hails it more gladly than the student. They should sleep and rest as much as possible as these are very essential to good health and vigorous minds. While they are thus pleasantly spending the two weeks, the citizens of New Wilmington are engaged in housecleaning and mending broken furniture. The Janitor is also busy cleaning out the college and improving the appearance of the Campus in order that it may be as cheerful as possible to the students on their return.

Now, as there will be some dark nights next term, and in all probability plenty of mud, wouldn't this vacation be an opportune time to put those lamps in the Campus? We are aware that this matter has been slightly agitated heretofore, but it is only by continual and earnest agitation that all great reformatations are brought about.

MRS. THURMAN, of Philadelphia, has been appointed by the Board to succeed Mrs. Samson as matron of the Ladies' Hall, and will enter upon her duties the first of next term. Mrs. Thurman comes well recommended by every one who has the pleasure of her acquaintance. Judging

from her qualifications, we predict for her abundant success in her new position. Mrs. Samson filled the position to the entire satisfaction of all, and retired with the kindest wishes of her numerous friends in this vicinity.

THE DEATH OF MISS MARY THOMPSON.

The college bell rang at the breakfast hour as usual on the morning of March 19th, but the toll that began soon after could scarcely be accounted for. The tones struck terror to every heart, as the mind quickly flew back over the past few days, wondering who it could be. Though Miss Thompson had been confined to her bed for several days, it was not generally known that she was very ill. Even her most intimate friends did not think her condition so critical as it now seems to have been. Every one listened as the bell tolled on, and when it ceased at eighteen, there was but one conclusion. Mary Thompson was dead. Unwilling though we were to believe it, unable to see how she could be taken, it was true. Her health had never been the best, but she had improved so much since coming to New Wilmington that no one was prepared for such a shock as this.

Miss Thompson's connection with the college began about a year ago. She then joined the present Senior class in the study of Botany, and has during the present year been a member of the German branch of the same class. Up to the time of her taking sick, she was regular in her attendance, and very enthusiastic in her work. She was always cheerful, and more than once during the last few months she remarked to her friends that she had never felt better in her life. As a student she was quick and accurate, faithful and conscientious. She impressed her classmates with the fact that it was her desire and endeavor to get the greatest possible benefit from her studies. She will be much missed in the class-room, where her presence was always encouraging.

Among the students and citizens Miss Thompson had made many friends. She was a social favorite. None who knew the sweetness of her disposition, the kindliness of her nature, her pleasant ways, could fail to be her friend. All were drawn to her, and those who knew her best, loved her most. She always had a smile and a pleasant word, was always kind and cheerful, always looking on the bright side, and making others look there with her. Few young ladies could be more entertaining in conversation. There was a natural grace and ease that attracted others. Her manner was so free and open,

and withal so lady-like, that it defied embarrassment. Every moment spent in her company was one of real pleasure. Her reading was extensive. At a very early age she showed a taste for reading which never left her. It is all the more remarkable, too, that she had never read any but the best literature, had no desire to read any other. It is not infrequent that we meet with persons whose familiarity with authors and their works is very great, but it is seldom we find one whose taste has always inclined to the best, to the standard writers. Before she was twelve years old she found great delight in Scott and Dickens, and before the age of thirteen had read every play of Shakespeare. Her memory of characters and incidents was particularly good. It seemed that she never forgot anything that she read, and never failed to see the naturalness and propriety in all. Her favorite novelists were Charles Reade and Howells, and among the poets she enjoyed especially Longfellow and Whittier. Whittier, if we remember correctly, was her favorite. Some years ago she wrote a story for *St. Nicholas*, as one of the competitors for a prize offered by the publishers of this magazine. Though not first, she received very favorable mention. This surely was encouraging for one so young. The story was afterwards published in a Chicago paper. But it was not only because of her extensive knowledge of literature that she was so pleasant a companion. Her social qualities were many, and these her friends know better than we can tell them. Her departure makes a void in the social circle that will be felt as long as the other members remain. She loved her friends and delighted in their company. One of her last requests was that the young people be not forgotten.

But those who most keenly feel this providence are the stricken parents. There are circumstances which make it peculiarly trying to them. She was an only child. She who made their home bright, who was the very light of their life, the object of their affection and hope, is gone. She cannot comfort them in their declining years. Her one regret was leaving them behind. Life indeed looks dark to them. Their burden seems too heavy to be born. They must live without her, until the call comes to join her. These things are hard to understand, but there is the assuring promise that the hereafter will reveal all that now seems so dark and mysterious—then everything will be clear and plain in the light of heaven. To be sure, we do not know, cannot know, the grief of parents for an only child, just when she seems most necessary to their happiness, but we cannot but be touched in sympathy. When God speaks in this way we cannot but reflect. Why a young girl so full of hope, so anxious to do good, so aspiring after culture in the highest and best sense, the very life of her home, should be taken, we know not. But let us remember that it comes that

good may result. This is the second time that God has spoken to us within a year—at the close of each term. It is our duty to study these visitations to our own spiritual profit. Who knows but that the next term may close as sadly? If so, who will it be? We should be profoundly thankful that those whom God has taken were so ready and willing to go, and prayerful that all may be prepared when the summons comes; for in a day that we know not the son of man may come. May the lesson of her beautiful life, peaceful death, and happy hope be blessed to us all! The Professor and Mrs. Thompson have the heart-felt sympathy of the entire community.

We subjoin some lines taken from a volume of poems by her uncle, Mr. S. H. M. Byers:

"How beautiful to die as does the rose,
Sweet fragrance easting on the am'rous air!
What if too lovely seemed life's way to close,
When death still leaves us with a scene so fair.

"Like to the rose thy life was one sweet bloom,
Till Fate undid thee from the fair young stem;
It is not fit, this silent ball and plume,
These weeping maidens, and these sorrowing men.

Thou hadst fair youth, and life's sweet things the best,
Knew naught of sorrow, or its lonely consort Pain;
Thou hadst the joys of life—leave us the rest,
Who well have known how much of life is vain.

"Thy cup, half finished, flushed with joyous wine,
The sad dregs at its bottom thou didst never reach;
Thy night of revels had no morn's repine,
No aching heart, no long-regretted speech.

"Thou didst not live the ignominy to own
Of beauty faded, or of roses fled;
Thy cheeks, they paled not, ere the buds were blown,
Thou wert not fairer when thou livedst than dead.

"Death is no victor—we will not weep!
Thou walk'st in other paths of beauty now, more
strange;
It is not death we call this thing, but sleep;
No parting this, but Beauty's secret change."

A CARD.

The base ball club take this occasion to express their thanks to the people of New Wilmington who donated so liberally for the supper; the committee on donations especially appreciate the kind manner in which they were received by all, and the hearty desire of all to assist in this manner. The club also tender their thanks to the ladies who so kindly volunteered to assist in the arrangements and in attendance upon the supper, and the effective manner in which it was done. We would also thank Mr. Pery Kuhn for his kind and valuable assistance.

Committee { W. M. LINDSAY,
S. W. DOUTHUTT,
J. P. WARDEN.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Vacation.

—Home Sweet Home.

—Next term begins on April 7th.

—Girls, Adair, Jr., doesn't like beans.

—The ethereal mildness of spring has come.

—Where was "Mosaics" when the light went out?

—Wanted—a walk to the south gate of the campus—gravel, board or stone.

—J. L. Snyder would rather be wrong with Plato than right with Aristotle.

—A millinery and dressmaking department has been added to the dormitory.

—Senior orations done. The Sophomores groan, "It will be our turn next."

—A section of the board walk opposite Squire Sampson's has slipped into the ditch.

—Mr. ——— requests the ladies of the Hall to wash their faces next time before trying on his hat.

—Col. Jackson M. C. has presented a copy of the Jeffersonian Rules of Order to each of the two Societies.

—Mrs. Thurman the new matron of the Ladies' Boarding Hall entered upon her duties on Thursday March 18th.

—To sugar makers: Dear Friends, we would like very much to make you a visit one of these days, but the roads are muddy, and it is too far to walk out, can't you drive in for us? We can walk back when the roads get good.

—The Adelpic temperance meeting for Friday evening, March 19th, was postponed until the first Friday evening of next term. The Leagorian Society and the performances of the Philo Society were also postponed.

—The W. C. T. U. held a prayermeeting in the chapel on Tuesday March 16th, from 1:30 to 4:30 p. m.. The object of prayer was promotion of the cause of temperance in this county. Rev. Mr. Stone of the M. E. church and Dr. Ferguson addressed the meeting. The following per-

sons were appointed to represent the town and college at the meeting in New Castle next day: Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Whitla, Miss Cynthia Houston, Dr. Mehard, Dr. Ferguson, Messrs. Moffat, Donald and Porter.

—The music at the Senior orations, like the singing of the swan, was reserved until the last. It was very good, but it was too late for even Orphens himself to have appeased the manes of the departed or have prevented the intrusion of Erebus.

—On Monday, the 15th, Prof. Taggart's room was visited by all classes and conditions of men. The Prof. was at first at a loss to account for his excessive popularity: but soon discovered that nothing more nor less than English grades afforded the attraction.

—At the musical recital on Tuesday evening, Dr. Ferguson, in the name of the young ladies of the Boarding Hall, presented Mrs. Samson with a photograph album as a token of their hearty esteem and best wishes for her success in her new field of labor.

—Prof. (to small Soph.) "I'll have to settle you."

Soph. (taking off his overcoat.) "Why not do it Know?"

Prof. "Keep on your coat Mr.-----for you know if you take the feathers off some birds there is nothing left.

—The train, always uncertain, was ahead of time on the 17th, and was gone when Prof. Wallace reached the station. He was not so easily to be turned aside from his purpose, but walked all the way to New Castle, and was present at the meeting there. Were all who are interested in the cause of Temperance as much in earnest, Prohibition would soon prevail.

—The last division of the Senior class performed on Monday evening, March 15th. Their subjects were given in our last issue. The repeated attempts to put out the lights were crowned with a short lived success on this evening. Through an oversight, one of the Reading Room windows was left unfastened. Some parties entered, unscrewed two of the burners off the jets, and blew in enough air to reach the pipe going up stairs. The darkness was received with

applause by the little boys. Miss Poppino, who was reading her essay, was obliged to break off in the midst of it. Above the tumult Dr. Ferguson's voice was heard asking Mr Kuhn if he could "give us some more gas." "I'll telly' in a minute," said Perry, making for the door. The light was soon restored and the performances were resumed.

—The programme at the recital on Tuesday evening, March 16th, was as follows :

PART I.

Chorus—Praise Ye Jehovah.....Palmer

Piano Solo—La Tendresse.....Cramer

Miss Telford.

Piano Solo—Spinning Song.....Oesten

Miss Ferguson.

Piano Duett—Wandering Jew Waltz..... Burgmueller

Misses Porter and Swartwood.

Piana Solo—Waltz in E flatDurand

Miss Shaffer.

Vocal Solo—The Milk Maid's Song.....Foote

Miss Florence Mealy.

Piano Solo—Fantasia on Gounod's Faust.....Leybach

Prof. T. M. Austin.

Chorus	{ Lord in the morning.....Main
	{ Memories of GalileePalmer

PART II.

Piano Duett—Priest March.....Mendelssohn

Misses Wilson and McDowell.

Piano Solo—Il. Desiderio.....Cramer

Miss McLaughry.

Piano Solo—Rond Grazioso.....Merkel

Miss Palmer.

Chorus and Obligato Solo by Miss F Mealy—Mem-

ories of Childhood.....Meyerb

no Solo—Imprompt Polka.....Leybach

Miss McDowell.

Vocal Solo—Trust and Be True... .. Pinsuti

Prof. T. M. Austin.

Piano Solo—Les Couriers.....Ritter

Miss Wilson.

Chorus—The Sleigh Ride.

—The W. C. T. U. of this county made a vigorous effort to prevent the granting of licenses to sell liquor in this county. Petitions were circulated in every school district and largely signed asking the Court to refuse all applicants. Able counsel were employed to argue the case. Mr. Stranahan, of Mercer, and Messrs. Gardner and Martin, of New Castle, represented the temperance people in court. A mass meeting was held in New Castle on the day that court opened, and passed some earnest resolutions praying the

Judge to withhold license. The opening address of Judge McMichael was regarded as being wholly adverse to the temperance people. At this writing the result is not known. One of the most intensely interesting things connected with this effort was the publication of the names of all applicants for licenses in the county, with the names of bondsmen and all who signed the saloon keepers applications. There was no paper in New Castle that was willing to publish these names, hence the W. C. T. U. was obliged to bring them out in a paper of their own called the *W. C. T. U. Vindicator*. Although this effort may not accomplish all that was desired, it will help on the temperance sentiment.

—Miss Mary Thompson, the only daughter of Prof. and Mrs. S. R. Thompson, died suddenly on Friday morning, March 19th. She had been sick less than a week. Was at church the Sabbath before, but not feeling very well, went home without staying for Sabbath school. She grew rapidly worse from this time. Her disease was a complication of inflammation of the bowels and pneumonia.

Her funeral took place on Tuesday, Mar. 23d. The services were held in the College Chapel, and were very impressive. The sympathy of the people with Prof. and Mrs. Thompson in their sore affliction was shown by the very large attendance. The Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Dr. Ferguson and Dr. Mehard took part in the services. Psalms 39, 42 and 23 were sung, the latter being two of Miss Thompson's favorites. Mr. Kennedy read from Job 23 and John 6 chapters. Dr. Mehard spoke comfortingly from John 14:1, 2. "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Dr. Ferguson spoke impressively from John 13:7. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." After services nearly all present took a last look at the

body. The floral tributes were beautiful, and consisted of an anchor, a cross and a pillow. Upon the cross was the word "Mary," and upon the pillow, the words, "Our Schoolmate." The grave was tastefully lined and decorated. These marks of esteem show how tenderly Miss Thompson was loved, and how much she will be missed. She will ever be held in grateful memory. It is hard to believe that she is gone, that her smile will meet us no more.

PERSONALS.

- Miss Anna Shafer is slowly improving.
- Mrs. Scott is quite ill with pneumonia.
- Dr. Fulton is resting at his father's home in Ohio.
- R. L. Barackman will graduate at Edinboro next term.
- Miss Byers, a former student, was in town March 15th.
- F. A. Blackstone, '78, of New Castle, in town over Sabbath.
- Prof. Wallace is spending his vacation at Wooster, Ohio.
- On Thursday the 16th, D. O. McLaughry was— years old.
- Rev. J. A. Reed, '82, has accepted a call to Emporia, Kansas.
- Dr. O. F. Dice has removed to Andover, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.
- Dr. Ferguson lectured near Millbrook shortly before school closed.
- The church which T. R. Lewis occupies was dedicated March 14th.
- Prof. R. C. Lytle, of Allegheny, is the guest of Mr. Richard McClure.
- Rev. J. W. Smith, '79, preached at Evansburg Sabbath, March 14th.
- Rev. Robert McFate, '73, was visiting in Greenville a short time ago.
- Rev. N. E. Brown, '62, lately pastor of Slip-

pery Rock U. P. congregation, will take up his residence in town in April.

—Rev. O. V. Stewart, '74, of Greenville, preached at Hadley on March 14th.

—Mr. R. S. Madge, a former student, was in chapel the morning after the recital.

—Miss Kinder, Professor of Physics at Grove City, visited the college March 11th.

—Miss Minnie Van Orsdel, a former student, is in town visiting her grandparents.

—Dr. Ferguson preached in the Second U. P. church, in New Castle, on Sabbath, March 14th.

—Rev. E. O. McFarland preached in the chapel on Sabbath evening, March 14th.

—Adair, Sr., T. F. Cummings and Arch Robinson ushered at the recital on Tuesday evening.

Dr. J. G. Templeton, Member of the Board of Trustees, and wife, were in town over Sabbath, March 21st.

—Miss Mollie Schwarberg has had a severe attack of pneumonia. She went home Saturday, March 13th.

—A unanimous call has been extended by the Second U. P. congregation, in Newcastle, to Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, '78.

—Harry Zimmerman, who has been attending a medical college in Cincinnati, is at present at his home at Mt. Jackson.

—Miss Narcissa E. White, of Grove City, is meeting with marked success as a temperance lecturer in British Columbia.

—Miss Etta Brown, '87, has been elected on the HOLCAD staff to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr J. B. Ricketts.

—Rev. D. S. Kennedy, '58, was in town visiting his son Reid, of the Freshmen class. He conducted chapel exercises on the 18th.

—Hon. J. A. Stranahan, '71, of Mercer, entertained Gov. Pattison and Attorney General Cassidy on Monday evening, March 15th.

—Miss Etta Reed reached her sister's home in Iowa on the 12th, and had a sleigh ride the next day. She says she enjoys it. Who wouldn't.

—Miss Alexander, one of Sharpville's most popular teachers, spent Sabbath with her friend, Miss Campbell, of this place.—*Advance Argus*.

—Prof. John A. Courtney, '78, of Grove City, and Miss Luella G. Wortman, of Lawrence Co., were married on Tuesday evening, March 16th.

—Messrs. S. P. Barackman, Black, Borrows, Drake, Fisher, Gormley and Ricketts, who were out of college during last term, were present at the examinations.

—The engagement of Rev. Wm. P. Stevenson, pastor of the Bellevue Presbyterian church, to Miss Beth Cooper, of Verner Station, is announced.—*Com. Gazette*.

—Mr. A. C. McClelland has for the present severed his connection with the Houston mill, and will spend the summer on his father's farm in Findley township.—*Mercer Republican*.

—Gus de Smith: "I want to hire you to take me out to the lunatic asylum and back. How much do you charge for the round trip?"

Colored hackman: "De Lor'! Yer ain't gwine ter come back arter you once get out dar, is yer, honey?"

—Guest—"Bring me some smelt." Waiter—"We have no smelt, but we have codfish." Guest—"I want smelt." Waiter—"Well, sir, the codfish will be smelt as soon as it is brought in."

—A dentist advertises "Teeth inserted without pain." This shows one marked difference between a dentist and a dog.

—Mr. Kornfield was robbed near Benton, Ohio. A Kuhn is suspected of being the perpetrator.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., APRIL 15, 1886.

NO. 15.

LIGHT.

[The following exquisite poem by William Pitt Palmer, was some years ago pronounced by one of the most eminent of European critics to be the finest production of the same length in our language.]

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I penciled the hue of its matchless blue
And spangled it round with stars.
I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fiend's art in the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the ark's own few, tried and true,
Came forth among the dead,
With the wondrous gleams of the bridal beams
I bid their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
Where shepherd swains on Bethlehem's plains,
Their lonely vigils kept:
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Savior born—
Joy, joy to the outcast man.

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend;
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness
and tears,
Feel my smile, the best smile of a friend.
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of Kings;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly's wings.

The desolate morn, like a mourner forlorn,

Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her
flowers,

And lead the young day to her arms;
And when the gay rover seeks eve for his lover,
And sinks to a balmy repose,

I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the eyinsure star of the mariner
Is blotted out from the sky;
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though dyed by the hurricane's wings,
His compassionless, dark, lone, weltering bark
To the haven home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in the dew-spangled bowers;
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountains and plain glow with beauty again,
As they bask in their matinal sheen.
Oh, if such the glad worth of thy presence to earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest in the home of the blest,
Ever bright with Deity's smile.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS MISSION.

[Senior oration delivered in College Chapel, March 1885, by J. Alex. Van Orsdel, '85.]

When the modern traveler enters the office of the Great Commercial Exchange at London he has his attention drawn toward the opposite wall where hang the portraits of America's three greatest rulers and benefactors. To the left, and the first in order, hangs the portrait of Washington, the central leader in that mighty army of statesmen, by whose wisdom the lessons of history so well applied, and some of the profoundest problems of government, solved. But without the masterly skill of Washington, it is just for us to conclude, in the light of history, that freedom from British op-

pression must necessarily have been delayed for half a century. To the right hangs the portrait of the martyred Garfield; the great representative of all that is best in American life, whose career from obscurity through all the successive steps to the high position which he attained, is a living exponent for our free institutions and the possibilities of American citizenship. Battling for the one great principle of right against the corrupt abuses of his day, Jas. A. Garfield, the statesman and philanthropist, died a martyr for principle, and his honored name shall shine as one of the noblest ideals in modern history. In the centre, and prominently above the rest, hangs the portrait of Lincoln whose public career tells the story of one of the darkest and bloodiest experiences of history, and under whose gallant leadership, civilization, halting in the presence of an awful enemy, was conducted safely through the deluge of war and placed upon a new and nobler basis—the brotherhood of man and the equality of the human race.

Self-devotion to a great cause has given the world many heroic examples. Beneath the shadows of every great act around which historians love to linger, stand the authors whose true worth can only be measured when the results of his work have been severely tested. Every age has had its martyred heroes. After the God which is man's first ideal, whether it be the omnipotent Creator adored by the Christian, or the hand-made idol of the heathen, comes the human ideal. One finds his hero amid the flame and torture of the early Christians: all that noble army of Christian martyrs adhering to their faith notwithstanding fire, sword and rock, are the loftiest ideals of civilized lands. Another drags his model from the blood-stained fields of battle. The Spartan patriots at Thermopylæ lightened the pathway of history that the nations

might step to the music of freedom through the centuries yet to come. While another perusing the files of the statesmen, plucks a gem that has glistened through the sunshine of popular applause and the dark shadows of severe criticism.

In our own country and among the great men of our history, Lincoln stands without a peer. Like the position of the portraits in the office of the British exchange, he lived in an intervening period; reaching back he corrected the great mistakes which Washington and his associates had made in the obscure light of their day, and which his predecessors had permitted to exist unmolested. Casting his keen eye down through the years to come, he plainly saw and predicted the difficulties of his successors, abuses which Garfield inaugurated a plan to correct, when the assassin's bullet sent into eternity one of the greatest benefactors of our day. No man in the present age had more advanced ideas regarding the proper adjustment of the difficult problems of to-day than the great Ohio statesman.

If you will travel with me to-night in your imagination, let me lead you to the tomb of Lincoln. As you approach the sacred portals of that great cemetery, your attention is attracted to that magnificent structure, the monument, as it towers far above the silent city of the dead which lies to the rear and at its feet. Midway up that rugged column is the statue of Lincoln. In his left hand he holds a simple scroll on which is inscribed the word, Emancipation. That document has done more for civilization than any political act in the drama of the world's history. I would not lift one diadem from the starry crowns of those martyrs who nobly fought and defended the anticipated principles of abolition, when I assert that Abraham Lincoln was the man who emancipated the slaves. It was not William Lloyd Garrison, the patriot editor,

who was dragged by a merciless mob through the streets of Boston; it was not John Brown, the martyr spirit of Harper's Ferry; it was not Wendell Philipps, the silver-tongued orator of America; nor yet was it the issue upon which the war was waged, or yet the principles of the great political organization which Lincoln represented. But as Henry Clay withstood the eloquence of Webster and Choate, and in unshared leadership forced the administration of John Tyler to seek refuge behind the lines of its political foes; as Stephen Douglass, against the wise council of the older chiefs, compelled a reluctant Congress to repeal the Missouri Compromise; as Thaddeus Stephens, with the patronage of the entire North at his command, tied the hands of President Johnston until he could not command the support of one-third of either House; so the great emancipator stood alone. Like a chained giant he burst asunder the bands of political faith, and forced his proclamation against the demands of a stubborn cabinet and the antagonistic clamor of a large part of the American people.

Why travel those weary thousands to the resting place of Lincoln, where they stand with uncovered heads in the presence not of a man, but an act, an act that has revolutionized the world, and declared that the flag of these United States should no longer waive over a liberty that was a myth and a delusion? But in the din of the confused multitudes as the encomiums of a grateful people arise in heartfelt gratitude to God, the voice of warning reveals in language plain that the mission of Lincoln is not ended. As you behold that statue, from beneath his careworn brow he seems to be looking over the plains away to the south, as if contemplating the depressed condition of the negro race for whom he lived and for whom he died to redeem. The traveler

stands in expectancy as if those eloquent lips would open once more and proclaim anathemas upon the abuses of a system, the grandest that ever appealed to the intelligence of a civilized people.

To-night civilization and universal freedom halt upon the threshold of America. The world is looking for the result with the keen eye of scrutiny. This great problem looming above the billowy waves of political clamor, locks the swift wheels of progress in their rapid course along the great highway of liberty. In every republic there are two great mainsprings of action which tend to keep the machinery of government moving along the lines defined by the Creator himself. In the presence of this great problem we appeal to Christianity and education for a solution. Martial law can never secure permanently the rights of citizenship to the negro race. While the Emancipation Proclamation, in its legitimate meaning, was to proclaim freedom to the slave, yet in a deeper and a profounder sense it penetrated to the very heart of institutions and reconstructed the American people upon the broad plain of individual freedom.

The southern problem to-day is a question of individual rights. The reconstruction of the southern States, the elevation of the negro race to the high plain of citizenship, the declaration of political equality between the slave and master, were all questions that would require years to settle. The negro reared in ignorance under the lash of the master, was a fit subject to become his political tool. The master steeped in ignorance and lulled in the utopian grandeur of slavery days, had vain conceptions of the great responsibility that devolves upon the citizen of a popular government. Ignorance and indolence are the two great curses of the southern people to-day. The accession of this element to power by the

result of November last will doubtless prove a disastrous experiment to the better class of American society and civilization. If a solution cannot be reached by the political organization, which had its birth in loyalty to the constitution, to the Union and to emancipation, it cannot be expected that a proper adjustment will be reached by the elements which attempted to destroy the Union and the progress of twenty centuries in the experiment of self-government.

Among the many solutions offered, perhaps the best is through the medium of a reconstructed political party, which will embrace fully the unfinished work of Lincoln, and reconcile the adverse factions upon a new and satisfactory basis. Modern civilization to-day demands that the sovereign citizenship of this mighty union of commonwealths, shall rise above the groveling entanglements of mere party machinery and solve America's pending problems in the high court of popular, constitutional legislation. It does not, however, demand a political organization, under the hypocritical guise of Independent Republicanism, whose sole existence is to furnish a medium through which defeated politicians may gratify their depraved ambitions. But take this question where you will and the great principles which Lincoln inaugurated but was not permitted to see established, must constitute the fundamental basis of operations. When Christianity and education shall have accomplished their work; when every citizen of this broad Republic, regardless of race, color or distinction, shall exercise the high functions of citizenship, unmolested and according to the dictates of conscience; when the songs of freedom shall be sung in the despotic capitals of the Orient; when no slave shall wear out a chained existence beneath the fair canopy of God; and when the ensigns of our coun-

try shall bear the one inscription "Individual Equality" which shall be planted upon the wars of twenty centuries and the carnage of a thousand battle fields, then and not till then will Abraham Lincoln take his place in history.

THE BOYCOTT.

In the present far-reaching strife between capital and labor, this novel weapon is being hurled with a force well-nigh irresistible against those who dare to cross the labor organizations, or to go forward heedless of their wishes. And a powerful weapon it is. "No one can stand a boycott," said a leading contractor to us a few days since. To those who know nothing of its workings, this may seem an overdrawn conclusion. But a few illustrations drawn from the history of Pittsburgh during the past few weeks will show that the statement is true so far as contractors and the great majority of business men are concerned.

One of the most noted boycotts was that of the merchant prince, Kaufmann. The K. of L. demanded, among other things, that he discharge certain men in his employ who were non-union men. Some of these were among his most trusted employes, and naturally he was indignant at the interference and used strong language in his refusal. A boycott was declared. Boys scattered hand-bills warning the families of those whose business the boycott could touch, from giving him their patronage. All the branches of the K. of L. worked against him with might and main. Newspapers closed their columns against him; and after losing thousands of dollars, he went down upon his knees and begged them to lift the boycott. This they consented to do, after extorting from him large sums of money, and compelling him to put his signature to a widely-published confes-

sion of an exceedingly humiliating character.

Among others discharged was the head of his shoe department, a skillful, trusted servant, whose only offense was his refusal to connect himself with the K. of L.

The *Leader* boycott was one of marked injustice. The facts, as nearly as we could gather, are as follows: On the *Leader* force were twenty-six men, most of them old and tried servants who had been long in the employ of the company. These men were perfectly satisfied with their wages and with their treatment, and when a year or more ago they were asked to join the "Printers' Union," they refused as it would be a source of expense and could not benefit. This spring the committee of the K. of L. called at the *Leader* office and demanded that the men be discharged. "Are the men dissatisfied with the compensation or with us?" "No," replied the committee. "Are the men not getting as high wages as you ask for the members of the Union?" "Yes," was the reply, "some of them higher, but we demand that they be discharged." Then the company offered to choose one man, allow the K. of L. to choose a third; and agreed to abide by their decision, whatever it might be. "We will not arbitrate," is said to have been the reply. "We do not claim to have justice with us. We simply demand." A boycott was declared. From store to store went representations of the K. of L., ordering the business men to withdraw their advertisements. "Suppose I refuse," said a prominent merchant. "Then we will boycott you," was the reply. Newsboys were forbidden to sell the *Leader*, and tradesmen feared to buy it. The employes saw that the end was near, unless they themselves could save the firm. They went in a body and offered themselves to the Union. Eight of them were received. Eighteen, against whom the K. of L. held

a grudge for their former refusal, were rejected. The latter handed in their resignations. These were accepted, and their places were filled by Union men.

Boggs & Buhl are greatly enlarging their store this summer. The contract for the painting was let to W. R. Boggs & Co., a non-union firm. This contract was a plum which the K. of L. desired for themselves. Therefore a committee waited on B. & B. and informed them that they must withdraw their contract with W. R. Boggs, "And if we do not see fit to do this?" "Then we will boycott you." Time for consideration was asked; and to save further annoyance W. R. Boggs said he would join the Painters Union. This he had not done at last accounts, and the matter is hanging fire.

Degelman & Black, dealers in worsted goods, were waited upon by a committee and ordered to close at 6 o'clock. The firm informed their clerks that they were off duty at 6 o'clock p. m.; but having some customers dropping in after that hour, they kept the store open for a time each evening, waiting upon this trade themselves. Again they were visited and informed that the K. of L. did not allow the proprietors to work in their own store after 6 o'clock; and the doors thereafter were locked at that hour.

For the honest, skilled mechanic who is governed by his conscience, the outlook is a gloomy one. Unless the organized power of the K. of L. is met by an organized power of business men and contractors, the day is not far distant—indeed, in some trades, is already here—when every workman will be compelled to choose between allegiance to these secret organizations and starvation. Suppose a contractor's most skillful and faithful workman should refuse, on conscientious grounds, to join the

Concluded on page 180.

THE HOLCAD.

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Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

THE ladies of New Wilmington have organized a Y. W. C. T. U. This is a movement in the right direction, and should have the co-operation of all the citizens. When we consider the fact that the home is the place where all true reformation begins, we are surprised that there are some who hesitate to assist in this work. Every family, or at least a representative, should be enrolled in this organization.

THE base ball club prompted by its victories last year is making arrangements to continue the game this year. But the greatest hindrance is a field in which to play. Now this should not be the case. No one doubts the propriety of a good base ball nine in every college. Westminster has one, and it has the support of the faculty, students and citizens. Why not the encouragement of the Board in furnishing

grounds? These grounds should be large enough for base ball, foot-ball, and bicycle tract. With such an addition our club could do even greater things than were done last year.

A SANITARY Convention, the object of which will be to afford an opportunity for an expression of opinion on matters relating to the public health and the discussion of methods looking towards an advancement in the sanitary condition of the Commonwealth, the prevention of sickness and avoidable death, and the improvement of the conditions of living, will be held in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the State Board of Health, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, May 12, 13 and 14, 1886.

The address of welcome will be delivered by His Excellency, Hon. R. E. Pattison, Governor of Pennsylvania.

There will be present other prominent sanitarians. Among the subjects for discussion are, The Sanitary Needs of School Buildings and Grounds, and Sanitary Science in Villages. This is a movement in the right direction and merits the support and encouragement of the public. We would urge the authorities of Westminster and all other colleges to attend this convention, and if not to give, receive information on these subjects and then make some much needed improvements in this line.

EVERY one ought to cultivate a taste for good literature. It is not for the college student and the professional man alone to enjoy. To these it is an indispensable element of success, but it is no less beneficial to every man and woman whatever vocation they may choose to follow in life. He who can enjoy a good book need never be lonely or at a loss for a profitable

way to spend spare moments. It has been well said that a good book is the life blood of a master spirit stored up for a life beyond. Few of us realize when we peruse the pages of an interesting book, how much of the thoughts and feelings and passions of the author is woven into its sentences. It is the truest picture of his life. His despondency and exultation, joy and sorrow, love and hate, skepticism and faith,—every passion that inspires his soul is transferred to the printed page of his work, and given to the world, remains a faithful picture of his inmost thoughts.

THE last session of the college year has opened with the usually bright prospect of a successful term's work. Vacation is over and we return with new zeal and energy to the duties and opportunities of another term of college life.

We are glad to recognize some new faces and acknowledge the return of some which were formerly familiar.

A few weeks more will bring us to the close of another year and none of us can entirely escape the thought that time is flying; we begin to realize how little can be done, even at the best, in a college course, when compared with the broad field of labor which spreads out before us as we advance. A writer has said: "Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock you may hold her, but if suffered to escape not Jupiter himself can catch him again." The successful life is a series of improved opportunities, the unsuccessful life is a series of opportunities wasted.

THE Alumni Association of the College has concluded to hold a sociable on Commencement week. The time has not

yet been fixed, but we will give notice in due time. The project is a commendable one, and should be encouraged by the Alumni. They should consider the matter favorably and make arrangements to attend.

MISS MORRISON, of Pittsburgh, has been employed to teach painting and drawing in the college this term. Miss Morrison is well qualified to give instruction in this important study. We trust that she will get the support that she deserves.

TIME rolls on, and the cows still roam about seeking what they may devour. Cows are an indispensable appendage to any village, but we believe in the adage "A place for everything, and every thing in its place." Councilmen are elected by the people and are vested with authority to pass such ordinances as will be beneficial to the corporation. Why then, do our councilmen hesitate to give us legislation on this nuisance? There is little inducement for the citizens to improve or beautify their property when they are in constant fear of a herd of cows destroying their gardens and lawns. Surely a little grass-plot or flower-garden would be a more attractive ornament for a village than a poor old cow walking the sidewalks.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Illini* is neat in its make-up and generally contains something worth remembering. This is especially the case with its scientific department.

* * *

The *Washburn Argo*, *Delaware Review*, *Washington Jeffersonian*, *Bethany Collegian*, *Sibyl*, *Earlhamite*, *Press and Badger*, *Denison Collegian*, *Antiochian* and the *College Chronicle* are among the latest arrivals at our office.

* * *

"EVILS in American Politics" is the title of an article in the *Colby Echo*. The writer declares

that "the great and prime cause of political degeneracy is the number of ignorant and depraved voters." The author, we think, looks only on the dark side of the picture. A careful study of history seems to show that the steady and effectual diffusion of learning among the masses; the great work which our churches are accomplishing in the way of moral education and the growing disposition shown in our large towns to place municipal government outside of and above the low plane of party politics, seem to point to the dawning of a new and better era in the history of American politics and the removal of that ignorance and depravity of which this writer, referred to, complains.

* * *

THE *Pharos* has a great deal of good reading matter. It is one of our most interesting exchanges. The editorial on the "College Press" has the right sound and shows that the editor appreciates the advantages and disadvantages of his position. He "hits the nail on the head" when he says, "It is lamentably true that there is a certain class of students disposed to ridicule and obstruct any and all student enterprises in whose conception they have taken no active part; holding themselves aloof does not, as they fondly hope, augur failure; but let the venture be realized without their aid; and this same class with Jove-like effrontery endeavor to interpolate their identity with the success of the undertaking."

The author of the above remarks has noticed a fact of almost universal experience. There are always plenty to stand back and watch and wait until the success or failure of an undertaking is assured and then join in the chorus of praise or blame as the case may be. Fortunately, however—so evenly are affairs balanced even in this wicked world—men soon learn to value the opinions of such at their true worth.

—The principle in Pope's rule is applicable to systems of time as well as to words:

Be not the first by whom the new [is] tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

—E. L. Porter and other disciples of Izaak Walton can commence fishing for trout now, if they like.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Cows.

—Council.

—Put up the cows.

—Whispering in chapel continues.

—A comet is reported to be coming.

—There are eight new students this term.

—The warm sun brings the ball players out.

—The postoffice has been undergoing repairs.

—The girls can paint now on artistic principles.

—Walking to New Castle is becoming fashionable.

—The new books for this term have not yet been received.

—Geo. McFarland is classified with the Freshmen Scientific.

—The Sophomore class is glad to welcome back McClymonds.

—The Junior contestants are filling their scrips with pebbles.

—Prof. Taggart conducted chapel exercises last Sabbath evening.

—The "ethereal mildness of spring" disappeared for a few days.

—The steeple on the college has had its neck broken long enough.

—Why is an old maid like Africa?—Because she has a deserted waist.

—Services were held in the First church on Sabbath evening, April 4th.

—The man who greets you with "How you think you vas?" ought to be shot.

—The HOLCAD office is happily located. There is a piano now just across the street.

—They are talking of having Revs. Sam Jones and Sam Small in Franklin next June.

—If anyone wishes to become a skilled boatman, the cellars of this town are good places for practice.

—We go to chapel in the morning at 8:15 again. Wonder how many go without any breakfast.

—The following officers of the A. L. S. were elected last Friday evening: Vice President,

G. A. Hoover; Recording Secretary, W. H. Johnston; First Critic, Donthett; Second Critic, Gormley; Marshal, Kistler; Sergeant-at-Arms, Swogger.

—Last term, one of the Juniors Scientific said that John Bunyan lay in Libby Prison for twelve years.

—We agree with the *Globe* that a double crossing between Lininger's corner and the P. O. is much needed.

—A great many of the students were not back for the first week of the term. Eleven Sophomores were absent.

—The boys at the Day Fort are tired washing dishes, and would like to engage the services of some one well skilled in that art.

—Dr. Brittain, of Greenville, is going to preach a sermon on "Progressive Euchre." He must have gotten his facts here.

—The coming session of the annual Summer Normal will be conducted by Mr. W. H. Moore and Miss Sadie McElree of the Senior class.

—Owing to the absence of a number of the editors, Messrs. Kilpatrick, Mehard and Stewart assisted in mailing the last issue of the HOLCAD.

—D. O. McLaughry described a perpendicular quadrant on his new bicycle last Saturday. He is getting well at home, while the bicycle is undergoing repairs in Chicago.

—Judge McMichael refused all but thirteen out of thirty-seven applications for license in the county. No license was granted outside of New Castle. So far so good.

—An examination of the records in New Castle recently disclosed the fact that several persons had not only signed the license petitions but also the remonstrances against them.

—The Y. W. C. T. U. expect to have the Rev. T. J. McCrory, of Pittsburgh, to lecture for them soon. An opportunity for signing the pledge will be given the evening of the lecture.

—A few days ago a student was seen diligently striving to remove the snow from the sidewalk. The only way we can account for it is by supposing that he really thinks the winter is over.

—The following are the new students this term: W. J. Donaldson and Donald McCall of

the Third Prep. class; F. J. Barackman and Allan Graham of the Second Prep. class; Miss Grace Seley, John Donaldson, Gordon and George Mealy of the First Prep. class.

—The season will soon be on for the annual invasion of the campus by all the cows about town. It is really too late in the century for a town like this to allow them the freedom of the borough.

—The agent of T. C. Gibson, the well-known merchant and tailor, of Greenville, Pa., will be in town April 21st, with a full line of woolen and worsted samples, and will be prepared to take orders for suits.

—If the chap who claims to have written "Beautiful Snow," had put in an appearance during vacation, he would have been a beautiful angel in about ten seconds from an overdose of snow shovels.

—Some of the Sophomores last term criticized Prof. Taggart for using "then" as an adjective. They were wrong. Among those who so used the word are Addison, Johnson, Hawkins, Whately and Prof. John Stuart Blackie.

—The Y. M. C. A. elected the following officers for this term: President, W. M. Barr; Vice President, S. W. Donthett; Rec. Secretary, Miss Mattie Poppino; Treasurer, Miss Alice Crawford; Cor. Secretary, H. D. Gordon.

—The temperance meeting of the Adelpic Society was held on last Friday evening. The hall was well filled and the program as carried out was as follows:

Lecture—Temperance Organization—S. M. Croen.

Recitation—Strong Drink—J. R. Vance.

Paper—The W. C. T. U.—J. C. Kistler.

Oration—The Necessity of the Work—Reid Kennedy.

Oration—Disobedience to Law—E. F. Wilson.

Declamation—The Convict's Soliloquy—S. W. Donthett.

Oration—The Outlook—R. L. Hay.

The performances were good and well given and those present enjoyed the entertainment very much.

—Another is added to the list of deceased alumni. Rev. John C. McElree, '65, died at his home in Grove City, on Monday evening, April 5,

from an attack of pneumonia. The funeral took place at Grove City on the Thursday following. It is not more than six months since Mr. McElree settled in Grove City. Previous to that he was for many years pastor of the U. P. church in Clintonville, Venango county. Wherever he has been, he has been held in high esteem as a minister of the Gospel, loved as a man, and respected for his abilities and judgment. While in college, he won a contest debate for the Adelpic Society. He leaves a wife and three children. The bereaved family and his relatives among us, have the sympathy of the entire College and town.

—The following extract from Boswell's Life of Johnson will be of service to the Freshmen if they keep it until next year. The Sophomores know the substance of it:

"Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wilkes talked of the contested passage in Horace's "Art of Poetry" *Difficile est proprie communia dicere*. Mr. Wilkes, according to my note, gave the interpretation thus: It is difficult to speak with propriety of common things; as, if a poet had to speak of Queen Caroline drinking tea, he must endeavor to avoid the vulgarity of cups and saucers. But, upon reading my note, he tells me that he meant to say, that the word *communia*, being a Roman law term, signifies here things *communis parisi*, that is to say, what have never yet been treated by any body; and this appeared clearly from what followed,—

—TUQUE,

Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus
Quamsi proferres ignota indictaque primus.

You will easier make a tragedy out of the Iliad than on any subject not handled.' JOHN-SON. 'He means that it is difficult to appropriate to particular persons, qualities which are common to all mankind, as Homer has done.'

—Prof. Taggart has the ideal library of a divine, a Greek professor and a bibliophile. In all, he has about thirteen hundred volumes. In one corner are four hundred, English, French, German, Latin and Greek on the one subject of Psalmody. In another corner is John Calvin in fifty-five volumes, and Owens in twenty-four, Aristophanes in German is here, and complete sets of Cicero, Pliny, Pindar, Livy, Homer, Plutarch (14 vols.), Xenophon, Thucydides, Plato, Seneca and others. Middleton's

System of Geography (London, 1778) is curious at the present day. The professor has a set in eighteen volumes of St. Augustine published in Venice, 1756. The *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique*, par Mr. Pierre Bayle, was published in Paris, 1740. Among the other old books are *Leibnizii Epistolae*, 1738; *J. Marckii, Comment, in XII Prophetas Minores*, 1734; *A History of Ecclesiastical Writers*, By Lewis du Pin, Dublin, 1723; *S. Irenaei, Contra Haereses*, 1710; *Coke on Littleton*, London, 1703; *Poli Synopsis*, 5 vols., 1684; *Exposition on Job*, 1676, by Joseph Caryl, Cromwell's Chaplain; *Expositio Patrum Graecorum in Psalmos*, 1643; *S. Thomae Aquinatis, Summa Totius Theologiae*, Antwerp, 1624; *Loci Communes D. Petri Martyris*, 1583; *Comment in David, Psalterium*, per W. Musculum, 1563; *Sermons of Hen. Bullinger*, 1557; *Comment, linguae Graecae, Guiljelmo Budolo. Exercitina Roberti Stephani Regia*, Paris, 1548 (the printing of this book is marked by the utmost perfection); *Hieronymi* (Jerome) *Epistolae*, 1513, which is bound in wooden boards more than a quarter of an inch thick, through one of which a book worm has eaten its way; and lastly, the oldest book in the State, *Alphabetum divini Amoris*, 1489, the author of which John Gerson, is supposed by some to be the author of the *Imitation of Christ*. These volumes are nearly all ponderous folios, which, if published to-day, would each make half a dozen medium sized volumes. They have been procured in or from the old country.

PERSONAL.

- Mrs. Bowser has removed to Mereer.
- Fred Wilson isn't in favor of Prohibition.
- Miss Eva Donaldson, '87, is in college again.
- Miss Anna Shafer is visiting at Greenfield.
- Miss Emma Alexander was home Mar., 26.
- Miss Jennie Black, '87, will not be back this term.
- T. E. Moffat, '89, will not be in college this term.
- T. P. Golden, '88, came back on Tuesday, the 13th.
- Mrs. Sewall, Perry Kuhn's sister, who lives

three miles north of here, is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

—The address of Rev. N. Wingart, is New Castle.

—Will Pressly, '82, will be here on a bicycle in June.

—Rev. Cyrus Cummins has removed to New Brighton.

—Prof. Austin and wife spent vacation in Greenville.

—Mr. W. A. Dunn, '87, will remain at home a few weeks.

—Swan looks like a duck out of water these days, April 8.

—D. C. Morrison spent vacation in town until March 30.

—Miss Crawford, '89, bravely held the fort during vacation.

—The Rev. N. E. Brown, '62, has moved to New Wilmington.

—Dr. Ferguson filled the pulpit of Rev. E. N. McElree last Sabbath.

—Joe Moreland has enlarged the store room of his shoe establishment.

—W. B. Williamson, '84, of Kenton, O., is visiting in town this week.

—J. S. Hill, '87, who has been out of college, teaching, has returned to work.

—Dr. Mehard was present at the funeral of Rev. J. C. McElree last Thursday.

—J. D. Barr was obliged to remain at home until Monday on account of sickness.

—Mr. J. P. Vance, '85, who has been in attendance at Yale Seminary, is in town.

—C. H. Robinson, '83, received a unanimous call to the U. P. church of Mumford, N. Y.

—Messrs. Anderson and Porter, '88, were examined in New Testament Greek, April 3d.

—Miss Patterson, Prof. Wallace and Prof. Graham were out of town during vacation.

—Mrs. A. H. Harshaw has been visiting her mother Mrs. Hezlep of this place, who is ill.

—Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, '78, has accepted

the call to the Second M. E. church, New Castle, and has entered upon his new field.

—Miss Lemira Mealy, '89, spent vacation with friends in New Brighton and Pittsburgh.

—Mrs. Alexander spent Apr., 1st, and 2nd in Sharpsville with her daughter, Miss Emma, '78.

—Prof. Austin will attend the New England Conservatory of Music next year, and graduate.

—Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, of Slippery Rock, Butler county, were in town the last of the week.

—J. Alex. Van Orsdel, '85, has become principal of the Normal School in New Sheffield Beaver Co.

—Rev. J. M. Wallace, '64, of Youngstown O., was at the Anti-Instrumental Convention in Pittsburgh.

—Dr. Mehard, Rev. J. A. Kennedy and Prof. Taggart attended the Anti-Instrumental convention in Pittsburgh.

—Dr. H. H. Hervey, of Hartstown, preached the Baccalaureate sermon to the students of Allegheny Seminary.

—County Superintendent Sherrard visited the public schools Mar., 30 and 31, and was the guest of Prof. Robertson.

—A. M. Robb, '88, who has been attending Washington and Jefferson college for some time is again at Westminster.

—Dr. Ferguson and Mehard and Profs. Graham and Mitchell were present at the closing exercises of Allegheny Seminary.

—Miss Mary Campbell, accompanied by her friend, Miss Mary H. Froggett, of Youngstown, O., visited her father, Rev. W. A. Campbell, during vacation.

—Miss Edith Shontz who was spending vacation in town was obliged to go home, Apr., 1, on account of sickness. She returned ready for work, on Monday.

—Rev. J. A. Grier, of Mercer, has been placed before the synods having charge of Allegheny Seminary, by the Board of Superintendents, for the chair of Dialectic Theology.

—W. T. McConnell, '88, was in town for a few days last week and this. Another guest has taken up its permanent abode at his house. One more for the Sophomore class.

—W. G. Hope, a brother of our townsman,

Dr. R. M. Hope, M. D., graduated from Jefferson Medical College last week and has honorably earned the coveted title of Doctor of Medicine. He is a young man of decided promise, and will succeed in his chosen profession. He will spend some time with his brother here before deciding on his future location.—*Mercer Republican*.

HINDOO MAXIMS.

A guest should be entertained without inquiring into his merits.

Religion is the ladder by which men ascend to heaven.

Benevolence toward all living creatures—this is religion.

That employment is to be preferred by which a person may become more virtuous.

A propensity to begin groundless quarrels marks the ignorant.

The allotted days and nights of human life, like a current down the sides of a mountain, pass away not to return.

The king whose counsellors are winebibbers, cannot retain his kingdom.

The covetous and the dissatisfied have no home. Covetousness produces sin, and sin death.

Courage is tried in war; integrity in the payment of debt and interest; the faithfulness of a wife in poverty, and friendship in distress.

Subjection to the passions is the sure road to ruin. Victory over the passions is the way to greatness.

The vicious, notwithstanding the sweetness of their words, and the honey on their tongues, have a whole store-house of poison in the heart.

Of all precious things, knowledge is the most valuable: other riches may be stolen, or diminished by expenditure, but knowledge is immortal, and the greater the expenditure the greater the increase; it can be shared with none, and it defies the power of the thief.—*Ward*.

THE BOYCOTT.

Continued from page 173.

Union, and his employer should refuse to discharge him, at once all men whose business a boycott could reach would be forbidden to give him a contract. The grocer would not dare to sell him a pound of sugar; or the barber dare to shave him. The power of the boycott is indeed a fearful one.

But this power cannot last. It is unnatural and unjust. The brute force that demands that the bungler who gets two dollars a day, and his skilful brother who gets four and is well worth it, should both receive \$3.50 per day,—as is the case in one of the unions—will arouse against itself enemies so strong that it cannot withstand them. Merchants are proposing to join hands and say, "If you boycott one of us, you must boycott us all." And soon the leading and trusted contractors will unite and refuse to employ men who allow a third party to meddle between them and their employer. The boycott may yet prove a boomerang, which will return and break the heads of the labor organizations.—*G*.

NO NOVELTY TO HER.

"Here is a curious case, ma'am," said the superintendent of the insane asylum. "This man imagines that he is the motive power that runs the world. He's perfectly harmless, though, but he thinks the world would not move without him. Very queer notion, isn't it?"

"I don't know about that; my husband has just got the same notion in his head."

—"You've eaten next to nothing," lisped Smithers, who was dining with his Christmas girl. "Oh, I always do that when I sit by you," she pleasantly responded.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MAY 1, 1886.

NO. 16.

WILD FLOWERS.

BY SHELLY.

I dream'd that, as I wander'd by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou mightest in a
dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-colon'd May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day;
And wild roses and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray,
And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold;
Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prankt with
white,

And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues which in their natural bowers
Were mingle'd or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprison'd children of the hours
Within my hand,—and then elate and gay,
I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it!—Oh! to whom?

THE TWO GRAVES.

In the midst of the stormy Atlantic is an island, bleak, sterile, and alone. The waters that lash its rocky sides separate it a thousand miles from other human habitation. To the passing voyager it presents the appearance of but a mass of desolate rocks. Yet as ships pass by, every eye is strained to catch a glimpse of its shore. What is there in this uninviting spot to claim the attention of men?

Follow that group of travelers who have just landed from yonder anchored ship. By a narrow path they hasten, soon they reach a little valley and stand in awe and reverence by the side of an empty rock-hewn sepulchre. As they hastened few saw and none bestowed a passing thought on a solitary, humble grave near by their pathway. Well may the gaze of the traveler and of the world be directed to that lonely isle, for there, side by side, are the graves of two who have played great, though widely differing parts in the world's history. The one is a tomb of the mighty conqueror, who in his lifetime bestowed crowns and nations at his will; the other of a woman who spent her life in self-sacrificing efforts for the good of others. The conqueror was born of humble parentage in an island of the Mediterranean. He arrived at manhood at a time when his country was ruled and racked by the worst passions of its worst citizens and threatened by the combined power of Europe. By his own energy and capacity he placed himself at the head of the nation, restored order and prosperity by the inventions of his own genius, and defeated his country's foes on every side. He crossed

the Alps and overturned the thrones of the Cæsars, laid proud Austria low, invaded the land of the Orient, and by the pyramids fought his victorious battles. Wherever he went, kings bowed themselves before him. Beside his conquests those of Charlemagne and Cæsar dwindle into insignificance. Victory followed victory. His country applauded his wisdom and success and dignified him as Emperor. Had he stopped here he would have been remembered as a true patriot who had fought for the welfare of his country. But what will not men sacrifice for fame? The love of country was extinguished in his breast by the all-mastering force of personal ambition. Flushed with success, and strong in the faith of his own Destiny, he accepted the most daring risks and went forth for universal conquest. He bestowed thrones on his kindred, and nations rose and fell at his command. At length the nations of Europe combined against him. His country's bravest sons were sacrificed in vain. The decisive battle was fought and the conqueror became a prisoner. That he might trouble the world no more, he was taken to a sea-girt rock far from the scene of his birth and his glory, there to fret and die.

The other grave is that of a woman born in our own land of America. She early displayed poetical talent, which, if cultivated, would have placed her in a high rank as a writer, but hers was a nobler ambition. She counted not ease, nor home, nor even life, dear, that she might tell the heathen the simple story of eternal life. She engaged in foreign missionary labor at a time when such labor was little appreciated at home, and manifold more trying and dangerous than now. She assisted in the translation of the Scriptures, and from her pen Bunyan's Christian went forth to guide Burmah's dark sons to the Celestial City

Unheralded and in obscurity she labored long and with untiring zeal in her work of love. When at length her health failed, every effort was made to spare a life so precious, but it soon became evident that the end was near. When on a voyage to to her native land she received her summons and joyfully entered into her rest. She died and was buried while the ship was anchored at St. Helena. And there in that lonely spot are the graves of two great representatives of the two great springs of human action. Mrs. Judson, the grand apostle of love, and Napoleon Bonaparte, the great apostle of Self. Much has been written concerning him, but all agree that he was great. None hesitate to attribute to him the possession of unsurpassed energy and military genius, and one of the grandest intellects ever given to mortal man. But his greatness was obscured by "the vast ambition of a soul warped to an idle object, and nothing but a Diety of Self could quench its insatiable thirst." He was great as the world counts greatness, yet weighed in the scales of love to man, he is found greatly wanting. What streams of blood he caused to flow! How many mothers, widows and orphans cursed him as the destroyer of their homes and happiness? These would not call him Bonaparte, but named him as they thought more suitably Malaparte. Much more might be said did not the long exile at St. Helena entreat silence, and awaken in the hardest heart a pity for the fallen Emperor. The world would not call her great. Ten eulogies have been written in her honor. No triumphal arch commemorates her victories. Her life was spent in self-sacrificing efforts for the good of others; her labors brought peace and joy to perishing souls. Few know of her lowly work or humble resting place. Yet the Master has

said they that humble themselves shall be exalted, and Christianized Burmah will cherish her memory. On this rock in the midst of the wild Atlantic ended two lives, which had been most closely interwoven with the life of humanity. There rested two whose lives contained an epitome of life. The one presents an example of the mass of the leaders of mankind, who have led honorable lives in the sight of God and man until temptation assails them in the form of ambition. Led on by the love of self-advancement they forsake the truth, little thinking what this will cost them. When old age comes and they sit down to reflect on their past earthly honors are found empty as bubbles, and they sadly regret a misspent life. The other is but one example of the many noble ones who have gone out in the same spirit and labored amid similar discouragements, loneliness and privation, but who were satisfied to do something in love to the Master. Nor less noble and praise-worthy are those who have labored faithfully in the dull routine of daily life, doing cheerfully for His sake whatsoever their hands find to do. The great things of to-day are accomplished by those who are doing their duty in the humble walks of life, manfully fighting life's battles. The progress of the world has been achieved not by those whose names are written high in the temple of fame. Those who have accomplished something worthy of life are those, who, forgetting self and under the guidance of the law of love, have aspired to attain to the new ideal of greatness. "Whosoever will be great among you, let him become as a little child." The hour of death came to Napoleon and to Mrs. Judson alike at the same dreary, lonesome spot. It found him a broken-hearted prisoner. His years of imprisonment had been filled with but the regret of unaccomplished purpose. All his hopes

and ambitions had been shattered. Of all that he had desired, struggled for and attained, there remained but an empty name.

At length this victor in fifty-two pitched battles, was engaged in a conflict with the last enemy. The night was wild and stormy, the surrounding ocean broad and mighty, mysterious and cold, troubled and restless, tossed its angry waves and moaned in sympathy with the kindred spirit which was departing. His mind went back to his mighty past; he was once again a lieutenant, a consul and an Emperor. Once more the nations were united against him, and he rallied around him the old legions. He gave his last order *Tete d'Armee*, and fell back a corpse. How different was the death of Mrs. Judson. Though her body was racked with pain, yet in her mind she had the peace that passeth understanding. Her every ambition was attained; her every hope fulfilled; her every desire satisfied. Her mission on earth was accomplished and she was content to pass to her reward. She loved her work, but was ready to leave it with Him who would carry it on to perfection. The ceaseless waves and tides as they beat on the desolate shore of St. Helena, sound the dirge of two great workers in the field of life. The one remembered with wonder, the other remembered with love.

The one a victor vanquished, the other a victor crowned.—*Jennie Vance*.

THE POWER OF ORATORY.

We have read many descriptions of the effect produced by great orators upon their audiences, but an incident related to us several years ago is perhaps as remarkable an illustration of the power of eloquence as any ever recorded. The gentleman referred to was walking with us from the Capitol in Washington just after we had been listen-

ing to an unusually fine speech in the House of Representatives, upon which we were commenting, when, turning to us, he said:

"You are not old enough to remember William C. Preston when in public life. He was by far the greatest orator that I ever heard, and never equalled, perhaps, by any American except Patrick Henry, if by him. I once witnessed a scene at Macon, Ga., which I can never forget and which, ridiculous as it seemed afterward, furnished, for that very reason, the most conclusive and striking proof of Mr. Preston's absolute control over an audience. I have thought of it a thousand times, and I know of no parallel to it.

"It was in the Clay campaign of 1844. An immense audience, fifteen or twenty thousand, had assembled to hear Preston. A large stage had been erected which was crowded with prominent persons, and the multitude was packed around it. There was the usual buzz and confusion incident to such occasions, until after Preston had been speaking a few moments, when it began to subside, and soon there was a silence, except the music of that wonderful voice. He was in fine condition for his work, and went at it in his best style. The silence seemed to intensify as the tide of his eloquence poured over the dense mass of enchanted listeners. With the swell of his sonorous voice the audience seemed to rise on tip-toe, and to sink back again with the ebbing cadences; and again they swayed with the sweep of his arm like a wheatfield to the breeze. At length in a magnificent burst of inspiration—with his long arm raised high, his eyes flashing, and the multitude hanging breathlessly upon his words—he seized the brown wig which he wore, held it up over his shining bald head, and still soaring in his splendid flight, replaced it cross-wise and soared on;

and, sir, I assure you that there was not, in that vast audience, the least ripple of laughter at this most ridiculous performance, but on the contrary, no one seemed to notice it, so completely entranced was every listener. —*Selected.*

THE INFLUENCE OF THE WILL.

Think only a few moments how much depends upon the will.

It is will that makes many an active spirit refuse to succumb to illness, and enables it to shake off the very approach of death.

It was will which enabled the lonely runner to accomplish in forty-eight hours the one hundred and fifty miles between Sparta and Athens in the hour of need.

It is will that has cleared forests and tunnelled mountains.

It was the will of Leonidas that saved Greece at Thermopylæ.

It was the will of Bruce that rescued Scotland at Bannockburn.

It was the will of Arnold of Winkelried that delivered Switzerland at Serupach.

It was the will of Napoleon that saved the armies of the revolution at Lodi and Arcola.

Consider the effects of the will in all those vast domains of human action which depend upon the intellect. Watch two boys of powers originally equal sitting down to learn the same lesson. See how one lolls languidly and restlessly, with his books before him, perhaps even with his eyes upon them, but with no resolve, no purpose, no concentrated attention, no putting of his shoulder to the wheel. The buzz of a fly, the flashing of a sunbeam, the flicker of a shadow, the scratching of a pen, distract him. He grumbles how hard it is; he wishes he hadn't it to do. Then comes reliance on some one more vigorous than himself,

and the dishonest aid, or the contemptible failure, or the yet more lamentable excuse; and so, with formed habits of listlessness, with wasted opportunities of education, lymphatic and half-hearted in the performance of every duty, the purposeless, untrustworthy boy, failing to learn the lesson of life, as he has failed so often to learn the lessons of school, grows up into the ignorant, useless, and discontented man.

And all the while the other lad, turning to his duty with manly force—bright, quick, cheerful, eager—works with a happy zest, enjoys the approval of conscience, exults in the sense of progress, delights tenfold in his hours of play, and grows up with the love of knowledge for its own sake.

It is thus that men become the intellectual benefactors of mankind. Will has more to do with it than even genius; and diligence itself without this bright and resolute purpose is but as the stagnant puddle compared with the rejoicing stream. Be assured that no one can yawn himself into success, or progress, or moral force. * * Is there one who will conquer? that kind of man never fails. Is there one whom difficulties dishearten, who bends to the storm? he will do nothing. "The block of granite which was an obstacle to the weakling becomes a stepping-stone in the bounding progress of the strong." "The strong man and the cataract, these," says the proverb, channel their own path."

We can train, we can strengthen, we can evoke the will.

The ship is not so absolutely under the guidance of a very small helm as our whole life may be under the control of a firm will guided by an enlightened conscience. Just as the muscles are strengthened by exercise and become weak by inertness, just as the intellect is polished by ostentation and rusts by laziness, so the will is educated by *being put in force*. By doing we learn to do;

by resisting we learn to resist; by obeying the reason and conscience we learn to obey, until we are saved from becoming either the victims of vain delusions or the slaves of passionate impulses. We build resolves on reason. Our lives become a series of right acts built on true principles. We secure a calm and tranquil empire over ourselves. Our souls become a holy temple, and duty, and power, and will, and moral thoughtfulness are its pillars of jasper and adamant.—*Extract from F. W. Farrar's "My Object in Life."*

CHEATED IN EVERYTHING.

"I never saw such a man in all my born days!" exclaimed Mrs. Crimsonbeak to her husband, who had been imposed upon in a purchase she had requested him to make for her; "I never knew you yet to get anything without being cheated."

"What, never?" said Crimsonbeak, chestnutically.

"No, never!" emphatically replied Mrs. C.

"Well, I guess you are right. I have always been suspicious of it since the day I was married."

And then he opened the window to see how far he'd have to jump to the ground.

SHE WAS FOOLED.

"Well, I was fooled last night," remarked Mrs. Snagged.

"How so, my dear?" asked her husband.

"I found a piece in the paper headed: 'The United Brethren,' and when I read it it was about a religious denomination."

"Certainly it was. What did you think it was? What did you think it would be about?"

"Why, I thought it was something about the Siamese twins."

THE HOLCAD.

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THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

FRIDAY, April 23d, was an exciting day for Wilmington. During the afternoon an interesting game of base-ball, between the Philo and Adelpic Literary Societies, was played. In the middle of the game the alarm of fire was raised. In less than a moment the field was cleared of players and spectators, and all were on their way to the fire. The crowd was suddenly arrested by the news that the fire was under control, and returned to witness the completion of the game.

The cause of the alarm was a fire in the residence of Prof. Cummings. It was extinguished before much damage was done.

IT ought to be unnecessary to urge the citizens of a "classical" village like New Wilmington, to improve their property. "Progress and improvement" should be the watchword of every property owner in

town. If they had this spirit of enterprise, our village with its pleasant location and natural attractions, would soon become one of the neatest towns in Western Pennsylvania. No small number of our people have this spirit, but there are those who do not have it. They not only refuse to do anything themselves, but try to hinder those who are improving. One way they do this is by turning their cows out on the streets. One would think that personal pride, if nothing else, would prevent men from exposing to public view such poor, hungry old cows as may be seen on our streets and public squares every day. Besides it would be much easier and cheaper for owners of cows to keep them in fields than to protect their gardens and orchards against a whole herd of cattle. If personal pride or common sense will not induce these men to put up their cows, let us have a law that will compel them to do so.

Other towns no larger or more important than New Wilmington have such laws and why not our town?

With such a law, the old fences that line our sidewalks and enclose our gardens, and the fence around the campus, that would be a disgrace to a country school house, could be removed and our public squares and campus would become more attractive.

The will of the majority should be regarded in this matter rather than that of the few, even if they are influential men.

MRS. MCBURNEY is making an effort to secure a class in elocution this term. This has been a long felt want among the students, and we trust that this opportunity will be accepted. There is no doubt of Mrs. McBurney's ability, as her recommendations speak in the highest terms. No one doubts the propriety of this movement, since so many of Westmin-

ster's graduates enter those professions that require a practical knowledge of elocution. Besides college is the place to learn such things. Students are required to read essays, and deliver orations with the view of cultivating their oratorical powers, but how can they do so without an instructor?

A musical department was added to the college last year, which has proved a grand success; a painting and drawing department has been added this year, and bids fair to reap the same result; why not take one step more and add elocution?

SABBATH desecration is becoming a question of no small importance to the Christian citizens of America. Though it is not a question in which Christians alone should be interested, the preservation and support of the Sabbath always will, as it has in the past, rest upon them. The tendency of the times is to deprive it of its sacred character, and without earnest effort on the part of those who believe in a Christian Sabbath, our day of rest must soon degenerate into a Sabbath like that of France and Germany: a day of worse than revelry.

It is gratifying to see that efforts are being made by some of the prominent ministers of Pittsburgh to prevent the desecration of the Sabbath in that city, and we hope to hear of their example being followed in other places. Such reform is sure to excite opposition but it is by no means a bad sign when an evil begins to try to defend itself.

THE Rev. Mr. T. J. Porter, '81, lately a missionary to Persia, addressed the Y. M. C. A., Tuesday evening, April 20, on the mission work in that field. The lecture was interesting and instructive throughout. His description of the country, the customs, religious, and the conditions of the people,

and his account of the mission work in that field, clearly showed that he was indeed a missionary, and one of which Westminster might well be proud.

If those who claim that it takes ninety cents of the dollar to send it to the heathen had been present, they would have learned that it only takes three and one-half cents. It is seldom our privilege to hear a real missionary talk, and think if we had more such earnest lecturers on the subject there would not be such a manifest indifference among Christians. We are glad to hear that the health of his wife which compelled him to leave his work, is greatly improved since her return home.

THE sixth lecture of the course was delivered in the College chapel by Wallace Bruce. He was greeted by an enthusiastic Wilmington audience and proved himself worthy of their close attention. His subject was "Ready Wit," and he handled it in a way which showed that it had been thoroughly mastered. The lecture was an analysis of wit and humor. His definitions and distinctions were apt and striking and his illustrations were exceedingly funny. Mr. Bruce's lectures are refined and instructive as well as entertaining, as all who have heard him can testify. Though his lecture was full of fun from beginning to end, there was not a tinge of vulgarity or profanity; a refined audience can laugh without restraint at every joke. His remarks on slang and the cause of its use will not soon be forgotten.

Mr. Bruce has our best wishes and we hope it is not the last time we will have an opportunity of hearing him.

THE trashy literature which is scattered so abundantly over the country is one of the most fruitful sources of evil. It is

exciting and attractive to the youthful mind and like many other evils creates a corrupt appetite. The purpose which brings such literature into existence is enough to condemn it. Money-making is a secondary object in the minds of the best authors. Much of our poor literature is written by men without principle and they can not but impart to their works their own character. There are thousands of instances to testify that such literature cannot be read with impunity.

The life of an author is reproduced in the mind of every reader. When we become interested in his work our thoughts and feelings are, to a large extent, under the control of the writer, and our opinions are deflected toward his. Continued reading must permanently change our mode of thinking and hence our character. How careful then ought we to be of the character of our reading, and of the taste we cultivate!

Nearly every one must have noticed the great effect of second-class literature upon the life and character of some persons who are in the habit of poring over the trashy stuff with which the country is flooded. In the light of the above, this is easily accounted for. There was nothing worthy in the mind of the author, he could not impart to his work what was not in his mind, and the mind of the reader, unable to imbibe from the book anything which it does not contain, is lead only downward. The victim of such bad taste or poor judgment becomes careless and indolent, and loses all his energy; he becomes weak-minded and sentimental—a complete wreck, unfit for life in a practical world. The effect of good literature, though probably not more marked, is much more interesting and pleasant to contemplate. There is no man of intellect who does not, to some extent, owe his power to the effect of good literature, it is

the food of thought: the inexhaustible mine in which is stored away the spoils of time. As we read the productions of great minds we think their thoughts and feel their inspirations, and our own minds are excited to greater activity. College life is the time to learn what to read and how to read, and without this knowledge no man in the present age can be said to be truly educated.

EXCHANGES.

A NEW literary venture hails from Washington, Iowa, and announces itself by name as the *Acamedian*. It is a semi-monthly and neatly printed. It has the following to say for itself in the form of a sonnet:

"Oh, *Acamedian*! fly with lightnings flare,
Herald all happy news in type both large and clear;
Dismiss all thought of care,
For we all must sorrow bear.
In time of joyful tune
Flow words in rhythmic rune.
List! all the world with one accord
Gives to thee, paper young, advice profound,
Within the sonnets little patch of ground.
But advice is cheap at best;
Then take what is found right here,—
A word to friends far and near:
Subscribe at once and pay the money down."

* * *

WE welcome among our exchanges the *Aurora* published by Knoxville College. We notice on its staff Mr. J. R. Millen and Miss M. M. McBride, two of the former graduates of this college. From its modest Salutory we take the following: "What's in a name? Lest we seem chargeable with Caesar's fault, let it be remembered that Diogenes' lantern was for his own private use. So let it be with *Aurora*." We have in the *Aurora* "the dawning light," may it advance to noonday brightness.

* * *

THE *Monmouth Collegian* has a reputation; and from what it says of itself we suppose

it to be a good one.—“By hard work we hope to sustain the reputation the paper has won for itself in the past. If we do so, we shall consider ourselves amply repaid for the labor it has cost us.” It notices the efforts of a glee club in the following manner: “Do not tremble. Those wails that float upon the evening air are not those of anguish, but merely the efforts of the glee club to sing a new piece.”

* * *

THE *Purdue* has begun a series of questions on interesting topics. The idea is a good one.

* * *

Some other good exchanges on our table must be left over for notice until our next issue.

RESOLUTIONS.

On the death of Miss Mary Thompson, of New Wilmington, Pa., the following resolutions were adopted by the Ladies Missionary Society and Sabbath School class with which she was connected:

WHEREAS, God in his mysterious dealings with us has seen fit to call home one of our members,

Resolved That we discern in this lamentable dispensation the plan of an all wise Providence, and bow in submission to His sovereign will.

2. That in her death we have lost an earnest worker and faithful friend.

3. That in her removal in the morning of her usefulness we recognize the hand of God, and his voice urging us to greater diligence and earnestness in the working for the salvation of souls, and saying, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all might.”

4. That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and commend them to Him, who is able to fill by His loving presence the void in their hearts, and who has said, “Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.”

Com. { EMMA MEHARD,
FRANC DONALDSON.
ESTELLA MACMILLAN.

—The court at Butler has refused all applications for license to sell liquor. We always thought that something good would come of Butler county.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Birds.

—Violets.

—Blue ribbons.

—A Prohibition club has been organized in Grove City.

—A small mountain has fallen on the First and Second Preps.

—Miss Couthoni gave an entertainment last week in Grove City.

—Demosthenes has entered Westminster in the person of a Soph.

—The glass in the front door of Dr. Smith's house has been broken.

—Wallace Bruce's “Double up” story was in the first issue of the *HOLCAD*.

—Those tin horns the other night sounded for all the world like a magnified mosquito.

—One of the men in New Castle whose application for license was refused has assigned.

—Mrs. Layeh Barakat delivered an address before Erie Presbytery at its recent meeting in Mercer.

—Seniors, the demerit system is still in operation; better keep away from the platform during recitation hours.

—The spire of the new church has been straightened. The ornament on the college looks lonesome now.

—Oh, for a million gags to silence the feathered tribe in the campus during the “wee sma' hours” of the morning!

—The Freshmen spend their spare time on fine afternoons in carrying around the theodolite, the chain and the leveling rod.

—Mr. Thos. J. Porter, '81, gave a very earnest and interesting address to the Y. M. C. A. last week, on Persia and the missionary work there.

—The ladies received a special invitation to attend the base ball game Friday afternoon. The Leagorean Society adjourned for the occasion.

—When the Council has seen fit to pen up the cows, the next step will be for the College authorities to remove the old fence from around the campus.

—A strict utilitarian could find no fault with the leaning weather vane on top of the belfry, for it readily shifts its position every time the wind blows. But then, most of us are æsthetic and

don't like the looks of it, and besides it looks as if the college was wanting to hold a candle to somebody.

—The Webster Debating Society of Grove City, has decided that the Prohibition party furnishes the true means of breaking up the liquor traffic.

—Class in Latin.—Prof.: "Where is the Dative of Agent found?" Prep.: "In the Ablative case." Prof.: "Where?" Prep.: "Oh, I mean in the Dative case."

—New stoves have been placed in the recitation rooms of Miss Patterson, Prof. Taggart and Dr. Mehard. Mr. Kuhn thinks they are not of much account.

—Mrs. Findley, of Beverly, Ohio, who is now teaching music at Beaver Falls, will take charge of the Music Department here next year in the absence of Prof. Austin.

—On Thursday, April 15, the house of Mrs. Hogge, three miles north of here, was struck with lightning. Mrs. Hogge was seriously injured but is now recovering. Her sister, Miss McNair, was killed.

—D. H. Burwell, "the boy orator," held a series of gospel temperance meetings in the College Chapel this week. He came under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. and spoke before large and criticising audiences. Mr. Burwell is certainly gifted with the voice of a singer and orator and, for one so young, did well. After the meetings many persons took the pledge. Members of the Y. W. C. T. U. acted as ushers.

—Class in Science of Government.

Student: "The author says that if the right to vote is an attribute of humanity, women have a right to vote."

Prof.: "What kind of an argument is that? You studied Logic last year."

Student: "*Argumentum ad hominem*, I think."

Prof.: "Rather, *argumentum ad womanum*."

—The Westminster Association elected the following persons as delegates to the Y. M. C. A. convention at New Castle, April 23 and 25: Messrs J. S. Thompson, D. C. Morrison, W. H. Moore, W. M. Barr and J. S. Hill. Messrs. Barr and Thompson went for the opening exercises Friday evening. The others attended Bruce's lecture here and went to the convention on Saturday.

—During the last vacation four Seniors went to a neighboring town and took dinner at the the best hotel. All ate as only Seniors can, but two of them seemed to do better than the others, when one of the latter, looking at those who were doing their best, exclaimed, "All Gaul is divided into three parts, and here are two of them." It is needless to say that the remark would have applied as well to the other two.

—One of the Senior girls went fishing last week and though she did not succeed in securing any fish she returned triumphantly with a beautiful Swan, six feet high, and weighing about 160 pounds. Another lady who was with her met with equal success. The news of this wonderful catch soon spread over the village, and the next day four other Senior ladies encouraged by the success of their classmate started for the millpond. They were unsuccessful, however, and returned without finding anything of importance.

—Game of Consequence:

Faculty.

Preps.

Faculty says: "Preps. *must* study."

Preps. say: "Don't have time."

Faculty says: "Preps. must go to Prof. Wallace's room every day at 1:30 p. m. and stay with their books and a cross Senior until 4."

Preps. say a great many things but of course submit.

The world says: "It's a good plan, ha, ha."

Consequences: Better lessons.

—Ralph Johnson took his lady to visit the Philo Society two weeks ago. He left his horse and buggy in the street, but they weren't there when they came to go home. He was obliged to leave the lady in town and walk home alone. On returning next morning he found the rig not far from where he had left it. It showed unmistakable signs of having been used during the night. It pains us exceedingly that he lays the blame on some of the Seniors who were lately on the HOLCAD staff, notwithstanding the fact that the rig was found in front of the house where our Editor-in-Chief stays.

—The long-looked for dedication of the new Second U. P. church took place on Thursday of this week. Interesting services were held in the afternoon and evening conducted by Rev. Messrs. J. T. McCrory, of the Third U. P. church

Allegheny, and J. A. Baily, of Sharon. Quite a number of strangers were present. The congregation has now a respectable and commodious house of worship, and we trust God's blessing will rest upon the congregation and its able and devoted pastor, as they thus commence a new era in their history.

—Quite an excitement was caused Friday afternoon by the cry of "Fire! Prof. Cummings' house is on fire." The ball field was quickly vacated, and girls, boys and bicycles went rushing toward the scene. When the crowd reached the campus, it received the intelligence that the fire was out. All were glad that so little damage was done, but a few were disappointed because they had not been able to immortalize themselves as they surely would have done if they had reached the place in time. One young man exerted himself so much that he was unable to walk back but was picked up and carried into town by a passing wagon.

♣—The Philos sent a challenge to the Adelphics to play them a game of base ball on Friday afternoon, April 23, which they accepted. The day was fine and quite a number of spectators were entertained in watching the playing. One commendable feature of the game was the entire absence of the usual bickering at base ball games. The Adelphics won, the score being as follows:

ADELPHIC.	R	P	O	B	A	E	L	B	PHILOS.	R	P	O	B	A	E	L	B
Fisher, s.....	2	0	1	0	1	2			Warden, L.....	0	9	0	1	1	0		
Johnson, r.....	3	1	2	0	0	2			McNaugher, 2.....	2	1	1	2	1	0		
Snyder, 2.....	4	5	3	0	2	1			Robinson, p. 2.....	1	0	6	2	0			
Vance, L.....	4	7	2	2	1	0			Monroe, s.....	1	3	0	1	1	0		
Moore, L.....	3	0	3	0	0	1			Irons, L.....	2	0	0	0	1	1		
McElree, jr. m.....	3	3	1	1	1	2			Lindsey, c.....	2	9	0	5	1	0		
McElree's r. c.....	1	8	0	2	1	0			Hutchins'n r.....	1	2	0	2	0	2		
Gormly, 3.....	2	2	1	1	2	0			Purvis, 3.....	1	2	0	2	2	2		
Kennedy, p.....	4	1	1	6	2	2			Kilpatrick, m.....	0	0	0	0	3	1		
Totals.....	26	27	14	14	10	8			Totals.....	12	27	1	19	17	6		

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Adelphics.....	0	0	8	7	3	1	4	1	2—26
Philos.....	3	0	0	2	6	3	1	0—12	

Two-base hits—McElree, Jr., Irons, Lindsey, Hutchinson.
Base on balls—Kennedy, 2; Robinson, 2; McNaugher, 2.
Struck out—Robinson, 5; Kennedy, 5.
Umpire—J. H. Vance.

—The convention of the Young Men's Christian Association held at New Castle, on the 23rd, 24th and 25th of April, was most successful. The occasion was the opening of the new Association Building. Mr. Sankey, the well-known evangelist, and the donor of the building presided. Delegates were present from the Associations at Pittsburgh, East Liberty, Titusville,

Wheeling, W. Va., Sharpsville, Youngstown, Ohio, Cleveland, Ohio, Meadville, Erie, and from this college. The formal opening of the new building took place on Friday eve., at 7:30. The exercises were held in the audience room of the building which was crowded to its utmost capacity. Short addresses were made by President Porter of the Pittsburgh Association, by Rev. Colkins of New Castle and by Mr. Sankey. After the exercises, the Association rooms were thrown open to all. The elegant parlor, the well stocked reading room, the splendid gymnasium and more than all, the library of over 15,000 volumes of the standard works of literature, were much admired. The exercises of Saturday were most interesting. The farewell services were held in the New Opera House on Washington St., on Sabbath evening. An overflow meeting was held at the Disciple church. Mr. Sankey and State Sec. Taggart presided. Delegates from nearly all the Associations represented, spoke a word. The cost of the association building complete, was as we understood, 43,000 dollars. The first Association was formed in New Castle 17 years ago. After many years a building has been completed more particularly through the efforts of Mr. Sankey and presented to his native city. What shall we say of the donor? May the Master whom he tries to serve, when his work is done, give to him one of the "many mansions" which he has gone to prepare for his followers and "may" (as Mr. Sankey himself expressed it) "the banner of Christ never be taken down from that building."

PERSONALS.

—Miss Huldah Campbell, '84, has returned home.

—Miss Lila Williamson will not be in college this term.

—W. B. Williamson, '84, has been in town a few days.

—Mrs. Sewall died last week and was buried on Saturday.

—Dr. Barr of Canonsburg, will return to India in September.

—Rev. Criswell, '74, has accepted a call to Ontario, Ohio.

—Mr. H. D. Gordon, our editor-in-chief, has

been called home on account of the illness of his mother.

—D. E. Magill, '84, is teaching select school at Avondale, Ohio.

—Orrie McLaughry's school has closed and he is again in college.

—Miss Olive Van Fleet visited her friends in college, April 20.

—Rev. J. McNab, '62, preached at Utica and Sandy Lake last month.

—Miss Anna Shafer is again in college. Her friends welcome her back.

—Miss Aggie Irons spent Saturday, April 24, at her home in this place.

—Rev. J. L. Robertson, '64, spent April 12, and 14, in town with his family.

—Messrs R. P. Allen and J. P. Vance, '85, attended the lecture by Wallace Bruce.

—Rev. Robert McFate, '73, preached for Dr. Brittain at Greenville, on Sabbath, April 18.

—Mrs. J. M. Hervey from California is in town visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Best.

—During vacation Miss Sadie McElree, '86, received a visit from Miss Maggie Brown, '85.

—Mrs. S. A. M. Byers, sister of Mrs. Prof. Thompson has returned to her home in Iowa.

—Mr. J. H. Vance, a former student of the college and now studying medicine, is in town.

—Miss Decima McKee, '84, is corresponding clerk in the Holcomb music room, in Cleveland.

—Rev. C. H. Robinson, '83, declined the call to Turtle Creek and accepted a call to Mumford N. Y.

—Dr. Mehard will assist at the communion service in Greenville, on the second Sabbath in May.

—Rev. Thos. J. Porter preached at Unity church, Lackawannock township, on Sabbath the 18th.

—J. N. Martin, '81, has been elected Supt., of the Sabbath school of the Second U. P. church, in New Castle.

—Judge McMichael will hold the courts of Beaver County, during the absence of Judge Wickham in Europe.

—Clark Kuhn has almost recovered from his recent illness. He was able to be at the ball ground Friday afternoon.

—R. W. Donald, '89, looking well and happy, has returned to work. "Better late than never," but "better, never late."

—Drs. Ferguson and Mehard, and Prof. Taggart, attended the meeting of Presbytery at Sharon, Tuesday, April 20.

—S. W. Douthett, '88, who had been ill for a number of days, returned home last week. We all hope to see him back again.

—Rev. J. A. Kennedy was elected Moderator of Mercer Presbytery, for the ensuing year, at its meeting in Sharon, last week.

—Miss Maggie Yelford, '88, is unable to be at college this term on account of the illness of her cousin, who is very low with consumption.

—Rev. J. W. Smith, '79, has received a call from the Third U. P. church, Xenia, O., of which Dr. W. G. Morehead was the former pastor.

—W. H. Hay, '87, met with a painful accident two weeks ago, spraining his wrist by a fall in the gymnasium. He still carries his arm in a sling.

—Frank H. Laird, '81, has been taken into partnership by lawyers Agnew and Buchanan, of Beaver, and is now the junior member of that well known law firm.

—Mr. R. F. Smith, brother-in-law of E. L. Porter, '88, and Mr. D. M. Benham, '83, will be licensed by the Shenango Presbytery at Sharpsville, Tuesday evening, April 27.

—A card from H. G. Golden informs us that J. S. Allen, '82, has received a unanimous call from the Presbyterian congregation of West Chester, in the suburbs of New York city.

—Prof. J. A. Parker, '83, will make his headquarters here for the summer. He delivered his trials for licensure before Mercer Presbytery last week and was duly licensed to preach.

—Mrs. Rev. A. H. Harshaw, '61, and Mrs. Rev. J. M. Hervey, '86, and Miss Bessie J. Snyder, '85, will represent Westminster in the coming U. P. Woman's Convention in Allegheny.

—The Board of Directors of the Allegheny Theological Seminary could scarcely have found a more suitable man to nominate for the chair of Greek Literature and Criticism than the one named, the Rev. John McNaugher, '80.—*Globe*.

—Prof. R. O. Graham was admitted by Mercer Presbytery at its late meeting in Sharon, as a second year student of Theology. He expects to go to Xenia next year. His success in the chemistry department has marked him as one of the ablest members of the Faculty, and it is with regret that we see him depart.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., MAY 15, 1886.

NO. 17.

THE OLD READING CLASS.

I can not tell you, Genevieve, how oft it comes to me—
That rather young old reading class in District Number Three,
That row of elocutionists who stood so straight in line,
And charged at standard literature with amiable design.
We did not spare the energy in which our words were clad;
We gave the meaning of the text by all the light we had;
But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so free
Would scarce have recognized their work in District Number Three.

Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the winter's thick-laid dust;
The storm it made the windows speak at every sudden gust;
Bright sleigh-bells threw us pleasant words when travellers would pass;
The maple-trees along the road stood shivering in their class;
Beyond, the white-browed cottages were nestling cold and dumb,
And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us to come—
The wondrous world, of which we conned what had been and might be,
In that old-fashioned reading class of District Number Three.

We took a hand at History—its altars, spires, and flames—
And uniformly mispronounced the most important names;
We wandered through Biography, and gave our fancy play,
And with some subjects fell in love—"good only for one day";
In Romance and Philosophy we settled many a point,
And made what poems we assailed to creak at every joint;
And many authors that we love, you with me will agree,
Were first time introduced to us in District Number Three.

You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress,
Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day express?
And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent sight,
Who stumbled on the easy words, and read the hard ones right?
And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black?
And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering all to crack?
And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a show to see?
Alas! we can not find them now in District Number Three.

And Jasper Jeuckes, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word,
(He's in the prize-fight business now, and hits them hard I've heard);
And Benny Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as in fear
(His tongue is not so timid now: he is an auctioneer;
And Lanty Wood, whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change,
And leaped from hoarse to fiercely shrill with most surprising range;
Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee.
Alas? they're both in higher schools than District Number Three.

So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown,
And sound uncommonly distinct through Memory's telephone;
And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer,
And some can smite the rock of time, and summon forth a tear;
But one sweet voice comes back to me, whenever sad I grieve,
And sings a song, and that is yours, O peerless Genevieve!
It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at me—
A silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three

WILL CARLTON.

NORMAL SCHOOL ET COLLEGE.

In the educational system and institutions of to-day normal schools and colleges occupy a high and important place. They are not of co-ordinate rank as scholastic institutions, yet in respect to their intended work, they sometimes vie and contend with one another. Their relative value and claims can be readily perceived by considering the distinctive aim and work of each. Normal schools are specially designed as *training schools* for teachers. This is their primary aim, and the course of study is arranged with reference to the teacher's work. Not only are the various branches of the prescribed course studied with a view to passing an examination on them, but studied also with reference to teaching them. Herein lies the chief value of normal schools as educational agencies, the prominence they give to "normal methods" and working according to them. For teachers, this work is simply invaluable—indispensable. The Normal School is the "Technical School" for the teaching profession.

The college aims to give a broad, comprehensive, liberal education, preparing for any and all vocations in life. Its mission, properly understood and defined, is to aid in the symmetrical development of all the powers of mind and body, and give a broad and liberal culture. To reach this a wide field of study is laid under tribute with constant reference to two great ends, viz: *knowledge acquired*, and more than this, the intellectual power and readiness developed by the process of its acquisition. The *sciences* are studied, as the knowledge of these is all important, and in this realm of study the thinking powers, observation, comparison, generalization and originality of thought are taxed and trained. The mathematics are studied for their own sake, as there can

be no scholarship without them, and in this arena is trained the strong *reasoner*, the logical athlete. History, covering the world's wide field, is studied, for the scholar must be familiar with the events of the past and present of all nations; and what philosophy of earth is so profound and profitable in its study as the philosophy of history? Literature, *belles lettres*, is studied, for it is important that while the mind is trained to think clearly, forcibly and correctly, the best expression for that thought shall come readily to lip and pen. And what a charmed delicious and bracing atmosphere breathes in the temple and fields of literature, just such as delights and refreshes the scholar, and here would he dwell. The "classics" are studied, and justly an important place is assigned them in the college course, as experience has proved that no line of study tends to quicken and correct the thinking powers and to give such a command of language, as the study of the ancient classics; and moreover, this fluency is a coveted treasure by all scholars, as it opens up a vast field of literature through which the reader roams, enchanted by its native accent and the glow of the native skies.

It is a question, then, to the young teacher and student, aspiring to become a scholar, "which of the two schools, the Normal school or the College is best suited for me?" Our main object in this article is to meet this question and give it our answer. Many suppose, and some maintain, that since the Normal school has become an institution of such importance and dimensions, that it is sufficient, and there is no necessity for the College. Indeed, we have heard some Normal teachers speak slightly of the college. Now it will be seen from the statement already given of the special place and functions of these two schools, that the college fills a *much larger place* than the Normal school. The latter does a good work—an

indispensable work, but not all the college is doing. On the other hand, the college properly equipped with a "normal trained" teaching staff does the chief part of the work of the Normal school and *much more*.

We suppose, then, the young man or woman wishing to obtain an education, but in straitened circumstances, compelling them to "work their own way," as many of our excellent teachers and students are doing, asking the question, "To which school had I better go, which will suit me best?" to such an one we answer the Normal school. Go to the Normal school and there prepare yourself thoroughly for the work of teaching, since it is by this avenue you propose to work your way, and, at the same time prepare for entering college. As your immediate aim is teaching, and the Normal school aims specially to fit teachers for the school-room, take the Normal school course. Thus fitted for the work, your engagement in the work will yield you a much richer return than undertaking the work at hap-hazard, and a foundation will be laid for your future course of study and your future work, of the most solid and satisfactory kind. This accomplished, as soon as you are ready, "go to college." This we have assumed as your aim from the outset. We therefore say to all, at this stage of your progress, and yet looking with youth's eager eyes on life's sunny slope, "go to college," if you possibly can.

The college, as it is equipped to-day, will serve and aid you as no other school can. You want its larger course of study, and the larger training and more liberal culture it gives. If you have been grounded in the "Normal methods" in the common branches, all the better for your college work. You will know better how to study, and can grasp subjects more readily; even enter the *studium*, the *gymnasium*, the class-

room, and measure your step and stature with other keen contestants, and by all the added help and stimulus and polish which this sharp attention will give, rest not until the attainment of "a college education has been obtained, and the noble wreath and name of scholarship has been won."

J. L. R.

INTELLECTUAL DISSIPATION.

If I could put into the hands of every student a copy of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's important little work "The Intellectual Life," now easily accessible in this country in the cheap edition of J. B. Alden, N. Y., it would be unnecessary for me to contribute this brief article on the subject which we have selected. Obtain this work as soon as you can and make yourself master of its contents. The pith of his book seems to be condensed in an answer to some such inquiry as this: How best economize our money, time and mental energy upon one or two well selected studies. In one part of his book he lays down this principle and then proceeds to illustrate it. "Nothing is so favorable to sound culture as the definite fixing of limits." This might be selected as the working principle in our modern systems of education in which we have been carried away so far from the idea of simplicity and definiteness that we are overcrowded with a multiplicity of methods and branches. What we have thus gained over our forefathers in variety we have more than lost in our want of thoroughness. In common school, academy and college the aim seems to have been to make the rising man and woman a sort of encyclopediast, one who knows a little of every thing in the world and outside the world, instead of one who knows a few important things and knows these thoroughly. What we have been gaining recently in ex

tent and variety we have lost in intensity and real effectiveness. "This goes far to explain the fact that although our ancestors were much less favorably situated than we are, they often got as good an intellectual training from the literature that was accessible to them as we from our vaster stores."

Nowhere is the loss by mental dissipation felt so much as in the study of a language not our own. Here everything, unless it be the general principles underlying all human speech, is to be learned. Nothing can be assumed. The idiomatic uses of the words, their etymology and syntactic construction together with an extensive vocabulary must be mastered before language becomes literature and before any real profit or pleasure can result from the reading of books or from conversation. In the mathematics the discursive and speculative powers of the mind are not called into action to an equal extent. Here everything assumes definite and invariable forms. In language the wealth of all the sciences including the mathematics is stored away and words must be grasped in their original, idiomatic and historical senses in order that we understand the warp and woof of the literature into which they are deftly wrought. Here earnest, undivided and continuous attention is required as the condition of solid attainment. The sciences can much more easily be laid aside and resumed without loss than Latin or Greek whose spirit or forms are so apt to escape the mind before they are thoroughly matured. And here applies the principle of selection or election in study and reading. In other departments we can often omit what does not suit or interest us, but in the acquisition of a language we must proceed step by step until all the difficulties have been solved and all the forms of expression originally strange to us have become familiar and significant. In his

"letter to a student who felt hurried and driven" Hamerton says, "A language, once undertaken, permits very little selection indeed, since you must know the whole vocabulary, or nearly so, to be able to read and speak. On the other hand the natural sciences permit the most prudent exercise of selection. For example, in botany you may study as few plants as you choose."—*R. B. Taggart.*

A MENAGERIE OF DRUNKARDS.

The most foolish predicament a man can get into is to get drunk. In drunkenness every man shows his strongest and most ardent passion. There are six kinds of drunkenness, and if you will go into a city drinking place, where there are a dozen men under the influence of liquor, you will be sure to find these six different animals.

The first is ape-drunk. He leaps, and sings, and yells, and dances, making all sorts of "monkey shines" to excite the laughter of his fellows! Oh, terribly silly is the drunkard clown.

The second is tiger-drunk. He breaks the bottles, breaks the chairs, breaks the heads of fellow-carousers, and is full of blood and thunder. His eyes are fired with vengeance, and his soul raves with murder-our fury. Of this sort are those who abuse their families.

The third is hog-drunk. He rolls in the dirt on the floor, slobbers and grunts, and going into the streets makes his bed in the first ditch or filthy corner he may happen to fall into. He is heavy, lumpish and sleepy, and cries in a whining way for a little more drink.

The fourth is puppy-drunk. He will weep for kindness, and whine his love and hug you in his arms, and kiss you with his slobbery lips, and proclaim how much he

loves you. You are the best man he ever saw, and will lay down his life for you.

The fifth is owl-drunk. He is wise in his own conceit. No man must differ with him for his word is law. He is true in politics, and all matters must be taken as authority. His arm is strongest, his voice the sweetest, his horse the fleetest, his turnips the largest, his town the finest of all in the room or the land.

The sixth and last animal of our menagerie is the fox-drunk man. He is crafty, ready to trade horses and cheat if he can. Keen to strike a bargain, leering around with low cunning, peeping through cracks, listening under the eaves, watching for some suspicious thing, sly as a fox, sneaking as a wolf, he is the meanest drunkard of them all.

MORE JOSH BILLINGS.

The man who can wear a paper collar a whole week, and keep it clean—ain't fit for anything else.

The mule is a pun on the horse.

Common-sense is the instinct of reason.

Success has no pedigree, and only a short creed.

Secrets are cursed poor property anyhow: if you circulate them you lose them, and if you keep them you lose the interest on the investment.

All genuine humor is truth, and that is what makes it so powerful.

Wh t a man can't win by politeness is out of the reach of everything except a club.

Lies are like illegitimate children, liable to call a man father when he least expects it.

In this world there is a great deal of what is called virtue that is nothing more than vice tired out.

Ridicule that ain't true is a dangerous

weapon to use: the handle is sharper than the point.

There are a hundred different kinds of religion, but only one kind of piety.

Living on hope is like living on wind: a good way to get full, but a poor way to get fat.

Many people spend their time trying to find the hole where sin got into the world. If two men break through the ice into a mill-pond, they had better hunt for some good hole to get out, rather than get into a long argument about the hole they came to fall in.

There are some folks in this world who spend their whole lives hunting after righteousness, and can't find any time to practice it.

Whenever a minister has preached a sermon that pleases the whole congregation, he probably has preached one that the Lord won't indorse.

Laziness is a good deal like money; the more a man has of it the more he seems to want.

To pick out a good husband—shut up both eyes, grab hard, and trust in the Lord.

If you want to get at the circumference of a man, examine him among folks; but if you want to get at his actual diameter, measure him at his fireside.

There are two things in this life for which we are never fully prepared—that is, twins.

Love is like the measles; we can't have it bad but once, and the later in life we have it the tougher it goes with us.

The jealous man is always hunting for something he don't expect to find, and when he has found it, he is mad because he has.

When a man begins to go down-hill, the whole world seems greased for the occasion.

If an S and an i and an o and a u, with an x at the end spell "Su"

And an e and a y and an e spell "i," pray what is a speller to do?

Then if also an s and an i and a g and an h e d spell "eide,"

There's nothing much left for a speller to do but to go and commit Siouxeysighed

THE HOLCAD.

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All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 10th and 26th of each month.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

THE dedication of the Second U. P. church, of this place, took place, according to appointment, on Thursday, April 29th. It was an occasion to be remembered by all who witnessed it.

The congregation met in the afternoon and listened to an interesting sermon by Rev. J. A. Bailey, '59, of Sharon. After the sermon, a statement of the financial condition of the congregation, in regard to the building of the church, was read. It was as follows: Total cost of the house \$12,500. The funds of the congregation, from sale of property, \$1,800. The amount which had been raised by the ladies of the congregation, \$1,500. The amount raised by subscription, \$4,000. Total, \$7,300. The amount necessary to liquidate the debt was thus shown to be \$5,200.

The most hopeful of the congregation did not expect that they could raise more than \$3,000, and the pastor himself had said,

on the morning of the dedication, that he had no faith that the house would be cleared of debt, but they were all surprised at their own liberality.

After the sermon Rev. McCrory took charge of the meeting and began the call for subscriptions. The first to respond was Mr. Samuel Elliott. The names of the others who contributed most liberally will be found in another column. Though those who responded did themselves credit by their liberality, the subscriptions came slowly and the meeting was dismissed for supper with \$3,200 on the list.

In the evening Rev. McCrory preached an excellent sermon from the text, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth." (Psalm 26:8.) After the sermon the subscription list was again taken up and the people responded promptly. Before the formal dedication, the committee was able to announce that the subscriptions amounted to \$5,800: enough to liquidate the debt and leave a surplus of \$600.

Many doubted the ability of the congregation to pay for such a house as they had built but they proved themselves equal to the occasion and all went away from the meeting feeling relieved that the debt was provided for.

The people of the second church now have a house of which they may justly be proud. It is beautiful and convenient—a place worthy of the cause to which it is dedicated.

BERNARD BIGSBY delivered his lecture on "Arnold, Rugby and Tom Brown," in the College Chapel last Saturday evening. The audience was very small as far as numbers were concerned, but those who were present were highly entertained. The lecture was on a line which was new to

most of us, and gave the reality of personal experience to many things of which we seldom have the opportunity of learning except through reading. Mr. Bigsby is a thorough Englishman with all the English reverence for names and titles: he has a love for things that are ancient, and an enthusiasm for places of historical interest, which are hard for an American audience to appreciate.

The lecture was one of the best of the season. The small audience was no doubt largely due to the excitement which prevailed in town during the afternoon.

THE cows are, at last, to be banished; the decree has gone forth and June the 1st is the time set for the death of cow-liberty. The council has decided that the streets and sidewalks were made for the use of the public and the cows must stop loafing on the street corners to the annoyance and obstruction of travelers. We would be glad if the rest of the loafers could be dealt with in a similar manner, but we will not begin the agitation of that question till the present one is disposed of. We hope that the decree already passed will prove to be like the law of the Medes and Persians. One of the greatest obstacles which has been in the way of beautifying the town is now removed and we hope that our citizens will not be slow to improve the opportunity now offered by the banishment of the cow. The remains of what was once a fence around the campus, have long since ceased to be an ornament but, have been kept in their place for the special benefit of the cows. May it with all similar institutions accompany them in their exile.

D. H. BURWELL, the "Boy orator," gave the last of his series of lectures, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. T. U., on

Friday evening, April 30th. The meetings were well attended and generally interesting and no doubt they did some good though, in a town so universally temperate as New Wilmington, there is not much chance for the remarkable conversions which generally mark what are called successful temperance meetings. Mr. Burwell is certainly an enthusiastic worker and he is engaged in a cause which is worthy of all his energy; he is a fine singer and has some of the characteristics of an attractive orator but he also has some serious defects which cannot but detract from his influence. The most noticeable of these is his unbounded egotism, which must be annoying to any intelligent audience. The right to use "I" in the way in which he used it can only be earned by a long life of study and experience. There are a few men known to the public who can use it with effect but coming from a boy it does not add much to the strength of an assertion.

EXCHANGES.

THE "Local" of the *Washburn Argo* has found a new evidence of polygamy, hear him:—"A third prep. was seen carrying two boxes labeled, '12 pairs of ladies' shoes.' (More evidences of polygamy)."

* * *

THE *Earlhamite*, of Richmond, Ind., dislikes to have it hinted that it is published in "a flat and aguish country by a flat and aguish people," and is having quite a "spat" with the *Collegian* on the subject.

* * *

A far traveled exchange is the *Pacific Pharos*, from San Jose, Cal. We clip the following from its editorial on Christian schools: "A few one-sided institutions have sprung into existence in this country, of late

years, aiming to exalt the physical sciences, to the neglect or exclusion of logic, ethics, psychology, and all references to the Bible and Christian religion." Westminster College is happily not among these.

* * *

THE *College Cabinet* has many good things in its collection this month. Noticeable among these are the articles on "Self-Reliance," and "Coming Conflicts." The editor discusses *written* and *oral* examinations pro and con, preferring the oral.

* * *

BETHANY, the home of the *Bethany Collegian*, has cows; one of them acted in a very naughty manner according to the "Local." "A lady student was chased down the street not long since by a vicious cow, but luckily the janitor of the college was near enough to prevent injury." Thereupon the Local administers a reproof to the "city fathers" upon the subject in general. New Wilmington ladies can now traverse our streets without molestation. The decree has gone forth and the cows must go into "durance vile."

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—A frantic Senior: Stop that horse!

—"Why don't some of the ladies at the hall walk slowly?"

—The behavior of some at the temperance meeting in the chapel last week was disgraceful.

—The first picnic of the season was held at Neshanock Falls May 1st by a number of Second Preps.

—Now that the campus fence is no longer needed, let it be quietly removed before commencement.

—Do not be guilty of the barbarism of accenting Carlyle's name on the last syllable.—Prof. Bigsby.

—Two essays on "Spring" were read in the Leagorean Society May 7th, and another is prepared for the 21st.

—Prep. to dignified Junior on bicycle: "It's pretty hard work, isn't it?" Junior: "Yes, when the roads is rough."

—Sabbath school opened in the new 2nd U. P. church May 2nd, with two hundred and forty-five persons present.

—A six-weeks' term of school for the little folks began May 3d, with Miss Thosie McLaughry and Miss Moore as teachers.

—John Sin Clair, agent for the New Castle Steam Laundry. Collars, cuffs, lace curtains and ladies' laundry a specialty.

—The Senior class at Allegheny College this year has thirty-five members. It is the largest class that has ever graduated there.

—"Send for Prof. Taggart," said Miss Patterson the other day, as she looked out of the window and saw three cows in the campus.

—The last lecture of the course of '86, was given in the chapel Friday evening by John DeWitt Miller. Subject: "The Uses of Ugliness."

—The Sophmores have read *Julius Caesar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Macbeth*, and *As You Like It* since the beginning of the term and are now reading *Hamlet*.

—Only one of the Preps. due at the afternoon school resisted the temptation to run away May 3d, and he has been excused from attendance by the Faculty.

—Last term in the Literature class, one of the Sophmores said that Dryden's best piece was "Alexanders Feast," and that "The Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" was also very fine.

—On last Tuesday evening a party was given to the Senior class by Mrs. Poppino and daughters. The members of the class had a very enjoyable time. Only one was seriously ill the next day.

—Disorder at public meetings is becoming quite the fashion. When people lose all the respect they have for other people and for themselves too, it is time for them to get some more or stay at home.

—The business portions of the town are re-

newing their youth under the gentle touches of the painter and glazier. Wouldn't it be a mighty good idea to trot the college out under a paint drop for a few days?

—Dr. Ferguson announced in chapel a few mornings since that the freedom of the Y. M. C. A. library in New Castle, for reading purposes, was extended to any of the students who might wish to avail themselves of it.

—When the cows are put up, the ornaments on the College fixed, the lamps put in the Campus, and the fence taken away, the HOLCAD will be happy, even if it is compelled to appear with a blank space in each department.

—The Y. W. C. T. U. is now in working order, and an invitation is extended to all the young people to join the organization and help on with the work. Gentlemen are admitted on the same terms as ladies except that they can not hold offices.

—That weather vane on the top of the college is still on a bender. Perhaps, though, it is only looking around the campus for those lights. We must say that with us it has looked a long time in vain. We have worn our peeps hoarse calling for lights for the campus.

—The small Sophomore has been heard from again. The class enters recitation room. "Student: 'Prof., we can't stay in here this hour.'" Prof.: "Why not?" Student: "Why, the room is full of brimstone." Prof.: "Well, I've been in here all morning." Student: "Ah, that accounts for it."—Applause from class, Prof. looks ominous—"for your not noticing it I mean."

—Temperance meetings are continued. On Saturday evening, May 1, one was held in the college chapel. Addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. A. O. Stone, J. A. Kennedy, H. G. McVey and Prof. Mitchell. The next evening there was a meeting in the M. E. church, and on Thursday evening another in the chapel, addressed by Miss Patterson and Prof. Wallace.

—An epidemic has broken out among the Preps. On Monday, May 2nd, they were affected so that they were unable to get upstairs for study after recess. Dr. Ferguson was summoned and after consulting the other physicians prescribed, no exercise for the rest of the week,

and administered a few drops from the demerit bottle. The patients are improving and there is but little fear of a relapse.

—By the time our next issue is out, the cows will have ceased to haunt our streets. The council met on Wednesday evening, May 5th, and by a vote of four to two passed the anti-cow ordinance. There were one hundred and fifty-one petitioners for the ordinance among whom were the women of the town, widows and all. Indeed, the widows, with Prof. Taggart, started the agitation. A remonstrance with thirty signatures was presented by Messrs Stafford and A. H. Best.

—Saturday, May 8th, the farmers and business men of New Wilmington held a fair for the display of machinery, implements, etc. In the afternoon, there was a masked procession headed by the town band supplemented by some members of the defunct college band. When the procession was over, a game of base ball was played between the college nine and a picked up nine consisting of town boys, students and a catcher and pitcher from New Castle. The college nine was beaten, the score standing 16 to 9.

—At the dedication of the 2nd U. P. church a number of the members responded liberally to the call for money. Subscriptions of \$250 were first called for. Those who subscribed this amount were as follows: Mr. Samuel Elliott, Prof. J. B. Cummings, Mrs. Loekhart, Revs. W. A. Campbell, A. Y. Houston, J. A. Kennedy, R. B. Taggart, Mrs. Mary A. McCleary, Mr. Alcorn, Dr. Ferguson, the Misses Hope, and Mr. Van Orsdel. The remainder was given in smaller sums. The entire amount subscribed is about \$6,000, which more than covers the principal of the debt.

—Prof. Mitchell has a dude-killer. He didn't advertise the fact but it leaked out in this wise. On Monday evening last, as the professor was training it in the presence of a few confidential friends in Snyder's orchard, two dignified Seniors condescended to honor the little party in the orchard with their presence. But no sooner had they entered the gate than the animal, true to its natural instincts, left its owner's side, made a detour to the rear of the enemy and immediately charged at them, with the evident

intention of sending them skywards or of breaking any furniture which might, perchance, have been stored in the senior coat-tail pocket. The professor's presence of mind and energetic movements were but sufficient to control the calf and avert a catastrophe which might have brought to the Seniors, not the proud glories of Commencement Day but a bloody end.

—The following record of a bad Friday was found in one of the recitation rooms. The fact that it was written in a lady's hand seems to throw doubt on its genuineness. "Rose at 7:30. Had no time for breakfast. Ran to chapel. Got "O" in every class. Was cross all afternoon. Dressed in my "store clothes" to go to society to say an oration. Couldn't find my collar button. Pinned my collar. Forgot the oration. Askedd to be excusek to go to see my girl. Went. The other fellow was there. Went home mad. Bad day."

—A meeting of temperance voters was held in the chapel on last Tuesday evening, to consider the best course to follow in the coming election of Associate Judge. There was much discussion and dissatisfaction manifested with reference to the nominations for Associate Judge. The following committee was appointed to confer with similar committees throughout the county in regard to making new nominations: From the Prohibition party, Mr. Samuel Elliott; from the Republican, Mr. James McLaughry; from the Democrat, Dr. Mealy.

—A thanksgiving service was held in the new Second U. P. church on Wednesday afternoon, May 5th. Appropriate addresses were made by the pastor and also by Revs. Mealy, Campbell, Houston, Stone, McVey and Ferguson. Votes of thanks were given to the building committee, to the furnishing committee, to the public in general, and we forget whom else. At 5 o'clock refreshments were served in the room over the Sabbath School room. Everybody had a good time. Miss Patterson and her Sabbath School class were especially hilarious.

—Prof. Bernard Bigsby, of Rugby and Oxford, lectured in the chapel on Saturday evening, May 8th, on Rugby, Arnold and Tom Brown, to a wretchedly small audience. The lecturer is a gentleman of established fame both as an author and lecturer; but forsooth, because he didn't

come on the regular lecture course, not a third of the students came to hear him, and but a very small scattering of the town's people. A crowded house to hear a drivelling dentist from New York, and whole blocks of empty seats when a real, live, learned, famous Oxford graduate lectures, is literally preposterous.

—It is with regret that we announce the death of the Rev. Wm. Findlay, D. D., who died at his home in New Castle, on Sabbath, May 9th. As was said of him he was a man of great intellectual ability and of eminent piety. He was born in January, 1808, at Mercer, was graduated at Jefferson College in 1828, studied theology at Allegheny, was licensed by Luke Presbytery in 1832, and ordained in 1837; was pastor of Prospect and White Oak Spring, Butler county, nineteen years, was connected with this College as Professor of Latin or financial agent for several years, and was pastor of Williamsford and Chesley, Canada, three years. Funeral services were held in New Castle, May 11th, and the body was brought to New Wilmington for burial the 12th. The procession reached here about eleven o'clock and was joined by many friends. The professors and students assembled and accompanied the procession as far as the depot.

HELP THE WIDOW OF OUR FRIEND.

"The widow of John F. Quarles, who was one of the best and ablest men the colored race in this country has yet produced, is sick and destitute and almost without acquaintances in a strange land. She is a French lady and married Mr. Quarles when he was United States Consul at Malaga. She was then an orphan, so that her present condition is absolutely lonely. Mr. Quarles's sudden death left her without any means of support. Anything that is done for her relief will be bestowed upon a worthy and most unfortunate woman engaged in a hard and losing struggle with adversity."

This item is taken from the *New York Tribune*. I called on the sufferer for the sake of her talented husband as well as her own and ascertained the need of present assistance. She hopes to secure employment in the Autumn if strength returns. In the name of the Master, I appeal to my fellow alumni, especially those who knew John F. Quarles whose ability we all recognized, whose name is an honor to Westminster, to give such relief as you can. Send contributions to me or to *The Tribune*.

A. H. HARSHAW,
426 West 58th St., New York City.

PERSONALS.

- Miss Laura Farrar is now at home.
- Miss Mary Best returned home a short time ago.
- Miss Lena Shields is at her home in this place.
- Prof. Austin's father was his guest last Sabbath.
- Rev. Joseph McKelvey, '63, was in town Tuesday.
- Miss Maggie Herries is in town with her sister, Mrs. Edgar.
- Sam Aiken, '83, was one of the picked-up mine on Saturday.
- J. Scott Irwin, Esq., '73, has located in Youngstown, Ohio.
- Mr. J. L. Cotton, '85, preached in Tarentum on Sabbath, May 2nd.
- Dr. Walter G. Hope, '81, has left for Dakota, where he will locate.
- Prof. and Mrs. Thompson will spend next week in Ithaca, N. Y.
- A brother of Prof. Graham was in chapel on Thursday morning.
- Dr. Ferguson preached in New Castle on Sabbath evening, May 2.
- M. B. Griffith superintended the "Model School" one day last week.
- Prof. Taggart addressed the Y. M. C. A. at its union meeting last Sabbath.
- N. L. Heidger, '84, has been licensed at Canonsburg, and is now preaching.
- The salary of Rev. H. S. Boyd, '75, of New Bedford, has been increased by \$100 per year.
- Miss Emma Alexander who has been teaching in the Sharpsville school has returned home.
- Mrs. Dr. Graham, of Morning Sun, Iowa, is in town visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Kennedy.
- S. W. Douthett is back again improved in health and able to do good work in the bail field.
- Miss Ella Day, last year a student here, has returned to her work at the State Normal, Indiana, Pa.

—W. C. Adair, '88, took a longer vacation than the rest of us. He returned to college May 3d.

—T. D. Weddell, '73, of Washington, D. C., spent several days here with his family two weeks ago.

—Miss Margaret Barnes, a member of the class of '84, Monmouth College, is at her home in this place.

—Over three hundred persons have signed the pledge in connection with the several temperance meetings here lately.

—W. T. McConnell, '88, dropped in on his family unexpectedly last Sabbath. He remained two or three days.

—M. B. Griffith, of the Senior class, will remain and recite Shakspeare the remainder of the term with the Sophomores.

—Miss Patterson attended the meeting of the Women's General Missionary Society at Allegheny on last Wednesday and Thursday.

—J. S. Thompson, '88, left college for his home on Tuesday of last week, on account of poor health. During his absence J. M. Robertson acts as librarian.

—Rev. Mr. Hutchison conducted chapel exercises May 3d. When called on for remarks he was, as Dr. Mehard said, "like the Irishman, 'not dead but spacheless'".

—Miss Bessie J. Snyder, '85, on her way home from Chase City, Va., attended the Women's Missionary Society meeting in Allegheny, and read a paper before that body.

—The Rev. Mr. Stone, of the M. E. church, and Dr. Johnson, of New Castle, conducted chapel services Friday morning. The Doctor made some appropriate remarks.

—We would announce that Miss Telford, '88, returned to college last Tuesday, if we were not afraid she would immediately pack her trunk and go home again. She delights in going in opposition to the HOLCAD.

—Martin, six year old son of Mr. S. M. Croen, '86, died Wednesday, May 5th, at 2 a. m. The body was taken to Butler county on Thursday for burial. Messrs. Kistler, Anderson, W. H. Moore and J. L. Snyder accompanied the family. The sympathy of all is with the parents.

THE KEY TO SUCCESS.

In order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fullness of knowledge—not merely a sufficiency, but more than sufficiency. In this respect follow the rule of machinists. If they want a machine to do the work of six horses, they give it nine horse power, so that they may have a reserve of three. To carry on the business of life you must have surplus power. Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. Let every one know that you have a reserve in yourself; that you have more power than you are now using. If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it. How full our country is of bright examples, not only of those who occupy some proud eminence in public life, but in every place you may find men going on with steady nerve, attracting the attention of their fellow-citizens, and carving out for themselves names and fortunes from small and humble beginnings and in the face of formidable obstacles. Let me cite an example of a man I recently saw in the little village of Norwich, New York. If you wish to know his name, go into any hardware store and ask for the best hammer in the world; and if the salesman be an intelligent man, he will bring you a hammer bearing the name of D. Maydole. Young gentleman, take that hammer in your hand, drive nails with it and draw inspiration from it.

Thirty years ago a boy was struggling through the snows at Chenango Valley, trying to hire himself to a blacksmith. He succeeded and learned his trade; but he did more. He took it into his head that he could make a better hammer than any other man had made. He devoted himself to the task for more than a quarter of a century. He studied the chemistry of metals, the strength

of materials, the philosophy of form. He studied failures. Each broken hammer taught him a lesson. There was no part of the process that he did not master. He taxed his wit to invent machines to perfect and cheapen his processes. No improvement in working steel or iron escaped his notice. What may not twenty-five years of effort accomplish when concentrated on a single object? He earned success; and now when his name is stamped on a steel hammer, it is his note, his bond, his integrity embodied in steel. The spirit of the man is in such a hammer, and the work, like the workman, is unrivaled. Mr. Maydole is now acknowledged to have made the best hammer in the world. Even the sons of Thor, across the sea, admit it.—*Garfield.*

—When the youngster of the household slipped into the hall and saw Adolphus with his arms around Matilda, partaking of a gentle squeeze as a “good night,” he simply yelled “Oh!” with a big O.

“What’s the matter, Harry?” inquired the mother from an adjoining room.

The question was answered by Matilda, who said; “Oh, it’s nothing; Adolphus merely had his arms around me.”

“I am surprised at such conduct, Matilda. You should have repressed him.”

“Oh, I did, mother,” exclaimed Matilda. “I repressed him two or three times.”

—What is justice? The opinion of twelve drunken jurymen.



Bicycles & Supplies

TERRY BROS.,

NEW CASTLE, PA.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JUNE 1, 1886.

NO. 18.

SELF-SUFFICING.

I know a lake among the hills,
Serene and bright and full and free
Unfed by any mountain rills,
And with no outlet to the sea.
And yet I marvel if there be
Found anywhere through all the land;
So gold-and-jewel-rim'd a cup,
As Nature with her Hebe hand
Here brims, and kneeling, offers up.
Its molten surface gives the sky
In softest sapphire beauty back;
And when the storm comes scudding by,
Dark with its stress of thunder-rack—
Although its blue be tinged with black,
The tempest has no power to dash
The creamy swell against the shore,
Nor with defiant onset, lash
The ripple to a sullen roar.

From secret sources stored away
Beneath its own sweet water, flows
The unseen strength, that day by day
Keeps it in such supreme repose
As never shallow current shows:
Its edges flash with tender green,
That lures from far the hungry herds
And in its stooping cove are seen
The nests of thousand brooding birds.

Oh, for a nature like the lake's,
A gleam amid our summer hills!
That gives, ungrudged its own, nor takes;
That ever keeps its calm, and stills
Its heart, self-centred, even when ill
Impend with drift of tempest-foam;
That woos the weary, and above
All other, weaves a nested home
For every wandering wing of love!

—Margaret F. Preston, in *Woman's Journal*.

TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

GIVEN IN COLLEGE CHAPEL MAY 6, 1886.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

New Wilmington has had many temperance speeches; the quiet reasoner, with his tables of statistics showing how much

money is spent annually for liquor, for the discovery and prosecution of criminals made such by drinking it; for the support of almshouses and prisons made necessary by it; the eloquent orator, who depicted the ruined homes and lives that follow in the train of this curse. And we have all heard the reformed drunkard himself, as he described the torture he suffered in his days of drunkenness. One would think that evidence enough had been given to convince every one of the evil of drinking; to incite all men to rise up and put an end to it. It seems a strange thing that what is acknowledged by all to be evil can yet find advocates and defendants. If there were some devouring monster in the land, reaching out its hundred arms, taking here one and there another of the best beloved from our homes; if there were ten thousand such monsters, men would rise up and kill them, and there would be an end. But there are more than ten thousand such monsters, slaying bodies and souls, and yet men say, "We can not do anything. Let them alone."

Every man's duty is just where he is. "In New Wilmington," you may say "there is not much drinking going on; there is no saloon with its array of glittering glass and sparkling liquors to tempt our boys; no necessity for such enthusiastic measures as are necessary in cities. Why lecture and agitate and worry about it?" Let us be thankful that things are as good as they are; that when we retire at night no sounds of rioting and crime go out upon the air; that we can enjoy our Sabbaths in peace and quiet. But have we nothing to do for ourselves or others? If there is not much temptation here, there is in other places.

Your boys may be safe in your homes now, but can you always keep them with you? Do they need no inbred principle of temperance that will keep them safe when the safeguards of home and friends are wanting, in some great city where the tempter sets his most innocent-looking snares; and secures men before they are aware of it? What is to hinder the demon from gaining a foothold here? Public sentiment must be steadfastly set against it. The rise and fall in the price of flour is governed by no more fixed laws than the supply and demand in this case. Just as surely as the sentiment of a place is in favor of liquor drinking, just so surely will somebody come to sell it. All the boys and girls must be taught temperance. Then, even if the drunkards remain unreclaimed, what a different state of things twenty years from now! Almshouses, prisons and lunatic asylums would be almost empty. The treasury would be full. What a prosperous and happy country, with only the graves of the wretched past to tell the story of what drinking once did! Can any one refuse to give his influence, heart and soul, on the side of this cause? Can we rest till all the young at least have taken their stand on the right side?

Just here I wish to say that the work of the Woman's Union has not been appreciated. I have heard it sneeringly asked, "What good have they done?" What has been done that they did not do? Men have stood by, unwilling to do the work themselves, and scolded at women for doing it. They say, "It isn't women's place to hold public meetings and speak on the platform. A woman's place is at home." Of course a woman's place is at home. But that is just what they are out on the platform for. Women see their homes made miserable, their husbands and sons destroyed, and they start out to save them. Then men, who ought to defend women and their

homes, cry out against women's rising up and doing their work. Shame on such men! Let us not hear another whisper of that kind. Go to work yourselves, those who believe a woman's place is at home, and put down this evil. Women will be only too glad to stay in their homes. The women's movement some years ago was a great wave that left the temperance cause on a much higher level than it ever occupied before. The most refined Christian women carried it on, and are carrying it on today, and no man with a spark of manliness in him will throw obstacles in their way. There is one way of looking at the temperance work that is too generally overlooked. I think we look too much at the surface of things, at the outcropping of the evil, while we allow its roots to remain untouched. When we destroy weeds, we do not cut off the tops, we pull them up by the roots. It is of no use to skim off impurities from the top of a boiling liquid, as long as new impurities enter from below. We wait till the evil has developed in the form of drunkards on the street, and then begin to work for temperance. But where does the trouble begin? Men will not open up shops for the sale of something that nobody will buy. There must be a demand for an article before it will pay any one to sell it, and American drunkenness seems to be worse than that of any other country. Is not our way of living responsible? Are we not all somewhat to blame? Are we not bringing up our children in a fast way of living, that despises the ordinary slow processes and growths of nature, and calls for continual stimulants of every kind? Can it be that in the quiet home, where never a drop of liquor enters, drunkards are being made? The question is not merely, "How can we keep our boys from getting a taste of wine?" But, "How can they be made able to con-

trol themselves on all occasions, to resist all temptations?" Do we want only an abhorrence of that one evil, or do we want principle—*intelligent, unswerving principle*, that looks upon temperance as only one phase of a character steadfast as the rock? Shall we bring up our boys and girls on the high-pressure system, spurring them on in a fast way of living, a fast way of studying, a fast way of amusing themselves, that is as truly dissipation as the midnight revel, and then expect them to be temperate in this one thing? The bodily and mental powers are often over-driven, and stimulants resorted to, to keep it up. It seems as if, whatever Americans do, they must do it with a rush, even though it is to death and destruction.

Let the home-training be such as will make strong men. Let the home be a pleasant one. Its influence for good cannot be over-estimated; the evils of an unhappy home cannot be calculated. I believe that boys sometimes take to the streets to escape the continual scolding of their mothers. I know how much mothers have to bear and to do; the work and worry and care that sometimes never ceases till their hands are folded in the coffin. I know that many a mother loves a life of devotion and self-sacrifice, compared to whose trials the sufferings of the martyr at the stake are as nothing. But not all mothers are like that. And they do sometimes drive their boys to destruction, though none would be so horrified as they if they were told so. These troubles begin far back in childhood, and the remedy is found there, too. From the very first, home should be the pleasantest place in the world to the children. Around the true home there is a charmed circle which the demons of the air cannot pass. Its hallowed influence goes with a man through life, holding him by unseen cords that temptation cannot break. When the boy away from home, touches the glass of

wine, he thinks of his mother, the central figure of that dearest spot in the world, of his boyhood, passed there where there was only love and happiness, and his hand loosens its grasp, the charm is gone from the cup, and he sets it down untasted. He cannot drink in the presence of sweet memories. He wants to go back to the old home, as pure of heart and clean of hand as when he left its sacred portal. America wants more *homes*, and fewer fine houses with fine furniture; more housekeeping, and less boarding at hotels; more pleasant evenings at home, and fewer places of public amusement.

As to every one's duty to join a temperance society and take the pledge there is this to say. It may not be necessary to keep you temperate, but your influence on others is something you cannot overlook. You cannot say you have no influence. Everybody has influence. You must not say that personal influence is not a good thing to use upon persons who have not principle. It is not a very good motive to do a thing because some body else does it. But very often personal influence leads to the establishment of good principles. Do not let so slight a thing stand in the way of even a hope of doing good. Our human relationships are given us to help each other, and many a man has started in the upward path because he was drawn along by another, before he has given a thought to the right or the wrong of the question. We need no better illustration of this than Mr. Gough's history. When he determined for reform, was it after a discussion as to the evils of intemperance, and the advantages of temperance, finally settling upon the temperate life as the best one? Somebody laid a kind hand on his shoulder and said: "John, come down to the meeting," and it was done. Through a long life of earnest temperance work, he has shown what per-

sonal influence can accomplish. Use it, but wisely, with tact and judgment.

A young lady drinks wine with a gentleman on New Year's Day, or at an evening party, either because it is fashionable, or because she likes it. He might have the courage to refuse a gentleman, but he thinks that when a lady asks him it would be impolite to refuse; forgetting that it is never impolite to do right. O, what a harvest of bitter thoughts she is sowing for her future! He *might* have been ruined in some other way, it is true. But *how does she know* that if it had not been for her he would have become a good man? It might not have been his first drink, and his course *might* have been unalterably fixed before. But how does she know that she might not have saved him if she had used her woman's power to do it? Does he love her? She stands before him with a power almost irresistible, to make or mar his whole future life. The one word that will save him she does not say. The one thing that will ruin him she does. Dare any woman take on her soul the burden of such guilt as that? Let every woman, if she would not be tortured in her dying hour by a remorse that will then be unavailing, set her face against wine-drinking now and always. It is such a little sacrifice and may do much good.

To the young men of this college, one earnest word. The freshness of youth is upon you, keep it free from all defilement. The longer I live, the more firmly do I believe that as the boy is, so is the man. If you are upright and true as boys, you will be upright and true as men. Have the moral courage to say no, when temptation comes. Take the stand that will place you on the right side of the line forever. Be clear-sighted enough to distinguish false reasoning from true, and do not allow yourselves to be turned from your purpose by ridicule, by argument, by misapplication of

Scripture. Do not think you can sow wild oats and then become sober, wise men just when you wish; that you can drink for a few years and stop at any point. Even granting that you could stop whenever you wish,—and that is by no means certain,—you could never be the same man that you might have been. I tell you the sting of the sins of your youth will never leave you. You *may* turn in later years and lead a good life, but the better man you are then, the more you will regret the errors of your boyhood. As you grow older you will live more and more in the past. The very sunshine will seem pleasant to you only as it brings back those sunny days, the very wind will come laden with the memories of the long ago. That time will come. Nothing that we do ever dies. It will meet us, not only at the Day of Judgment, but long before it. You have now an opportunity of laying up a store of these happy memories, a treasure to you in the future, or of laying up bitter memories that can bring only remorse. You have an opportunity of enjoying that greatest happiness God gives us in this life, that of doing good to others, or of suffering that keenest of sorrows, the knowledge of having led others wrong. Which course will you take?—*Ozella J. Patterson.*

"CALLED TO PREACH."

Sometimes one upon the eve of graduation finds himself uncertain as to the profession and work which will engage his attention. He has leanings perhaps, toward something, and yet has so many doubts respecting his fitness for it as to be unable to make up his mind.

For example, a young man has all the way through his college course felt well-disposed toward the ministry. He knows his friends desire him to pursue it, and that

in the main the indications are favorable for his entrance upon that work. He is sure his heart prompts him to look in that direction and that it will be a self-denial, if not a grief, to abandon it. However, he is not sure that his qualifications as a speaker are such as to warrant the study of theology. He does not wish to carry talents into the pulpit which might be more useful elsewhere, and he is beset with the impression that just in the matter of public utterance he is not quite up to the mark which warrants any endeavor to preach.

This difficulty, in my day in college, was a very real one. It is not likely as yet to be altogether gone. Indeed it grows in some measure out of college standards and ideals. For example, it is often thought that a good declaimer has the qualifications to become a good original speaker; while on the other hand the man who confines himself in his course largely to essay writing as his literary exercise is in all probability without natural gifts as an orator. The fact is that very often the reverse of both these notions is found true. Many a successful declaimer never amounts to anything as an original orator, and many a man whose power of public address had small development while in college becomes notable as a speaker. Some years ago, I was greatly pleased with the preaching of a minister in Ireland. He was the ablest speaker I met across the water; and I have not forgotten that he told me that during his college course, he rarely, if ever, tried his powers of public speech. His natural modesty, his willingness to defer to others who were ready of utterance kept him back until the demands of the profession he chose compelled him to step forward. There are many duplicates of this experience in the ministry today.

Again, college boys get the impression that a peculiar style of oratory is demand-

ed in the pulpit. And it is not much wonder inasmuch as some of the books on rhetoric lean to that opinion. So it comes that one hears of this student being fitted for the law, and that one for theology. It is supposed sometimes that the impulsive, vigorous, keen debater is the man for the law, while the smooth, ornate, elegant orator will be most at home in the pulpit. There is probably nothing more purely ideal than just this. In point of fact the sharpest and most energetic debaters become preachers equal to the best. Their style when applied to and mellowed by the sentiments of the gospel often becomes in the highest degree efficient. Nevertheless it is true that this theoretical notion of adaptation makes many a man hesitate about adopting the preacher's calling.

The fact is that any man who has capacity to deliver a message of any sort in a manly, clear, straightforward way has, so far as the *qualification of public utterance is concerned*, a "call to preach." Of course there are other things, especially of a spiritual character, which are more fundamental to the "call" than this I have mentioned. And it is also a fact that some have more native capacity for the pulpit than others.

Let it be understood by these who may think about choosing the ministry as their work, that no man's qualifications are ideally perfect. He must seek to adapt those he possesses to his work. He must put himself in training therefor. He must find his defects and endeavor to rectify them. He must keep it up all his life. And there are very few college men of fair culture and earnest consecration to the Lord's work who will not find themselves competent to fill usefully some sphere in the ministry.—*J. A. Grier, Mercer, Pa., May 24, 1886.*—

—The Paris catacombs contain upward of 3,000,000 skeletons.

THE HOLCAD.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY
THE STUDENTS OF WESTMINSTER COLLEGE.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

OUR Business Manager informs us that there are several delinquent subscribers. The year is drawing to a close, and we have obligations that must be met. Those knowing themselves indebted to the paper will please take notice of this fact.

THE High Schools in different parts of the country are graduating a large number of students every year. These students have completed the course of study laid down by these schools and are ready to enter college.

Now in order that Westminster gets her share of these students, we suggest that arrangements be made with these schools to admit their graduates to the Third Preparatory or Freshman year, according to the grade of the school, without examinations.

Other colleges do this, and thus secure a large number of students who would not

otherwise enter college. This plan would reduce the number in the lower classes, or perhaps the number of classes, and thus give more time to the upper classes. Besides the Preparatory department of any college is not always the best place to make preparations for college.

A LOCAL lengthened out at both ends and styled an editorial is not very interesting reading but we consider any subject that will benefit both students and citizens is worthy of a place in our columns. Any one walking our streets, or even living in town is convinced that the dust from the streets is a nuisance that can and ought to be removed.

Since our councilmen have cleared the streets of those other nuisances we are persuaded that they can and will remove this one by purchasing a street sprinkler.

NO one doubts but that our Literary Societies are doing good work, but we think much more could be done.

There is a growing tendency among the students to neglect this very important part of a college education. Now no student can afford to do this. One way to improve this tendency and create a greater interest in society is to require the ladies to join the same societies with the gentlemen. They are permitted to recite together, why not belong to the same societies?

We all know that each sex has an influence over the other in the classroom; and if it is useful in one case, it will surely have the same effect in the other.

THE lecture of Jahn Dewitt Miller, in College Chapel, on Friday evening, May 14th, deserves more than a passing notice by reason of its exceptional merits.

The subject of the lecture was, "The Uses of Ugliness," but we think it could well be called the power of homeliness and the dangers of beauty.

Mr. Miller unquestionably possesses the two requisites of a good lecturer, namely, to have something to say, and to know how to say it in a lively and effective way.

The lecture was characterized throughout by an earnestness that held the closest attention of the audience for nearly two hours. It abounded in happy illustrations, and was thoughtful, instructive and entertaining. He said one thing, however, that we think a little too personal, he thought long noses belong properly to editors, because they are always prying into other people's business.

He said before closing: "Perhaps you may deem these words too severe and plain to be thrown upon a miscellaneous audience, but just so long as you tolerate such corrupting habits and customs as these which makes the lives of human beings tardy suicides, just so long is the pulpit and press in duty bound to rebuke, and justified in rebuking your abomination. As Mr. Miller was a stranger here many went to the lecture entertaining doubts of his ability as a lecturer, but all went away well pleased, and many said it was the best lecture of the course. We look forward with pleasure to the time when it shall be our privilege to listen again to this eloquent lecturer.

MAY 17th will be long remembered by the class of '86, as the day when their last examination severed their connection with Westminster as students. We hope that the change is merely one of relation and not of separation—that they will always look back with pleasure to the days of their student-life, and whatever direction their future path may lead, remember with

affection their Alma Mater and her younger children. We who are left behind, still toiling up the hill that they have climbed, miss their familiar faces. The old seats in the chapel where they used to sit are empty now and gaze at us with a vacant stare which seem to say to us, "Where are they?"

Their voices will no more be heard in the halls of Westminster, but we hope to hear them resounding through the wider field of labor which they are now ready to enter. Now that the time of separation has come, we would recall nothing but the most pleasant memories of our association together. We would assure them that our best wishes go with them and we hope that their highest aspirations for the future may be realized. They go into the world with a Christian education at a time when that is the most effective weapon. We expect that their voices will give no uncertain sound in the conflict of opinion and that their lives will count for the good of humanity.

EXCHANGES.

THE last number of the *University Press and Badger* contains a good article on "Spelling Reform." The writer is very much opposed to the reform as by the change in the spelling of a word we would lose sight of its origin, as the pronunciation of words has been so altered that they can only be recognized by sight. He also argues that a change of our orthography would involve a loss of much of our literature and a retreat in knowledge and civilization.

* * *

THE *Campus* contains a short and interesting sketch of the life of John B. Gough.

* * *

We clip the following good advice from

the *Beacon*. "All the real work of the world has been accomplished by men with 'singleness of purpose,' men who would now be called enthusiasts or 'cranks.' We should thoughtfully consider our aim, and then stand fast by it, without suffering anything to turn us aside. Our path of life will be far straighter than if we dart here and there in pursuit of every will-o-the-wisp which may chance to arise before us."

* * *

THE *Purdue* for this month contains much interesting and profitable reading.

BASE BALL.

Time about is fair play. Our nine won a glorious victory at Geneva on Saturday, May 15, and when the return game was played here on Monday, the 24th, it was defeated—slightly. Here is the score of the first game:

WESTMINSTER	R	B	P	A	E	GENEVA	R	B	P	A	E	
Douthett, 3.....	0	0	0	7	1	1	Mulligan, c.....	1	3	5	8	3
Warden, 1.....	1	0	0	6	0	0	Emery, p.....	1	0	0	1	14
Johnston, r.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	George, 2.....	0	1	1	4	1
Kennedy, s.....	1	0	0	1	2	2	Wylie, 1.....	0	2	4	9	0
Fisher, 2.....	2	1	1	1	1	1	Kennedy, F. 1.....	1	0	0	0	0
Robinson, p.....	1	2	3	1	7	0	Kennedy, S. r.....	0	1	1	0	0
Lindsy, c.....	1	0	0	6	2	0	McAlister, m.....	0	0	0	0	0
Moore, l.....	0	0	0	1	0	0	McNaughton, s.....	0	0	0	1	2
Monroe, m.....	0	1	2	1	0	0	Corbus, 3.....	0	1	1	1	0
Totals	8	4	6	27	13	4	Totals	2	9	13	24	20

Summary—Earned runs—0. Two-base hits—Robinson, Monroe, Wylie, 2. Three-base hits—Milligan. First base on balls—Westminster, 3; Geneva, 2. Passed balls—Lindsy, 1; Milligan, 3. Errors—Westminster, 4; Geneva, 6. Umpire—Grant. Scorer—Hunter.

Here is the score of the return game, which caused the Genevas to return happy:

WESTMINSTER.	R	B	P	A	E	GENEVA.	R	B	P	A	E
Douthett, 3.....	0	0	0	2	1	Milligan, c.....	2	2	15	5	2
Warden, 1.....	1	2	7	0	1	Kennedy, s.....	2	2	2	2	3
Johnston, r.....	1	1	0	0	0	Emery, p.....	2	2	0	1	0
Kennedy, s.....	2	1	0	2	3	Rea, 3.....	0	0	2	0	1
Fisher, 2.....	2	0	4	1	1	Jackson, 1.....	2	0	0	0	1
Robinson, p.....	2	2	2	2	0	George 2.....	0	1	2	1	1
Lindsy, c.....	1	2	14	3	1	Wylie, m.....	2	1	1	0	1
Moore, l.....	1	2	0	0	1	Thomas, 1.....	1	1	5	0	2
Monroe, m.....	1	1	0	1	0	Corbus, r.....	3	2	0	0	0
Totals.....	11	11	27	11	9	Totals.....	14	12	27	9	11

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Westminster.....	0	1	0	0	0	2	3	1	4—11
Geneva.....	0	0	0	7	0	6	1	0	0—14

Summary—Two-base hits—Lindsy, Monroe, George, and Wylie. Three-base hits—Milligan, Kennedy, Corbus. Home run—Moore. Robinson struck out 14; Emery 17. Time—2 hours. Umpire—W. W. Woods.

It was a very creditable defeat, which the Westminster nine sustained in New Castle, May

14, when they played with the Neshannocks of that place, one of the oldest and most efficient nines in this section of the State. At the end of the sixth inning, the score stood 10 to 2 in favor of the college, and only a change of pitchers saved the Neshannocks. Says the *New Castle News*: "Lindsay, the catcher for the visiting club, played one of the finest games ever seen on the home grounds, his magnificent work being the feature of the game." The following is the correct score of the game. It differs somewhat from the score published in the *Pittsburgh Leader*.

WESTMINSTER	R	B	P	A	E	NESHANNOCKS	R	B	P	A	E
Douthett, 3.....	1	1	1	0	2	Ellis, 2.....	2	1	2	2	1
Warden, 1.....	1	0	1	8	0	Robinson, 1.....	3	2	0	0	0
Johnston, r.....	0	1	0	0	0	Lowe, m.....	3	2	1	0	0
Kennedy, s.....	2	1	1	0	3	Moore, p and 3.....	2	1	1	2	3
Fisher, 2.....	3	1	6	5	2	Power, 3 and p.....	2	0	2	0	3
Robinson, p.....	1	1	1	0	2	Garvin, c.....	4	1	8	2	0
Lindsy, c.....	1	3	8	2	0	Simpson, s.....	3	2	2	1	0
Moore, l.....	3	1	1	0	2	Winterhitz, r.....	0	2	0	0	0
Monroe, m.....	2	2	1	0	9	Crill, 1.....	0	0	11	0	2
Totals.....	13	12	27	7	11	Totals.....	19	11	27	8	9

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Westminster.....	0	2	0	4	0	4	0	2	1—13
Neshannock.....	0	1	0	1	0	0	5	5	7—19

Summary—Base on balls—Robinson, 3; Moore, 3; Power, 2. Struck out—Robinson, 5; Moore, 3; Power, 5. Wild pitches—Robinson, 2; Moore, 1; Power, 3. Umpire—S. A. Aiken.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Non paratus, Prepie dixit,

Cum a sad and doleful look?

Omne rectum, Prof. respondit,

Nihil scripsit in his book

—Hungry?

—Almost starved!

—Sawdust is cheap.

—Last week was a good time to make ice cream.

—The Second Preps expect to finish U. S. History this week.

—Prof. Taggart's house has put on a light green coat for the summer.

—Senior party was held at Dr. Ferguson's Tuesday evening, May 18.

—Almost every boy old enough to walk is afflicted with the ball fever.

—The small boy was very much excited by the show and circus the 21st.

—There came pretty near being a game of scrub in chapel the other morning.

—A meeting for conference of the ministers

of Lawrence County, was held in New Castle last Thursday. There was a full attendance.

—Commencement is only three weeks from to-morrow.

—Thirty-five Genevaites took dinner at the St. Charles Hotel, May 24.

—The Preps were excused from the study room to watch the ball game the 24th.

—At the Second church, May 16, there was no minister in the audience; May 23, but one.

—The pulpit at Neshannock was filled, May 23rd, by the Rev. Mr. Dunlap, of New Castle.

—The Quarter Centennial of the Edinboro Normal School will be celebrated on June 30th.

—An interesting and amusing essay on "An imaginary journey" was read in the Leagorean Society May 14.

—D. O. McLaughry was at the bicycle races in New Castle two weeks ago. He reported three wheels smashed in the fray.

—John Sin Chair, agent for the New Castle steam laundry, makes collars, cuffs, lace curtains and ladies laundry a specialty.

—Rev. J. K. McClurkin, '73, our esteemed ex-President, will preach the annual sermon before the Y. M. C. A. on Sabbath, June 20.

—The Ghost in *Hamlet* was the "top of Shakespeare's performance" as an actor. He was also successful as Adam in *As You Like It*.

—A very interesting lecture on Life in Libbey Prison was given in the M. E. church on Monday evening, May 17, by Dr. Holmes, of New Castle.

—Now is the the time of year on fine afternoons to see Juniors skulking along the railroads and creek bottoms, and pouncing upon unsuspecting flowers.

—At a meeting of the Prohibition club on Thursday evening, May 20, delegates were appointed to the County Convention which meets in New Castle to-day.

—The Sophs lately had the pleasure of meeting the celebrated Misses Mum, Maxi and Mini, and like them as well as could be expected on so short an acquaintance.

—Ye Beginning of ye School of Ichabod Crane took place in ye place of Resort over ye

Hardware Store of Masters Lininger & Johnstone on ye evening of Thursday, May ye 27th. Ye performanees came off too late in ye week to allow us to give ye particulars.

—Prof. Taggart assigned subjects for class essays to the Sophs. Tuesday morning. The essays to be limited to five minutes are on topics pertaining to the Greek studies this term.

—The wild nine has a set to occasionally all by itself. Anderson and Barackman, Jr., are tremendous batters. They made about fifteen runs apiece one day before they were put out.

After Miss Patterson had seen how the game of ball was going last Monday, she was sorry that she let the Sophomores off that morning without assigning a lesson in advance for next day.

—While Mr. McVey was preaching from the text, "God is light," on Sabbath evening, the moon silent and serene shone in through the Chapel windows as if to give emphasis to the earnest speaker's words.

—About half the Seniors went to Cleveland last Wednesday to get their pictures taken. They returned on Friday, report a very pleasant time and advise succeeding classes to follow their example but take more time.

—We think the following caution to "ye skule of ye olden time" would apply equally well to ye skule of ye present: "Ye should not laughe unless ye feele like laughing, nor thumpe ye floor withe ye feete whether ye feele like thumping or not."

—On Sabbath evening, the gas wouldn't burn in the chapel, and the audience adjourned to the Second church. It was there found that the lamps were not filled, and a further adjournment to the First church was necessitated before services could be held.

—The Freedman's Mission perhaps never had a more acceptable presentation in so short a time than that by Miss B. J. Snyder, one of the teachers in [Chase City.] Everybody was pleased. Report of U. P. Women's Missionary meeting by J. M. F. in the Instructor.

—After a careful reconsideration of the subject Mr. Warnock said, that, in justice to the ladies of the Shakespeare class, he does not think the following passage in which Hamlet

addresses Ophelia, applies to *all* of the sex: "I have heard of your paintings too, well enough: God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: You jig, you amble, and you lisp, etc." The boycott has been removed.

—Preps. take courage. This is the way the reverend seniors recite; Prof.: "How did Aristotle's system differ from Plato's?" Senior: Aristotle's system differed from Plato's in that Plato had one view and Aristotle another considerably alike but yet, somewhat different."

—The binding of the magazines has added fifty six volumes in all to the College Library. There are two volumes of *Education*, four of the *North American*, three of the *Popular Science Monthly*, four of *Little's Living Age*, eight *Atlantics*, nine *Harper's*, sixteen *Scribner's* and eight *Centuries*.

—Miss M. M. McBride, of Knoxville College, was in town Friday and Saturday visiting her sister, Miss Mattie, of the Third Prep. class. She came by way of Lookout Mountain and Mammoth Cave, and had her first boat ride on Echo river. She speaks encouragingly of the work in the South.

—The Chorus class met on last Tuesday evening, as Thursday evening had gone back a hundred years to accommodate Ye young Old Folks. By the way, Prof. Austin wishes every member of the class to attend regularly for the rest of the term, as the class will have some singing to do at Commencement time.

—The honors of '86 are distributed as follows in the Classical Department: First honor, Miss Sadie McElree and W. H. Moore; second honor, O. A. Byers; third honor, Miss Mattie Popino, John Swan and J. H. Webster. In the Scientific Department: Miss Mary McElwee and G. A. Hoover receive the first honor, and Miss Mina McElwee the second.

—Miss Bessie Snyder, '85, just home from Chase City, is very much interested in the work of the mission. She says the pupils make wonderful progress considering what their surroundings have been. The work there is almost unlimited, the people eager for light, success sure. She taught a S. S. Class of from forty to sixty members, many of whom are in middle life but yet are very ignorant. Her day school

numbered thirty-seven of different grades. During the past year they have introduced monthly examinations and the experiment works well. The school has sent out about one hundred teachers. The people are poor, unlearned, low, but not one has she found who sighs for the "palmy slavery days."

—After a great deal of vexatious worry to the Librarian, and delay to those whose mouths water for good literature, the bound volumes of magazines are at length tabbed and ready for use in the College Library. The cause of all the trouble was the chicanery of the binder, Nicholson of Pittsburgh. The contract included a large number of volumes belonging to Dr. Allen and Prof. Thompson, which were to have 30c. binding; but the binder, losing, or professing to lose, his paper of instructions, bound them uniformly with the volumes belonging to the Library at 80 cts. per volume, and made some contradictory statements and returns as to the number of volumes and to whom they belong. The matter was finally straightened out, and a compromise effected by which the binder received 50 cts. per volume from Dr. Allen and Prof. Thompson. The binder can easily afford it, as he charged in the first place 20 cts. per volume more than any other binder in Pittsburgh would have done for the same work. However, the books are here, and already Seniors who have received Commencement appointments are beginning to freeze on to them.

PERSONALS.

—The Sophs. welcome Thompson back.

—Misses Bell and Mary Campbell are now at home.

—Prof. Taggart preached in the Second church May 16.

—Rev. H. G. McVey preached in the Chapel May 16th.

—Miss Maggie McLaughrey is at home for the summer.

—R. P. Allen and I. N. Moore, '85, were in town last week.

—Rev. Mr. Mealy preached for Rev. Mr. McVey Friday, May 21.

—Tom Cummings, '84, has swayed his father's sceptre for a few days.

—L. W. Bigham was in town a few days ago visiting D. O. McLaughry.

—Miss Olive Porter, of the Junior class, is teaching the Mercer school.

—Rev. E. N. McElree, '58, assisted Rev. H. G. McVey on Sabbath, May 23.

—R. J. Totten, formerly of '87, was a spectator at the ball game last Monday.

—Miss Bessie Snyder, '85, arrived in town the 18th. She will be here a few weeks.

—Prof. J. A. Parker, '83, is preaching in the First U. P. church, Washington, Iowa.

—Misses Maggie Irons and Lena Shields, two of New Castle's teachers, are at home.

—Mr. Berry, '87, was visited by his two sisters, of Geneva College, on Friday, May 28.

—Snyder, Moore, Swan and Webster, '86, will remain in town during Senior vacation.

—C. L. Stevenson, '88, is said to be attending the Academy at Industry, Beaver county.

—Miss Jennie Duffield, '86, returned home on the 17th on account of her mother's illness.

—Hon. S. H. Miller, '60, delivered the memorial oration at New Lebanon on Decoration Day.

—Rev. J. L. Robertson, '64, will occupy the pulpit of Rev. T. D. Stewart, '73, at Worth, May 30th.

—J. A. Alexander, '86, will spend the most of Senior vacation with friends in Belmont county, Ohio.

—Miss Anna Shafer, '86, went to Pittsburgh on Wednesday. She expects to remain about two weeks.

—Prof. McClelland, professor of Greek in Grove City College, conducted chapel exercises last Tuesday.

—J. W. McClung, '86, will not be here at Commencement. He left for his home in Virginia last week.

—Rev. J. A. Kennedy assisted Rev. W. B. Smiley, '79, at communion services in Canonsburg, May 16th.

—Mrs. Edgar and her two sons left on the 17th for her father's home in New York, where they will spend some time.

—Rev. John N. Smith, '79, has accepted the call to the 3rd U. P. church, of Xenia, Ohio. His address is now Xenia.

—Mrs. Kraeer, of Sheffield, Pa., spent Sabbath, May 16th, with her son, S. Kraeer, of the Second Preparatory class.

—Miss Stella Macmillan, '86, left town May 22nd for Butler county to teach. She will probably not be here for Commencement.

—W. E. Purvis, '88, Business Manager of the Staff, has made up his studies for the rest of this term, was examined last week and left for his home on Saturday.

—Prof. J. R. Robertson is now in Cooperstown. Mrs. Robertson expects soon to go to Edinboro, where she will spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Hotchkiss.

—At the commencement exercises of the West Middlesex public schools, held two weeks ago Friday, the principal, Rulph Allen, '85, was presented with a \$25 arm chair from the pupils of No. 6.

—While playing ball a week ago Friday, Purvis' eye failed to catch a ball that was coming right for him. The ball all the same caught his left eye, and he went for a few days with the latter in mourning.

—Flora Irons, Annie Dickson, J. G. Berry, '87, Maggie Telford, W. C. Adair, '88, and E. N. McElree, '90, accompanied by Dr. Ferguson, attended Commencement exercises at Geneva College last Tuesday.

—Rev. J. A. Reed, '82, and his bride, of Emporia, Kansas, have been the guest of his mother, of this place, for a week or two. He preached in the First church last Sabbath, and conducted the college exercises in the evening.

LABORATORY ANALYSES.

In water analysis, the impurities to be most carefully searched after are chlorine, free ammonia and albuminoid ammonia. These indicate the presence of organic impurities, such as sewerage, drainage from cess-pools, etc. Water may contain traces of free ammonia, and, if no albuminoid ammonia is present, or only from .02 to .05 parts in a million, the water belongs to the class of very pure waters. Albuminoid ammonia above 0.10 per million begins to be very suspicious, and when it runs over 0.15 per million it should condemn a water absolutely. From 5 to 10 grains per gallon of chlorine does not necessarily condemn

a water, the ammonias being absent. Unless "total solids" exceed 40 grains per gallon, they do no harm. There should not be more than two-tenths of a grain of iron per gallon, and not a trace of lead.

The following analyses have been made by Messrs. Alexander and Byers.

COLLEGE WELL

1. No suspended matter, but abundant settlings.
2. Chlorine, 5 grains to gallon.
3. Free from iron, lead and copper.
4. Free ammonia, 0.066 parts per million.
5. Albuminoid ammonia, 0.26 parts per million.
6. Total solids, 34.7 grains per gallon, viz:

Silica.....	2.7
Lime.....	6.7
Magnesia.....	4.5
Soda.....	2.2
Sulphuric acid.....	18.6

Total 34.7

LADIES' HALL RESERVOIR.

1. No suspended matter or settlings:
2. No chlorine.
3. No lead or copper. Water drawn from tap in Hall in the morning showed 0.50 grains to gallon of Fe, but no lead.
4. Free ammonia, trace.
5. Albuminoid ammonia, 0.20 parts per million.
6. Solid residue 13.1 grains per gallon, mainly lime.

A. BYERS' WELL.

1. No settlings or suspended matter.
2. No chlorine.
3. No iron, lead or copper.
4. Free ammonia, 0.02 per million.
5. Albuminoid ammonia, 0.04 per million.

MRS. ALEXANDER'S WELL.

1. No settlings or suspended matter.
2. No chlorine.
3. No poisonous metal, viz: iron, lead or copper.
4. Free ammonia, trace.
5. Albuminoid ammonia, 0.12 per million.
6. Solid residue, 15.2 grains per gallon.

MRS. EDGAR'S WELL.

1. No settlings or suspended matter.
2. No chlorine.
3. Free from poisonous metals.
4. Free ammonia, 0.07 parts per million.
5. Albuminoid ammonia, 0.11 parts per million.

SQUIRE SAMPSON'S SPRING.

1. No settlings or suspended matter.
2. Chlorine, 1 grain to gallon.
3. Free ammonia, 0.068 per million.
4. Albuminoid ammonia, 0.10 per million.
5. Free from poisonous metals.

MR. HAY'S SPRING.

1. No settlings.
2. Trace of chlorine.
3. No lead, iron or copper.
4. Free ammonia, 0.062 per million.
5. Albuminoid ammonia, 0.09 per million.
6. Solid residue, 14.4 grains per gallon.

THE DUFFIELD WELL, VENANGO CO.

1. No settlings.

2. Chlorine, 3 grains to gallon.
3. Free ammonia, 0.15 parts per million.
4. Albuminoid ammonia, 0.06 per million.
5. No lead, iron or copper.
6. Solid residue, 23.8 grains per gallon.

MR. M'CLURE'S SPRING.

1. No chlorine.
2. No free ammonia.
3. Albuminoid ammonia, trace.
4. Lead, 0.1 grain per gallon.

HOVER'S SPA SPRING.

1. Chlorine, trace.
2. Free ammonia, trace.
3. Albuminoid ammonia, 0.15 per mil.

ELIPHAZ WILSON'S WELL.

1. Some settlings and suspended matter.
2. Chlorine, 20.8 grains per gal., bad.
3. Free ammonia, 0.026 pts per million.
4. Albuminoid ammonia, 0.08 per million.

MRS. THOMPSON'S WELL.

1. Chlorine, 1.2 grains per gallon.
2. Free ammonia, none.
3. Albuminoid ammonia, trace.
4. No poisonous metals.

MATTHEW HENDERSON'S WELL.

1. Chlorine, 1.2 grains per gallon.
2. Free ammonia, none.
3. Albuminoid ammonia, 0.02 pts. per million.
4. No poisonous metals.

FORT SHAFFER'S WELL.

1. Chlorine, 2.3 grains per gal.
2. Free ammonia, none.
3. Albuminoid ammonia, 0.05 pts per million.
4. No poisonous metals.

SPECIMEN SENT BY REV. W. D. IRONS, WASHINGTON CO.

1. Abundant suspended matter.
2. No poisonous metals.
3. Free ammonia 0.02 per million.
4. Albuminoid ammonia 0.03 grains per million.
5. Solid residue 49.5 grains per gal.
6. Chlorine 1.7 grains per gal.

SUMMING UP WANKLYN'S DIVISIONS

A—*Very Pure waters*, in order of excellence:—(1) Mrs. Thompson's; (2) Matthew Henderson's; (3) Washington county well; (4) Fort Shaffer's; (5) Byers' well.

B—*Fair waters*—(1) Hay Spring.

C—*Doubtful waters*—(1) Sampson spring. (2) Alexander well. (3) Duffield well. (4) Edger well.

D—*Condemned waters*—(1) Hover spring. (2) Ladies' Hall. (3) Wilson spring. (5) College well.

E—The McClure spring is finest of all barring the trace of lead.

The Ladies' Hall supply is also very fine water as found in the basin, except that through careless protection of the basin, organic matter has been washed in. This can easily be cleared out, and guarded against in future. On reaching the Hall, the water contains abundance of iron: while in the basin, there is none.

R. O. GRAHAM.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JUNE 15, 1836.

NO. 19.

DAWN AND DUSK.

I

"Slender strips of crimson sky
Near the dim horizon lie,
Shot across with golden bars
Reaching to the fading stars;
Soft the balmy west wind blows
Wide the portals of the rose;
Smell of dewy pine and fir,
Lisping leaves and vines astir;
On the borders of the dark
Gayly sings the meadow-lark,
Bidding all the birds assemble,—
Hark, the welkin seems to tremble!
Suddenly the sunny gleams
Break the poppy-fettered dreams,—
Dreams of Pan, with two feet cloven,
Piping to the nymph and fawn,
Who, with wreaths of ivy woven,
Nimbly dance to greet the dawn.

II

Shifting shadows indistinct,
Leaves and branches crossed and linked,
Cling like children, and embrace,
Frightened at the moon's pale face.
In the gloomy wood begins
Noise of insect violins;
Swarms of fire-flies flash their lamps
In their atmospheric camps,
And the sad-voiced whip-poor-will
Echoes back from hill to hill,
Liquid clear above the crickets
Chirping in the thorny thickets.
Weary eyelids, eyes that weep,
Wait the magic touch of sleep;
While the dew in silence falling,
Fills the air with scent of musk,
And the lonely night bird, calling,
Drops a note down through the dusk.

F. D. Sherman in Atlantic Monthly.

SHALL AND WILL.

The distinction between these words, although very clear when it is once apprehended, is liable to be disregarded by persons who have not had the advantage of

early intercourse with educated English people. I mean English in blood and breeding; for, as the traveller found that in Paris even the children could speak French, so in New England it is noteworthy that even the boys and girls playing on the commons use *shall* and *will* correctly; and in New York, New Jersey and Ohio, in Virginia, Maryland and South Carolina, fairly educated people of English stock do the same; while by Scotchmen and Irishmen, even when they are professional men of letters, and by the great mass of the people of the western and south-western States, the words are used without discrimination, or if discrimination is attempted, *will* is given the place of *shall* and *vice versa*.

It is much to be regretted that an English scholar of Mr. Marsh's eminence should have expressed the opinion that the distinction between these words "has, at present, no logical value or significance whatever," and have ventured the prediction that "at no very distant day this verbal quibble will disappear, and that one of the auxiliaries will be employed with all persons of the nominative, exclusively as the sign of the future, and the other only as an expression of purpose or authority."

The distinction between *shall* and *will* as auxiliary verbs to be used with various persons as nominative, is a verbal quibble, just as any distinction is a quibble to persons too ignorant, too dull, or too careless for its apprehension. So, and even yet more, is the distinction between *be*, *am*, *art*, *is*, and *are*, a quibble. All these words express exactly the same thought—that of present existence. Why, therefore, should not the distinction between them, which assigns

them to various persons as nominatives, be swept away, so that, instead of entangling ourselves in the subtle intricacies of *I am, thou art, he is, we are, you are, they are*, which are of no logical value or significance, we may say, with all the charm and force of simplicity, *I be, thou be, he be, we be, you be, they be*,—as, in fact, some very worthy people do, and manage to make themselves understood. Why, indeed, should we suffer a smart little verbal shock when the Irish servant says, “Will I put some more coal on the fire?” And why should we be so hard-hearted as to laugh at the story of the Frenchman, who, falling into the water, cried out, as he was going down, “I vill drown, and nobody shall help me?” But those who have genuine, well-trained English tongues and ears are shocked and do laugh.

The reason of the distinction is regarded as very difficult of explanation. Essays have been written on the question; Sir Edmund Head even made a little book about it; but no one has yet traced the usage to its origin so clearly as to satisfy all philologists. Without pretending to do what so many others have failed to do, I shall give the explanation that is satisfactory to me.

The radical signification of *will* (Anglo-Saxon *willan*) is purpose, intention, determination; that of *shall* (Anglo-Saxon *scéal, ought*), is obligation. *I will do*, means, I purpose doing—I am determined to do. *I shall do*, means, radically, I ought to do; and as a man is supposed to do what he sees he ought to do, *I shall do* came to mean, I am about doing—to be, in fact, a mere announcement of future action, more or less remote. But so *you shall do* means, radically, you ought to do; and therefore, unless we mean to impose an obligation or to announce an action on the part of another person over whom we claim some control, *shall*, in speaking of the mere future volun-

tary action of another person, is inappropriate; and we therefore say *you will*, assuming that it is the volition of the other person to do thus or so. Hence, in merely announcing future action, we say, I or we *shall*, you, he or they *will*; and in declaring purpose on our own part, or on the part of another, obligation, or inevitable action, which we mean to control, we say, I or we *will*, you, he or they *shall*. Official orders, which are in the form *you will*, are but a seeming exception to this rule of speech, which they, in fact illustrate.

For in them the courtesy of superior to subordinate, carried to the extreme even in giving command, avoids the semblance of compulsion, while it assumes obedience in its very language. *Should* and *would* follow, of course, the fortunes of *shall* and *will*; and in the following short dialogue, I have given, I believe, easily-apprehended examples of all the proper uses of these words, the discrimination of which is found by some persons so difficult. A husband is supposed to be trying to induce his reluctant wife to go from their suburban home to town for a day or two:

He—I shall go to town to-morrow. Of course you will.

She—No, thanks. I shall not go. I shall wait for better weather, if that will ever come. When shall we have three fair days together again?

He—Don't mind that. You should go. I should like to have you hear Ronconi.

She—No, no; I will not go.

He—[To himself.] But you shall go in spite of the weather and of yourself. [To her.]—Well, remember, if you should change your mind, I should be very happy to have your company. Do come; you will enjoy the opera; and you shall have the nicest possible supper at Delmonico's.

She—No; I should not enjoy the opera. There are no singers worth listening to;

and I wouldn't walk to the end of the drive for the best supper Delmonico will ever cook. A man seems to think that any human creature would do anything for something good to eat.

He—Most human creatures will.

She—I shall stay at home, and you shall have your opera and your supper all to yourself.

He—Well, if you will stay at home, you shall; and if you won't have the supper, you shan't. But my trip will be dull without you. I shall be bored to death that is, unless, indeed, your friend Mrs. Dashatt Mann should go to town to-morrow, as she said she thought that she would; then, perhaps, we shall meet at the opera, and she and her nieces will sup with me.

She—[To herself] My dear friend, Mrs. Dashatt Mann! And so that woman will be at her old tricks with my husband again. But she shall find that I am mistress of this situation, in spite of her big black eyes and her big white shoulders. [To him.] John, why should you waste yourself upon those ugly, giggling girls? To be sure *she* is a fine woman enough, that is, if you will buy your beauty by the pound, but they!

He—O, think what I will about that, I must take them, for politeness' sake; and, indeed, although the lady is a matron, it wouldn't be quite proper to take her alone—would it? What should you say?

She—Well, not exactly, perhaps; but it don't much matter; she can take care of herself, I should think. She's no chicken; she'll never see thirty-five again. But it's too bad you should be bored with her nieces— and since you'r bent on having me go with you—and—after all, I should like to hear Ronconi —and—you shan't

be going about with those cackling girls, well, John, dear, I'll go.

The only passage in this colloquy which seems to me to need a word of explanation is that in which the lady says to herself that her friend, Mrs. D. Mann, "*shall* find" that some one else is mistress of the situation. It would have been quite correct for the wife to say "*she will* find," etc. But, in that case, she would merely have expressed an opinion as to a future occurrence. By using *shall*, she not only predicts with emphasis, but claims the power to make her prediction good.

I have given my readers this colloquy, because more can be gained toward the proper use of these words through example than from precept. It seems to be instinctively apprehended—imbibed. Association and early habit cause many people, who are far from being well-educated, and who are entirely unconscious as to their speech, to be unerring in their use of this idiom, which, in my judgment, is one of the finest in the language.—*Richard Grant White in "Words and Their Uses.*

THE SIKHS.

In this missive it is my purpose to introduce to you one of the classes of people whom we daily instruct and who call themselves the rightful heirs or rulers of the Punjab.

The Sikhs ruled this part of India about eighty years and then succumbed to the English in 1848. Originally they were connected more or less with Kabir, a remarkable leader of the Hindus, but breaking off from Hinduism, they became a nation themselves.

The founder of the Sikh religion, was "Guru Navak," who was born in 1469, in the Punjab, not many miles from Lahore. His early life was spent in wandering about

from place to place. He was a Katri by caste, which is next to that of Brahme. In after years his followers attempted to destroy caste but did not fully succeed and the Sikhs of to-day are almost as strict on this point as the Hindus. Indeed, they are fast becoming one class.

The bible of the Sikhs is called the "Granth Sahib," and is held in great reverence by all its believers. The house of worship is called "Dharmsal." These buildings are very numerous, but not so showy or expensive as the Hindu temples. On a table, covered with bright coverings, which are often of silk, we find the open book. When not in use it is covered over with a cloth, as not even a fly is allowed to light on its sacred pages. Over the table is a canopy of bright cloth with sparkling trimmings. Often flowers and other ornaments are suspended over the book.

When one reads the 'Granth' the seat must be much lower than the table on which the book is placed, and when the cover is removed a brush of pea-fowl feathers is continually waved over it.

The Sikhs have no stated time for worship, but are coming from, and going to the sacred temples all hours in the day. As a worshipper approaches the building which contains his god, he bows on the doorstep until his forehead touches the place beneath him. Uncovering his feet he walks devoutly up to the table and prostrates himself before the book, then proceeds in a sing-song tone to read his lesson, and returns in the same way he came. His worship has been performed for one day.

Offerings of wheat, rice, sweets, etc., are daily made at these places, and when once placed before the Granth, they are then consumed by those who have charge of the place of worship.

Some months ago while passing through the city I met a regiment of Sikh Soldiers,

who were on the march down the country. I noticed that on the head of one of them there was an open Granth, and that behind this one walked another man with a fly brush, keeping it constantly moving over the head of the former. I thought to myself, here is a lesson for Christians. How many travel and visit about in our country without ever thinking of taking their Bibles along! Oh, that we all might prize the True Word as it should be!

The Granth is written in "Gurmuki," which means, "Out of the mouth of the Guru." The fundamental book was compiled by the fifth successor of Navak, Guru Arjun between the years 1584 and 1606. The tenth and last Guru also wrote a book called the "Granth of the Tenth Reign." These along with the biographies of the leaders and a few instructions in regard to the ritual and discipline, constitutes the sacred literature of this people.

For almost a century the Sikhs led quiet, inoffensive lives, devoted to their religion.

The Guru held all power in his own hand. He was mediator and Saviour. Those who would not submit to his rule, were put to death. Although Navak speaks very modestly of himself, yet he believed himself a part of God—incarnation of Hari—common name for Krishna or Vishnu. For some time the authority of the Guru was conferred by the dying titular upon the head of the most worthy of his followers, but in time it became hereditary.

The religion partakes much of the pantheism of the Wades, and is more or less tinged with superstition.

Their contact with the Mohammedans has had, no doubt, a powerful effect upon them, and has led them through time to adopt force of arms to plant their religion in the hearts of the people. Nothing of this do we find in the spirit of the Hindu. When a Sikh becomes a soldier, this is

henceforth to be his occupation and he must never be without his weapons of war. At one time the Sikh cavalry of the Punjab was not less than 70,000 men, and although it was after bravely fighting against the English that they surrendered, yet they have proved good and faithful subjects to the empress of India, and during the horrible mutiny of 1857 *they only* remained loyal.

The Sikhs are a very fine class of people, and in our work among the women, we are always welcomed to their houses, and very earnestly do they listen to our teaching.

I could tell you much more of these people, but time and space will permit me to speak only of a Sikh funeral I attended about one year ago. It was that of an old man, who had for years been teacher in our "Girls School." His health had been failing for some time, but unwilling to give up the work, he remained with us until one day he fainted away and was carried home, where, in a few days, he died from fever. I visited him and tried to lead him to trust in the true God as his only help, but he died without giving any sign that he believed in the Savior, of whom he had daily heard. How sad it was to see one who for years had heard of a Savior dying that we might have life; a Savior willing to receive all who will come to Him, and yet die without hope. How my very heart yearned to pluck his soul as a brand from the burning.

With this old man lived his daughter-in-law and little grand-son, and when he died the little boy came running up to our house, and asked me to come down. As I entered the open court of the house, I found about a dozen women who had come to bewail the deceased. Adjoining the court was a small room and there on the ground lay the corpse covered with a sheet. Beside his head lay an offering of wheat; and a lamp, consisting of a little earthen dish with oil

and wick, stood near the dead body. This had been burning for some time after the soul had left the body, and was intended to keep the spirit at rest. They always put a dying person on the ground so that the spirit may take its departure from the place and not haunt the house. The daughter-in-law was sitting beside the deceased wailing in a very loud manner and every now and then tearing her hair which was hanging loose over her face. As I entered she broke out in a louder strain, saying: "Alas, brother will never Salam to miss Sabib again. Alas, alas!" Some five or six women joined her in wailing, pinching their cheeks, striking their heads, then their breasts, and crying: "Alas! Lion, alas! Lion, alas!" This was kept up for some time and would be renewed whenever any newcomer came in. In another part of the house several old men were preparing the cloth in which to wrap the body. When I left I told them I would come again when all was ready. This was about seven in the morning and about ten the call came for me to go.

I went in company with my head teacher and as we reached the house they were just bringing out the body. It had been bathed and wrapped in white muslin and put into a sack of the same cloth, which was tied at the head. The bier was made of two boards fastened to two polls which rested on the shoulders of the pall-bearers. Over the body was spread a bright silk sheet, which had been bought for the purpose. Four old men bore the body on their shoulders. The men followed first in the procession. One had a pot of wheat and rice which he scattered here and there as he walked. Another had nuts and sweets and small coins, and a third had a conch-shell.

Following the men were the women and children. Every few rods the women would stop and wail and tear the hair, and the men blew on the shell while handfuls of the nuts etc.,

were scattered among the crowd and quickly picked up by the children. About half way to the river we were met by another crowd singing, blowing on shells and wailing. One man had a bunch of pea-fowl feathers which he waved over the bier several times. When we reached the river bank the body was placed on the ground and the daughter-in-law fell at its feet and spread out her arms over the body. Afterwards it was lifted and placed in a boat and the men accompanied it. The women then broke out in a very loud lamentation, and repeated something I did not understand, but it was very sad. The body was taken to a small island and burnt. The wood was taken along in the boat.

After the body had been consumed to ashes, the daughter-in-law went and gathered up what is called the flowers, i. e., joints of the hands and toes which were to be taken to the Ganges. Nothing was eaten in the street where the old man died until after the body was taken away.

Sixteen days after the death of the old man, I was called to come and see the things which were to be given the Guru. In the court was a bed covered with shoes, cloth, clay dishes, etc. The Guru soon came, and the grand-son who had nothing on his body but his loin-cloth, was placed before his teacher, who told him to take up the rice balls which were placed before him, and turn to the East, West, North and South; and take the name of the departed. The Guru then placed before him a row of small dishes or cups made of clay and the boy put a little water in each of them then some rice, and repeated the following: "As we give water and rice and wheat here, so our brother will have the same." The boy then changed the string which was around his body—the sign of caste, and looking again toward each point, the ceremony was ended and the Guru would take away the presents. He did not receive much here compared with what he often gets for his services, but nevertheless, he had taken all the poor widow had. I told him how very wrong it was to deceive people so; that after the soul has departed from the body, neither need food; but he said: "Yes we have to feed the spirit forty days." And when I asked him to go and leave the things for the poor woman who was left alone

to provide for herself and son, he only laughed at me and said, "It was his right."

Some months later the daughter-in-law went to Banares with the ashes of her father-in-law, and her first work there was to go and wash in the sacred waters, and then present herself to the priest and bow before him and give him money to pray for her; and the next morning after bathing and giving the priest more money the ashes were cast into the river and then her work was finished. I asked her how much it cost to go there and she told me it cost twenty-five Rupees, equal to about ten dollars. This is all that she could earn in five or six months and have nothing to live on. This money was borrowed on interest and before she could pay it off it would be a great deal more, as money is loaned on usury in cases of this kind.

This is one case in many thousands which yearly occur, where the death in a family brings poverty and suffering, by the priests extorting all their poor deceived people have. How we long to see the chain that binds these deluded people, broken, and the captives set free. We know the time will come. Let us help it on with all our might and power.

By MISS E. D. ANDERSON, Missionary, India.

SHE WISHED IT, TOO.

"They tell me you've traveled, Mr. Crimbeak," said Miss Fussanfeather, during a lull in the conversation the other night.

"Yes, I've travelled considerable. I used to travel for a dry goods house. I wish I was travelling now."

"I wish you were," innocently rejoined the young lady, noticing that both hands of the clock were pointing upward.—Ex.

—A medical authority says: "Persons have been bitten by mad dogs and have not gone mad." Then the dogs couldn't have hurt them very badly. The man who is not made mad by being bitten by a dog out to be an angel. He has too good a temper for this wicked world.—Ex.

HISTORY OF THE MUMMY.

The following history of Lady Pest Ma Rheres, the Mummy, was prepared by Prof. R. O. Graham, for the Citizens' Hose Exposition, held at Greenville, Pa., February, 1886:

This mummy was forwarded to Westminster College by Rev. Griffin, a graduate of the College, who is a missionary in Egypt. The following is a copy of a letter sent by him to Dr. Mehard:

MY DEAR FRIEND AND TEACHER:—I have long desired to find some "Egyptian Relic" of interest to send to my Alma Mater, and once wrote Prof. Cummings on the subject when I had a prospect of getting one. But that time I was disappointed. Since then till quite recently it has been impossible to get such things exported, on account of stringent governmental regulations against it. But now, by special permission, we may export anything we may lawfully get possession of. By good fortune we have succeeded in getting a "mummy," the preserved remains of the daughter of an Egyptian priest. She may have been a fair and lively damsel some 3,000 years ago. She is now on her first voyage to America in care of Rev. J. R. Alexander, and we expect her to arrive at New York soon after this reaches you. Bro. Alexander will have her baggage checked as soon as possible to your care at New Wilmington. I trust you will be able to look after the old young lady, and give her a comfortable resting place, if not in the Ladies' Conservatory, in some suitable place about the College, where she may have an opportunity to meet the young men and ladies who come there to study the past and prepare for the future. I beg you to kindly introduce her, on my account, to the authorities of the institution, and ask them to receive her to the sheltering shades of Westminster. I have, however, to ask as a special favor of you and them, viz., that in any mention of this young lady, and her admission into the College, you will not connect my name with her, or intimate that I was the means of having her go to Westminster. Westminster's younger sister, grown to be almost as large as herself, cordially salutes her from Asyoot—on the Nile.

"The word 'mummy' is from the Persian 'mum,' meaning naptha, or liquid-asphaltum. Mummies are dead bodies preserved from decay by dessication, after being first embalmed. The bodies of the dead were preserved from decay by many ancient

nations, but the practice was most general among the Egyptians, who embalmed all their dead. After the process was finished, the Egyptians swathed the body with linen bandages steeped in some resinous liquid, probably the gum of the mimosa nilotica. The bandages were sometimes more than 1,000 yards in length. The body was next enclosed in a cartonage or case made to fit its shape, which was richly painted and gilded, the face being colored to represent the features of the deceased, or overlaid with thick gold leaf, and the eyes made of enamel. The cartonage was covered with other cases, sometimes three or four, made of cedar or sycamore, similarly painted.

It has been estimated that 400,000,000 (four hundred million) human mummies were made in Egypt from the beginning of the art of embalming until its discontinuance in the 7th century. The principal places at which mummies are found are at Sakkarah, opposite Memphis, and in the Necropolis of Thebes. Great numbers have been removed and mummies of the best class are now scarce. Many are burned for fuel by the Arabs, and ship loads have been transported to England to be ground up for manure."

The following is a translation of the hieroglyphics on the mummy case:

"The words of Osiris, Lord of the West, Great God, Master of Abydos, of Ptah Sokar; Osiris, Lord of Rusta, and the words of Isis, the Great Mother-Goddess, 'We protect the Osirian, (i. e., the deceased, of pious memory,) Pest Ma Rheres, daughter of the priest of Khem, Neshor, and of the lady Urt."

The following explanation is made largely from notes of Rev. J. R. Alexander, at present of Wooster, O.:

According to this translation of the in

(Concluded on page 232.)

THE HOLCAD.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,
New Wilmington, Pa.

THE Commencement number of the HOLCAD will contain a report of all the exercises of Commencement week, and the prize orations and essays. Those wishing copies should leave their order before June 24th, as we will only publish enough copies for regular subscribers and those ordering.

We would like to have the Seniors and those not intending to return, to renew their subscriptions, and those who are not subscribers to enroll their names on our books before leaving town.

THE lecture of Rev. J. M. Hervey, '75, in college chapel, on Monday evening, June 7, was both interesting and instructive, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Hervey is not a public lecturer. "Los Angeles and Southern California," was the subject of his lecture. His description of the country, climate and vegetation abounded in what

we would be inclined to doubt if it did not come from California. Mr. Hervey has been doing Home Missionary work in Los Angeles for some time, and speaks very encouragingly of the work there.

A COLLEGE paper ought to represent the sentiments of the students. If it does not it misses the primary object of its existence. While we are in college the college is our field of labor and we have comparatively little to do with what is outside. The college work ought to be made as practical as possible and the college paper, when properly conducted by the editors and supported by the students, is an efficient instrument in accomplishing this end. The model college journal is as faithful an index of the opinions and intellectual capacity of the students as the daily papers are of the state of society and the drift of public opinion. It is our aim to bring the HOLCAD as nearly as possible up to this standard but it absurd to suppose that the editors alone can make the paper all that it ought to be. Twice a month we are expected to gather all the news and furnish an intellectual treat while the rest of the students look complacently on, ready to criticise if they are disappointed and of course they find room for criticism. It seems that some of them would even look with satisfaction on the failure of the enterprise. Such an attitude on the part of the students makes our task very difficult and discouraging. If the paper is a benefit to anyone it certainly is to the students and friends of the college. If they could be induced to take a little more interest in its wellfare it could be made much more profitable and the task of the editors much lighter and more genial.

The next issue will complete the second volume. The enterprise is no longer an

experiment but we are not satisfied with present attainments. If we can secure the hearty co-operation of the students and encouragement of those who ought to be our friends we believe that the HOLCAD will yet see days of far greater prosperity.

THE facilities for instruction in the various Scientific branches at Westminster College have been very greatly increased during the past seven years. When Prof. R. O. Graham was elected to the chair of Chemistry, eight years ago, four hundred dollars were given to him for the purpose of chemical apparatus, and four hundred more for physical apparatus. At that time there was neither a chemical nor a physical laboratory, and but one term spent on Chemistry. Upwards of three hundred dollars have since been expended in chemical apparatus; and last year the Board gave five hundred dollars to the Physics.

Prof. S. R. Thompson, who was elected to the chair of physics in 1884, has, by his marked skill in the construction of apparatus, added six hundred dollars to the value of the apparatus during the present year. Both chemical and physical laboratories are in excellent working condition; and they are not surpassed, if indeed equaled, by those of any other college in Western Pennsylvania.

The principles of physics are illustrated by a full line of apparatus in all the different subjects.

Two years ago, new rooms were fitted up for the Chemistry, consisting of a lecture room and two laboratories. These being supplied with water and gas and furnished with everything needed for qualitative and quantitative mineral analysis, and for water analysis, have proven highly satisfactory. During the present year, seven

members of the Senior class elected the laboratory work for the entire year, and they all express themselves as being well pleased with the course and the facilities offered for acquiring a thorough knowledge of mineral and water analysis.

The course, instead of one term, as formerly, now has five terms, two required and three elective. Profs. Graham and Thompson have just reason to feel proud of the advance in the natural sciences under their supervision.

THE act of removing the Campus fence in the way in which it was removed, reflects no credit upon those engaged in it, and justly receives the condemnation of all law-abiding citizens.

There is a growing tendency among reformers to force reformatory measures whether or not the people are ready to support them. Now this should not be the case, especially among college students. If the Board does not make all need improvements, or supply the wants of the college as soon as they become apparent, it does not follow that students should take affairs in their own hands, and destroy property that does not belong to them. No one doubts that the fence had long since ceased to be an object of beauty or usefulness, yet that, by no means, justifies the manner in which it was removed.

THE number of college graduates in this country every year is not very large, but the space which the newspapers devote to the Commencement exercises shows a just consciousness of the importance of the college in our national system.

One of the tendencies most to be deprecated is the disposition to sneer at college-bred men as necessarily effeminate, conceited and impractical, and to hold that the

only genuine American is "the self-made man," as if educated men were not quite as much self-made as ignorant men.

It would be most unfortunate if it were true that want of education, or contempt of the best education possible, or ignorance of the essential value of education, were distinctively American. But happily no nation ever showed from the beginning a more truthful appreciation of that value, and no nation is more indebted to its educated men, than this.

In the early colonial epoch, the impressive and formative period, the clergy were, in great part, the influential class, and they were especially the educated body. The leaders of the Revolution were largely educated and college-bred men. The great majority of the members of the Constitutional Convention were from the college. The number of graduates, indeed, then as now, was comparatively small, but their influence and power were very great.

No university, of course, and no primary school, and no workshop, and no degree of poverty can make a naturally dull man wise, nor give common-sense to a fool. But a truly self-made man is the man who makes himself out of all his opportunities. The larger and more varied they are, the more he is likely to "make" himself. Abraham Lincoln was a very poor boy who had very little schooling. But the boy who lay upon the floor to read his books by the light of the burning pine knots, showed the true instinct of the self-making man to obtain all the education possible. Adams was none the less an organizing, practical, political leader because of his college training, and Dr. Franklin was not a more sagacious or effective public man because he was not college-bred. There are, indeed, plenty of great men who graduated at no college, as there are plenty of them who have been invalids, like Darwin, and superstitious like Bacon.

They were not great, however, because they did not graduate, nor because they were ill, nor because they were superstitious. College is only a larger opportunity, and the men who have the ability to make themselves use that opportunity when it is open to them, as, when it is closed to them, they use such opportunities as they have.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Lawrentian* is a good readable exchange.

* * *

WE certainly do not admire the cuts at the head of different departments of the *Campus*. We think for a literary journal something else would be preferable.

* * *

THE *College Echo* will henceforward be published as a bi-weekly. We would suggest as an improvement, less base-ball news and more articles of a literary character.

* * *

WE learn from the *Thielensian* that the senior examinations of '86 lasted two days and embraced ten studies; but the examining committee of the Board of Trustees was represented by only one person, the others having forgotten to come.

* * *

THE editor of the *Phi-Rhonian* makes some very sensible remarks on graduating expenses, and says that some are deterred every year from graduating on this account. Their present graduating class is debating the question of reducing the expenses.

* * *

THE June issue of the *Earlhamite* contains the orations of the Junior Oratorical Contest. The subjects were, "Fraternalities," "The African Question," "The Coming

Civilization," "Three Stages of Literature." The first prize, \$25, was given to the person who discussed the third subject, the second, \$15, to the lady who discoursed on "The African Question."

PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Sabbath, June 20th, at 3 p. m., sermon before the Y. M. C. A. by the Rev. J. K. McClurkin, of Philadelphia. At 7:30 p. m., the Baccalaureate sermon by President Ferguson.

Monday, at 7:30 p. m., Junior Contest; contestants, Miss Frances Donaldson, W. H. Hay, J. W. Hutchison, D. T. McCalmont, D. O. McLaughry, J. B. Ricketts and Miss Jessie Wilson.

Tuesday, at 7:30 p. m. Alumni Reunion. Oration by James Kennedy, Esq., '76, of Youngstown, Ohio; essay by Miss Luella Donnan, '80, of Cochrantown, Pa.; poem by Rev. W. J. Golden, '80, of Service, Pa.; history by W. J. W. Cowden, Esq., '71, of Wheeling, W. Va.

Wednesday, 9 a. m., the exercises of the graduating class. At 7:30 p. m. contest between the Adelpic and Philomath Literary Societies. Essayists, J. M. Robertson, J. S. Thompson; debaters, J. A. Alexander, W. T. McConnell; orators, W. H. Moore, H. D. Gordon; declaimers, W. R. Irons, J. B. Ricketts.

Thursday, 8:30 A. m., entrance examinations.

NEW DEPARTURES.

Possibly, probably some new arrangements will be made next year. At any rate the Faculty are about to recommend to the Board of Directors some changes and additions. Changes are not always improvements, yet it is hoped that if adopted, these

will be. They have been considered carefully and are recommended heartily.

1. The Three-study Plan.

At present the student has four studies or recitations each day. According to the proposed plan he will have but three. The course of study will be unchanged and the same amount of work will be expected during the four years. There will be no lowering of the standard. Longer lessons will be given corresponding to the gain in time for study, so that the same ground will be gone over as heretofore. It is believed that there will be an advantage to the student in concentration on fewer studies. There is a kind of dissipation in having too many things on hand at once. The mind needs to be trained to hold on to a subject with some tenacity. Besides, a greater interest in the subject studied will be a natural result.

2. A Literary and Musical Course.

Besides those who come to school for music alone or chiefly, there are others who wish to take music along with a literary course. Such an one has been arranged and will also be recommended for adoption. It will be of the same grade as our present scientific course. Music will be substituted for certain studies, notably, Latin, Greek and the higher mathematics. This will provide music as one of three studies daily during three years and a half of the five years' course.

To take music along with the studies of the classical or scientific course is more than young ladies are physically able to do. But by this arrangement, music will not be additional but an accepted equivalent. It is hoped that this course will commend itself to the patrons of the college as meeting a present demand.

3. The Art Department.

During this term the several branches of art have been taught by Miss Morrison.

Her work and that of her pupils will be on exhibition on Monday and Tuesday of Commencement week and will speak for itself. It is hoped that the Board will see its way clear to establish this department permanently. In case this is done painting will be made elective with music in the proposed new course.

MEMORIAL DAY AT GROVE CITY.

May 29th was observed as Decoration Day at Grove City. The occasion was one of profit and pleasure to all. The graves of our country's fallen heroes were made fragrant with beautiful flowers. The orator of the day spoke in a manner both pleasing and instructive to all and performed well his part of making the day one of rare enjoyment.

The services were conducted with skill, and the march to the cemetery, though extensive, was managed well and good order was maintained. A ball-game had been planned for the afternoon between the Grove City and Westminster College boys. The game was closely contested for six innings when a dispute arose with regard to who would pitch for the rest of the game, this could not be settled satisfactorily and the Westminsters left the field with the score seven to two in their favor.

The evening was made pleasant by the entertainment given by the Webster Debating Club. It consisted of an address of welcome, declamation, oration, instrumental and vocal music and a drama entitled, "Enlisted for the War." The drama was the most interesting part of the performance. All those engaged played excellently; but the part played by Miss Minnie Hawk was so well done as to call forth many acclamations of praise. Many who watched the play exclaimed with delight that Miss Minnie was the best they had ever seen out of a professional troupe.

Miss Glenn, one of the actresses in the play, started for "Gibson City," Illinois, on June 3rd, where she expects to make her home, with her aunt.

Sabbath evening, May 30th, Rev. McConkey preached the memorial sermon in the Presbyterian church. The house was filled to overflowing, and a great many could not get seats and were compelled to go away. The sermon was excellent, but only such as Rev. McConkey preaches on such occasions. Rev. Duff, who was filling the U. P. pulpit, and Rev. Espy of that place were present.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

—Eleven persons united with the Second U. P. church at the last communion.

—Some one suggests that "Shortie" is the only student who could have stolen the clapper from the college bell.

—A horn has taken up its abode across the street from the Dormitory. Another has located on the east side of town.

—Some of the students are becoming very studious. One of the ladies appeared in class with a Greek Lexicon the other day.

—The Juniors "condescended" to play ball with the Preps. the other day. The Preps. succeeded in beating them almost three to one.

—A festival was held in the band room last Thursday evening. It was given by the brass band for the purpose of securing money for uniforms.

—The following beautiful translation was lately made in Latin class: "Is death an evil to those who are dead, or to those by whom it must be died?"

—If the Faculty had any perception of the fitness of things, they would, doubtless, long ago have adjourned college in favor of the Base Ball interests.

—Visitors to commencement should not fail to see the specimens of flowers collected by the Junior class, on exhibition in Prof. Thompson's recitation room.

—The mystery of the players in the Adelphi-Philo game of ball is explained by the fact that each society had the choosing of the other's men. Morrison got off by paying \$300.

—At the meeting of the Y. M. C. A., held Tuesday, June 8th, it was decided to change the time of service next Sabbath to 3 p. m. Services will be held in the First church.

—The young ladies of the Neshannock Presbyterian church gave an ice cream and strawberry festival in the College Campus, Tuesday evening, June 8th. The proceeds amounted to about sixty dollars.

—The Alumni of Westminster College in attendance at the General Assembly, held a meeting in the lecture room of the U. P. church,

Hamilton, O., May 31, at 7 p. m. J. W. Wither-
spoon, D. D., was called to the chair. Address-
es were made by Dr. Mehard, Revs. D. S. Littell,
W. S. Owens and others.

—The annual sermon before the Students' Christian Union of Monmouth College was preached Sabbath evening June 13th, by the Rev. W. H. French, D. D., of Cincinnati. Commencement Thursday, June 17th.

—The other day McClimonds wandered into a strawberry patch that didn't belong to him. The excitement consequent to a hasty departure made an invalid of him for a few days. Besides the berries were partly green.

—The most charitable construction we can put on the non-appearance of the lights for the campus is that the authorities are waiting for natural gas to be struck at Neshannock Falls. But that cloud isn't as big as a man's hand.

—On the morning of June 1st., when the hours were indefinitely small, the College fence was resolved into its elements—pickets, rails and posts, in twenty minutes time. It was an act of wild justice that every body is thankful for.

We quote from the *News* of last week: "W. M. Lindsay, catcher for the Westminster college nine, will work with Charley Power in the Neshannock—Sewickley game at New Castle, on Wednesday of this week. Lindsay is the best catcher in the county."

—The HOLCAD is doing some good in effecting reforms. Some skilled workmen appeared on Monday morning of last week and erected a scaffold by which they reached the top of the steeple on the College, and then, *mirabile dictu*, that weather vane was fixed. Now then the lights.

—The Neshannock Mission Band and Circle held a missionary meeting last Sabbath evening in the Neshannock church. Papers were read by W. H. Moore and Miss Jessie Wilson; Recitations by Misses Olive Porter and Annie Elliott; and a round Table conducted by Miss Rhoda Cotton.

—Mercer county Hickory schools commence September 6th. Seven months term, salary \$33 per month. Will receive applications, with cer-

tificate, until August 2nd. None need apply whose grade is under two in any of the branches to be taught. Address, W. F. Stewart, Secretary, Hermitage, Pa.

—A week ago Sabbath night somebody climbed up the other way and stole the clapper out of the College bell. The toll tapper was used for a day or two until a new clapper was hung. A number of years ago the clapper was stolen and after a good deal of searching was found in the town well.

—A number of persons not acquainted with the deceased languages inquired of our reporter last evening as to the origin and precise meaning of the Graduating Class' motto, "Quid jam Mihi Restat." He informed them that the phrase had reference to the gum-habit prevalent among students, particularly the girls, who now eschewed for a time the use of black jack, declaring in Latin, "I now jam my quid away and take a rest." One of the graduates informs us, however, that phrase was used by Mrs. Aeneas when her old man eloped with Queen Dido.

—The Sophs. didn't have any recitation in Greek last Tuesday. Prof. Taggart assigned the lesson for the next day and then asked to be excused as he wished to see "the boy Joseph" and his mother to the train. The class proposed to accompany them, Prof. signified his willingness to accept their company and together they went to his home and entered the parlor. It was soon discovered that they couldn't take Joseph to the train as the expedition had been postponed on account of a visit from the boy's Aunt: but the Prof. said they would have some strawberries instead. As no one raised any objections the berries were brought in and enjoyed by all. The class expressed themselves as willing to serve Master Joseph whenever it may please his small majesty to command them.

—In the bound *Atlantics* in the Library are the following Shakespearean articles: Shakespearean Operas, by A. E. Barr in vol. XLIX; Shakespeare and Sheridan, by R. G. White in vol. LII; The Anatomizing of Wm. Shakespeare, by R. G. White in vols. LIII, LIV; Time in Shakespeare's Comedies, and Time in Shakespeare's Plays, vol. LV.

In *Harper's* are: Uses of Shakespeare off the Stage, vol. LXV; Ballads and Ballad Music Illustrating Shakespeare, vol. LXIII; (this vol. is not in the Library). In *Scribner's* are:—A study in Shakespeare's Portraits, by Wm. Page, vol. X.; How shall we spell Sh-k-sp-r's name? vol. XII. In the *Century's* are: Impressions of some of Shakespeare's Characters, by Salvini, vol. XXVI; Impressions of Shakespeare's Lear, by Salvini, vol. XXVII.

—The most interesting game of base ball played this year was the one last week between the "amateur nines"—or rather *tens*—of the Philo and Adelpic Societies. Nearly all the players covered themselves with glory—or with dust. There were but few failures to miss the ball. It was amusing to see some of the players dance frantically around the ball as if desiring to pick it up and yet kept back by some irresistible power. One man succeeded in making a home run although he fell down once or twice and was not much of a runner either. He was faithfully followed by the ball but as it was not able to make as sharp curves as he was it was always a little late. The HOLCAD had three representatives. Our Editor-in-chief would leap distractedly into the air when the ball passed over his head and would run around like a "blue streak." The others acquitted themselves nobly. Five innings were played, had there been nine the game would probably not have been finished in time to have been reported in this issue.

A GLOOMY OUTLOOK.

Gilhooly went into an Austin restaurant, gave his order for some fried calf's brains, waited a long time for the waiter to bring what he had ordered, but in vain. At last he asked:

"Well, what about the calf's brains?"

"The waiter shook his head dismally and said:

"The outlook is pretty gloomy, Judge."

"What's the matter with my brains?"

"There aint any, that's all."

The story got out and now there is some talk of running him for the Legislature.—*Texas Siftings*.

PERSONALS.

—Alex. McClelland was in town June 8th.

—Joe McEate, '89, returned to college June 3d

—Prof. and Mrs. Thompson came home June 1st.

—Miss Jennie Duffield returned to town June 7th.

—Swan and Adair, of Senior class, are back again.

—Mr. J. N. Moore, '85, was in town Friday, June 4th.

—Rev. J. A. Duff has lately moved into his new house.

—Prof. Wallace is made chairman of county committee.

—J. S. Crawford, '84, preached his first sermon in May.

—Dr. Shilling, from Sharon, is thinking of locating here.

—J. P. Whitla, '83, at home again looking well and happy.

—Snyder, '86, is thought to be taking lessons in painting now.

—Moyné Snyder took a run up to Franklin one day last week.

—Prof's. Wallace and Graham were delegates to the Convention June, 1.

—Mrs. Ralph Van Orsdel has been in poor health for some time past.

—Rev. A. B. Dickey, of Lebanon, preached in the 2nd church last Sabbath.

—W. T. McConnell, '88, and family have removed to Youngstown, Ohio.

—H. K. Lemmon, formerly a student here, was in town a short time ago.

—Rev. L. Lewis, '79, of Washington Co., will *not* be at commencement.

—McClymonds, '88, has been out of school a few days on account of sickness.

—Webster, '86, has been handling the hoe for pastime during Senior vacation.

—Mrs. R. O. Graham and Baby Chester, will be at home for commencement.

—Miss Jennie Vance, '87, has left the Ladies' Hall and is boarding at Miss Hope's.

—Rev. C. H. Wilson, '84, is at present paying a short visit to his parents in this place.

—Miss Etta Reed, formerly of '86, has accepted a position as teacher in Neola, Iowa.

—A picnic in honor of Dr. Allen was held at Neshannock Falls, by his friends last Thursday.

—Mrs. J. Kritchlow and her brother Mr. McGinness, were visiting Prof. Taggart's June 8th.

—Mrs. Obie, '59, of Chesley, Ont., has been in town for some days visiting her many friends here.

—H. B. Snyder, of Sophomore class, has been at home. He is now in school again for examinations.

—Rev. J. A. Kennedy went to Lebanon last week for the purpose of holding communion services on Sabbath.

—Rev. A. H. Harshaw, '74, is expected here next week. He will then visit his mother in Southern Illinois.

—Carrie Hay, '86, Maggie Campbell, '87, and Miss Lizzie Neal paid the HOLCAD office a pleasant call last week.

—J. Clinton Kistler, '86, has returned to town. He has been hauling logs during vacation instead of writing ethical orations.

—Dr. Allen goes to Pittsburgh soon as his health will not allow him to practice in the country during the winter season.

—Prof. Mitchell was honored by being chosen chairman of the Prohibition county convention held at New Castle June 1st.

—Dr. Mehard attended the General Assembly held in Hamilton, O., After being away almost three weeks, he seemed glad to get home.

—Rev. E. B. Graham, brother of Mrs. J. A. Kennedy of this place, and author of "In The Coils" is one of the editors of the *Midland*.

—Mrs. Z. B. Davidson, of Lima, Ohio, is in town visiting at her father's, Mr. Hugh Wilson. She expects to remain until after commencement.

—Joe Brittain has a cleverly executed crayon portrait of Rev. Dr. Ferguson, President of Westminster College, on exhibition in Beatty & Findley's window.—*Advance Argus*.

—Rev. G. M. Reed, '73, and family have been

visiting in town for some time past. Master George visited the Sophomores the 7th. The family expect to remain until after commencement.

—Mrs. Dr. Graham, of Morning Sun, Iowa, who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. J. A. Kennedy, left last week. She intends to visit a while in Ohio and then to reach Monmouth in time for commencement.

—Rev. W. M. McElwee, D. D., died June 1st, 1886, was born April 1st, 1802. We quote from the United Presbyterian: "This venerable father went to his rest at the close of a life of over eighty-four years, and a ministry of fifty-nine. Always a lovely character, he had ripened into a beautiful old age and has passed away with the benedictions of all who knew him of all Christian denominations.

—Rev. John Williamson, '63, preached two Baccalaureates in one week; one to the graduating class of the Central Ohio College; the other before the class of '86, Bellefontaine High School. Both productions were finely conceived and eloquently delivered.

—Miss Mary Clendennie, aged seven years, had a birthday party last Wednesday. About fifteen of her little friends were present and judging from the sound of their voices we would say they enjoyed themselves very much. Mary received many presents which will help her to remember the day a long time.

—Dr. Walter G. Hope, '84, did not go to Dakota as was stated a few weeks ago. When he left New Wilmington he had a ticket to California, but stopped in Kansas to visit a brother there and has located at Aubery. He had one patient the first day, two the second and some every day since. If health permits he will remain there.

—Rev. J. M. Hervey, '75, and wife, of Los Angeles, California, who have been visiting in town, left last week. They will visit a few days near Pittsburgh and expect to be at home June 24th. Mr. Hervey addressed the Second Church Sabbath School the 13th, preached in the evening and delivered a lecture in the chapel Monday evening on Los Angeles and Southern California.

HISTORY OF THE MUMMY.

(Concluded from page 223.)

scription, then, this mummy is a female, named Lady Pest Ma Rheres, the daughter of a priest of Khem, the modern Erhneem, in Upper Egypt, about 300 miles south of Cairo. From the excavations now being carried on at that place this mummy was taken. Her father's name was Neshor; and her mother was the Lady Urt. The mummy was a living person at some time during the Ptolemaic-Romanic period, and is, therefore, from 2,000 to 2,500 years old. The people of Egypt in those days consisted, as even yet they consist, of at least four classes or castes: the regal or ruling, the priestly, the military, and the peasant. The regal and the priestly classes frequently intermarried; so the mummy at one time moved in the highest circles. No mention is made of a husband; and it is to be presumed that her life was one of single blessedness. The face on the mask, and also that on the case, are believed to be likenesses of the deceased. The scarab or beetle, (if there is one on the case,) was the emblem of reproduction, a new creation, immortality.

The case was never opened until after its arrival in New Wilmington. After disinfecting for two weeks by means of carbon disulphide, the wrappings were removed, and the composition carefully taken away from the face; and after a retirement of 2,500 years' duration, the daughter of the priest of Khem again rivets the attention of all who come within the sphere of her magic influence. The long journey from Egypt had been a great strain upon the voyager; and, upon examination, it was found that both limbs had been so badly crushed by an accident, that amputation was necessary. The operation was so skillfully and successfully performed, that Lady

Pest MaRheres is, at the present writing, spending a fortnight in Greenville, where the greatest attention is shown her; and it is rumored that this daughter of ancient Egypt has caught the craze that sent the feet of our Yankee girls flying over the floor upon the giddy roller; and although having left her feet behind her, it is said, by day and by night, she may be seen upon the floor of the skating rink.

HELEN OF TROY.

BY FLORENCE PEACOCK.

Long years ago he bore me to a land beyond the sea,
To a city fair and stately, that renowned must ever be,
Through all ages yet to follow, for the light shed
there by me.

I am Helen; where is Troy?

They have told me not a roof-tree, nor a wall is standing now,
That o'erthrown is the grand altar, where ten thousands once did bow,
While on high to Aphrodite rose the solemn hymn and vow.

I am Helen; where is Troy?

Do they deem that thus the story of my life will pass away?
Troy betrayed, and all who loved me slain upon that fatal day,
Shall but make the memory of me evermore with men to stay.

I am Helen; where is Troy?

Fools! to dream that time can ever make the tale of Troy grow old;
Buried now is every hero, and the grass green o'er the mould,
But of her they fought and died for, every age shall yet be told.

I am Helen; where is Troy?

—With a population of about 300,000,000 China has not a single insane asylum," says an exschange. Exactly; but my dear brother, you should remember that China hasn't a single book-agent, either.—*Newman Independent*.

THE HOLCAD.

VOL. II.

NEW WILMINGTON, PA., JULY 1, 1886.

NO. 20.

ARCHIMEDES.

GIVEN BY JAS. KENNEDY, ESQ., '76, OF YOUNGSTOWN, O., AT THE ALUMNI REUNION,
JUNE 22, '86.

When informed that I was expected to address this meeting, I began to cast about me for an appropriate subject; and pending this search I chanced, while upon the cars one day to see in an illustrated paper the picture of one with whom I became acquainted while here at Wilmington while in these halls of pleasant memory; one who is now dead—Archimedes. It has always been the custom when one who is great has died, for some friend to pronounce a eulogy to his memory; and learning by investigation that this service had not been performed for Archimedes, and deeming the occasion appropriate and the time opportune, and believing that if there were any further obsequies to be performed for our friend, they had been long enough delayed; so that I would not seem to proffer my services with improper haste, I at length determined to give you an oration over the dead body of Archimedes. I soon discovered, however, that owing to certain causes it would be impossible for me to secure the dead body in time for this occasion. In lieu of it, therefore, I have prepared a picture of Archimedes which will serve every purpose as well. It does not have very much of artistic merit, but is a faithful and true representation of our hero as painted by the pencil of youthful imagination upon my memory.

Milton created his heaven out of the familiar beauties of earth. Dante made his hell by combining terrestrial horrors. I

have made the face of my Archimedes from features which I have often seen illuminated by great and entrancing thoughts of arc and cosine of Logarithm and Parabola. I have been unable to learn anything of the ancestry of Archimedes. The books are silent as to his birth. The record has been made up and closed without any allusion to this important subject. But from analogy, the prolific source of so much useful knowledge, we may assume with reasonable confidence of our being correct, that he was born. It was with no little pride that I discovered at the very beginning of my investigations something in common with a man of such transcendent genius. Yes he was born. Since becoming satisfied of this initial circumstance in the life of the departed, I have felt great interest in Archimedes; and if history suffers a little from the encroachments of extravagant admiration in my treatment of my subject, you will observe that it is a fellow feeling that makes me so wonderous kind. And if you notice any statements that seem to lack authentic verification, you will attribute their presence, I trust, not so much to a disregard for the truth as to a desire to have our hero perfect. If one has a hero, he ought to have him right at all hazzard. That is why Archimedes appears here this evening with that face. (I trust the audience will remember that this is no place for levity.)

Archimedes was born in Syracuse the city of his fame, about two hundred and eighty years before the beginning of the Christian era. He was educated in Egypt at the school of the Ptolemaes in Alexandria, the same school in which Euclid had taught about fifty years before. Many of the teachers of

Archimedes were the pupils of Euclid; and much of the success of our hero is owing to the excellency of the school in which he was trained. Here it doubtless was that he first interested himself in the study of Geometry. Here he followed in the footsteps of Euclid; mastering the elements of plain Geometry, studying the proportions of rectilinear figures. He gave to these studies no divided interest. He hung over these rectilinear figures; well, to give you an idea of how he studied Geometry, let us just for a moment imagine in place of young Archimedes, Sentimental Sophomore. Then instead of the rectilinear figure let us substitute the figure of the Sophomore's sweetheart and straightway you have manifested an interest that approximates the enthusiasm of Archimedes for Geometry. He soon of course reached that point at which his great master laid down his work. And here the great and arduous achievements of our hero begin. Aenceforth he was an original investigator. All beyond was an undiscovered country through which there was no beaten pathway. But instead of indulging in self-satisfied retrospection; instead of looking back at the contracted volume of the known, he became a pioneer and started forward into the great illimitable unknown to establish landmarks and place a way across the undiscovered fields of mathematical truth for the learned of all generations. He went down into its deep seas and drew thence those mathematical principles which we now learn with so much difficulty from printed books. He first explored all the wonderous labyrinths of those fields of thought through which we can scarcely walk when we are accompanied by an expert guide, when the path has been worn by myraid feet and when at every turn and crossway there are directions in language the most explicity.

It is fresh in my memory how my class

waded along through the higher mathematics with Professors Mehard and Cummings ahead of us pointing out the footprints of Euclid and Archimedes. How our little intellectual legs trembled as we took those tremendous strides. It was a long weary way, full of what seemed insurmountable obstacles. Like Jordan, it was a hard road to travel, and like Jordan, we got there by faith and not by sight. We just threw ourselves into the hands of Mehard and Cummings. They boosted, pulled and jerked us along observing constant care to keep us in the tracks of Archimedes until finally we got through all out of breath and dizzy with the highth to which we had attained. We stood at last upon the summit of that lofty mountain from whose precipitate sides and almost inaccessible ledges Euclid, Archimedes and Newton had gathered the laurels of immortality. We stood there intoxicated with the proud thought that when we should return again to the level common place of our homes and former acquaintances, people would point us out and say, "Look at him; he has been clear up."

Our class in all its peregrinations upon this mathematical hill was a wonderful exemplification of the beauty of childlike confidence and trust. We had the most implicit faith in Archimedes, and it is due to his memory that I should at this time publicly announce that none of us ever discovered any mistake in the principles which he laid down.

He it was who first demonstrated the proposition on the measurement of the curved surface of a cylinder; also those upon the surface of a cone, and the relation between a sphere and its circumscribing cylinder. He first proved that the area of a circle was equal to that of a triangle with a base equal to the circumference of the circle and an altitude equal to its radius.

Many other propositions of less importance were contained in his first book.

His second book might be recommended to the readers of modern fiction as a sort of relish. It would afford them much restful diversion. It consists of some forty propositions upon the superficial contents of solids generated by the revolution of conic sections about their axes.

A third volume was devoted to the properties of Archimedes' screw, the principle of which is explained in all our modern works on physics.

He tells us in his fourth book how to find the center of gravity of solids of almost every conceivable shape. A great head had Archimedes.

A very mathematical head through which was always marching a stately procession of triangles, conic sections, asymptotes, cylinders and spheres, and various other things too numerous to mention. Some parts of the scalp were sparsely settled with hair of a decidedly mathematical tendency. In my picture this appears as Mrs. Archimedes used to arrange it. But that wasn't the natural way of it. And it used often to disregard the careful training of the good lady, and to fly off at a tangent from the lofty periphery of that dome of thought and describe a parabolic curve about like this.

"The Quadrature of the Parabola," is the title of his most thrillingly interesting work. You all readily see what a fascinating book a man like Archimedes could write upon such a subject. And this treatise is all that you would be led to accept; in it is established the truth that the area of a parabola cut off by the double ordinate to the axis is two thirds of a rectangle having for its base the double ordinate, and for its altitude the corresponding abscissa. This was an admirable book. And although some have thought the plot a little obscure, yet it was closely and carefully written, the author

never once losing sight of the heroine Abscissa as through the maze of shifting circumstances the villian double ordinate still pursues her. It gives me pain to recite the fact that this book did not meet with popular favor. It failed to secure admittance for its creator to the immortal guild of great authors, and it is a burning satire upon the literary appreciation of that age that this work never reached a second edition.

The laws governing bodies floating in liquids was made the subject of a separate work. In it is treated of that principle known as specific gravity. You are all familiar with the story of how the laws of specific gravity were discovered. Hiero, king of Syracuse had for Archimedes the greatest confidence and respect. He made of him a sort of Prime Minister. The king had a crown made which he gave to Archimedes to have him discover whether it contained all of the gold which had been furnished for its construction. Of course the gold-smith had made the crown of the right weight, but whether it was of the required purity or of a baser alloy he could not tell. One day while bathing, the tub chanced to be full, and when he plunged in he noticed the displacement of water. This suggested the idea of weighing the crown in water. He was so elated with this discovery that he jumped out and ran naked on the streets shouting Eureka, Eureka, I have found it, I have found it; and that cry of Archimedes has been so contagious that the vendors of patent medicines, patent rights and lightening rods have been screaming Eureka ever since.

It will be perceived from this incident that the deceased possessed to a high degree the power of mental abstraction. His mind was filled with the problem of the crown to the exclusion of all besides, else he would have never so transgressed against the proprieties as to go upon the streets

without so much as a straw hat to protect him from the intense heat of the sun.

There were other amusing incidents which grew out of this power of abstraction. Archimedes taught a class in the higher mathematics there in Syracuse; he had a corner room on the ground floor fitted up for that purpose with a blackboard running along one side and benches for the pupils running around the other sides under the windows. History does not tell us what the lesson was upon, the day in question, but Archimedes was probably trying to make the way across the pons assinorum as smooth as possible for the feet of the assinorums. His pupils were mischievous boys who understood their teacher's eccentricities, and when they perceived that his mind was engrossed and that he was standing with his back toward them, they all quietly slipped out of the window and went into the adjoining reading room, where were filed the current periodicals of that time, the Harper's Weekly, Lawrence Guardian, etc. They crowded in there and laughed to hear their teacher explaining the problem to the empty seats. His voice could be distinctly heard concluding his lucid explanation of every difficult point with, now do you see that? Do you all see that? It is said that when he discovered that he was deserted that he was the maddest man in all Syracuse.

The bad boys used to take advantage of these moments of abstraction to slip out of the city along the road leading to Pulaski and take Archimedes' chickens. This power of concentration, while it may have cost him a chicken or two made him the more efficient in his researches. He wrote a book on arithmetical numeration which he called, "The Sand Counter." Which work is curious to us, principally because it contained the germ of our modern system of logarithms. All the powers of language, and all the

beauties of literature have been employed in recording the uses of the steamship, the railway, and the telegraph, but no master has ever seized his pen of fire to write down the good that the logarithm has done for humanity.

Poets have clothed in beautiful diction the sentiments that cluster and shine around the words "Home and Mother," and like Burns and Scott, they have embellished their stately verse with the patriot's love of country. But to the poet of the future is left the more difficult task:

"To coral in verse and set to rhythm,
The Freshman's thoughts of the logarithm."

Archimedes was not only a great mathematician, but was also a sort of a moral teacher, and stood upon a plane away above all the prevailing vices. There happened a very amusing incident that set all Syracuse a laughing; the very waves when they swept in from the sea rolled giggling upon the sand in the most complete abandon. It happened that there was a very reprehensible game called Euchre then in vogue, and some person caused our hero's name to be associated with this sinful game in some ludicrous way. But it is so long since I have heard this story that I will not attempt to give you the particulars; it belongs more properly among the traditions concerning the deceased than to authentic history.

We have very briefly recited some of the mathematical principles which Archimedes discovered, but it is to the scholar alone that the rehearsal gives any adequate conception of the greatness of the work or of the grandeur of his achievements. It is by principles which he demonstrated that we have that power so proudly sung by Tennyson, "To measure the planets and weigh the sun." Figures which he drew in the sands or the sea have since been projected far across the heavens to the most distant of the

stars. And the Archimedes of the future as the years go by will still build from those perishing lines their golden causeways, bridging the starry splendors and spanning the infinite spaces.

It is said of Archimedes that during the siege of Syracuse, he combined mirrors and lenses so as to condense the rays of the sun enough to set on fire the hostile ships within the bay. If this be true, he was virtually the inventor of the telescope.

In that siege he invented many engines of war by which the triumphant tide of Roman conquest that had swept over all the world was stayed and turned back for three years. After the surrender of the city, he was killed in the general massacre which followed; he was run through the body while drawing a geometrical diagram on the sands. My picture represents this last scene. There stands the patriot and the scholar the problem of his life finished. In those figures there upon the shore of the sea we have a brief epitome of universal history. There is the violent hand of war destroying the highest and best in civilization.

And as we look upon them, we can almost hear the fierce murmur of that eternal conflict that is forever waging in the human soul; in which intellect and the highest aspirations are swept ruthlessly away by the ruder passions of men. In accordance with the express desire of Archimedes, the figure of a sphere inscribed in a cylinder was engraved upon his tomb. The sphere and the cylinder have been effaced by the tooth of time, the tomb itself has crumbled to dust under the erosion of the winds and the rain. Its marble cornice no longer protest against the importunities of oblivion; but Archimedes is still remembered as the highest intellectual development of the most intellectual of all ages, an age that produced a Plato, a Socrates, an Aristotle, a Euclid and an Archimedes. The story of his life

is all that survives of the history of his city. His king is only remembered because he was the friend of Archimedes. But the fame of the great mathematician grows brighter as the centuries pass.

His handiwork is seen in the immortal temple of science, and his Atlantian foot-falls will echo and re-echo along its stately corridors forever.

Like his great contemporaries, his very words yet live in the memory and are reproduced by the lips of men.

It is told of Euclid that when asked by the king of Egypt if there was no easier way for him to learn mathematics, he responded, "There is no royal road to Geometry." When Socrates was asked what was the end of all investigation, he answered, "To know thyself." And Archimedes has left a grand monumental sentence that will never be forgotten. When speaking of the properties of the lever and rising to a just conception of its almost unlimited power he exclaimed, "Give me whereon to stand and I will move the world." And when we consider what an impetus he gave to science, we are lead to think that it would not be hyperbole to close this sketch with the declaration that Archimedes did move the world.

THE REUNION OF THE PURITAN AND THE CAVALIER.

GIVEN BY J. B. RICKETTS JUNE 21, '86.

Unity is the strength of the nations. That government given over to disruption goes speedily to ruin. True, some ancient governments were centuries in their death struggles, but those of to-day are less in their physical powers, greater in their moral force, more acute in their energies, than any of former times. Republics have been numbered among the governments that have proven disastrous failures. Rome was

three hundred years in dying, but anarchy and misrule completed her final destruction. The mighty republic of Greece exists to-day only in history. Hungary, though the flame of liberty still burns, lies crushed beneath the heel of a despotic tyrant. Sunny France lives as with a volcano beneath her feet, whose fitful fires may at any moment burst into the flames of civil revolution. Our own republic has been assailed again and again by storm and tempest, but it has withstood the shocks, and now lies peacefully between the two oceans, the grandest example of self-government by the people. And thus, to-day, living in an epoch that naturally marks the progress of our native land, it becomes us to inquire, what are the elements that constitute our nation? How a union once formed was afterwards broken and how since a reunion has taken place, binding these elements into one, free, united, people.

There are scenes in history of which the mind never grows weary. There are events that come down to us from the past, freighted with intense interest. There are actions on which the world turns its eyes in admiration. But there is no sublimer scene in all history, than that of a little band of pilgrims threading their way across the trackless ocean. Driven from home, persecuted for what they deemed the right, they braved the ocean's storms and winter's cold, and in the name of God they landed amidst the tossing pines, and on the drifting sands of New England shore, they built their cabin homes. That was the birthplace of American freedom: that, the cradle of American liberty.

From this Puritan settlement radiated the light of liberty, which now encircles the world. O, truth more wonderful than fable! Neither the winter's cold, nor savage tribes, nor wasting pestilence effected their ruin. Discouragements never dampened

the courage of the Puritan Fathers. Woman's heart, that might have been expected to faint with longings for home, for native land, was never chilled by despair. They escaped from many dangers. They overcame all difficulties. Then firmly trusting in the Hand that guided them to that cheerless shore, the Puritan took his journey towards the west.

But turn your eyes southward, and there thirteen years before the Puritans landed on New England's shore, the foot of the English Cavalier pressed the soil of Virginia. They came, not as a band of exiles driven from home, but with sound of trumpet, with banners floating in the breeze. The desire of gain, the acquisition of power were the motives that predominated in the breast of the Cavalier. Yes, the strife for supremacy began long before Virginia's green hills came into view. Gold was supposed to be found in every valley, in every hilltop. And when the dream of sudden wealth was dispelled, the colony was on the verge of ruin. But a change came over the settlement. The tribe of goldseekers passed away. The earth brought forth abundantly; all nature smiled upon the Cavalier, and the colony though frequently assailed by the storms of civil strife, for the shadows of feudalism still lingered around its borders, at last became firmly established. Thus were formed the homes of two distinct classes of people. The Cavalier, who came for wealth, for power; the Puritan, who came for freedom, for liberty. Together they turned their faces westward and journeyed towards the golden gateway. But a common danger soon united them for action. Oppression had grown too aggressive to be longer tolerated; and from the shades of the pine to the grove of the magnolia, went up the cry that "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." The heroes who dared to die on Lexington green, fired the

living with intense zeal, and with the words "Liberty or death" on their lips, they grasped the sword and rushed to battle. Together the Puritan and the Cavalier hemmed in and crushed the army of Burgoyne. Together they crossed a river flowing from brim to brim, and covered with floating ice, while the hail and sleet of heaven fell thick and fast on their unprotected forms, then pressing into New Jersey, struck a blow that raised the drooping spirits of the infant nation. Then to Valley Forge, that valley of the shadow of death, they paced their weary marches, where upon the frozen ground their tracks were marked with blood. Together they surrounded the haughty Cornwallis in the trenches of Yorktown, and with one united effort drove the aggressor from our shores, while the land from end to end, from cliff to lake, rang with the joyous cry of freedom. The whitened bones of the Cavalier then lay mangled with the bones of the Puritan, from Quebec to Concord, from Concord to the Savannahs.

It has often been said that peace hath led victories as well as war. Peace then, has also her strifes and her conflicts. Though a union had been formed, it was not the permanent institution destined to perpetuate a republic. The Puritan's motto was freedom for all men. The Cavalier though he could not have his baronial castle with its army of retainers, yet had his vassals in Africa's dark sons of toil. The Cavalier's greed and desire for power claimed every new state, every new territory as a subject for his institutions. At last the Puritan's love of liberty crossed the path of the Cavalier's desire for power in the border of the west. That period of civilization had come when slavery was no longer possible in a free republic. The age of feudalism was gone. An age of humanity had come. The Cavalier adhered to a system that had

passed away, that could never be renewed. That was the darkest hour of American history. That was the hour that tried the hearts of men. The bell of destiny tolled its warning note. The Puritan and the Cavalier, both imploring the aid of heaven, grasped the sword and stood face to face eager for the conflict. Across the peaceful waters of a quiet bay speeds a cannon-ball. Never cannon shot bore such destinies on its darkened flight. It snapped like thread the union of the Puritan and the Cavalier; it arrested the onward course of civilization and changed the history of man. When the sun rose across the waters, it looked down on that sad spectacle, a nation in arms. Then began that strange contest of seventy men against seven thousand. For two days amidst the blinding smoke, the scorching flames, the crumbling walls, that little band withstood the shock of battle, but when the sun again dawned in the east, the first act of the grand tragedy of civil rebellion was complete, and Fort Sumter lay in ashes. Then went up the shout from the Cavaliers that the union existed no longer. But the iron hail that fell on Sumter's walls smote the breast of every loyal Puritan, and with the cry, "The Union must be preserved," they marched away to do and to die for the eternal right. Need I stop to tell of battles lost and battles won? Ah no! The graves dotted o'er our fair land speak the sad, sad story. In many a northern hamlet, in many a southern villa, a woman waits for him who never will return. They sleep in the tangle wood of some southern forest, in Virginia's hills, in Georgia's sands. Fierce raged the conflict, but right is right, and right the day must win.

The mantle that fell from the hands of the first martyrs was carried through many a weary march, over many a bloody field, and finally crowned the republic with universal freedom at Appomattox. But the

war cloud has passed away. The North and South have reunited. The Puritan and the Cavalier have clasped hands. There is now no North, no South, no East, no West, but one, grand American Union.

And do you doubt this re-union? Come with me to that queen city of the lakes, and there the nation gathers to pay the last tribute of respect to its honored chieftain. A few weeks before the news that the President had been assassinated, tell like a thunderbolt upon the nation. That moment the South forgot that he was the Puritan President from Ohio, forgot that he had been a leader on many a victorious battle-field of the republic, and on that beautiful September afternoon, the hand of the Blue clasped the hand of the Grey over the body of that martyred hero. And are you still doubtful? Come with me eastward. The Adirondacks rise in solemn grandeur, but there falls adown their slopes a hush like the hush of death, for in that cottage of Mt. McGregor, he whom the world delighted to honor, has passed away. I see a funeral train wind slowly down the banks of the classic Hudson. Side by side, bearing the hero to his tomb, walk the leaders of what were once contending armies; men, some of whom, only a score of years before, had fought in battle against the fallen leader. But the past is forgotten, and the tears of the Cavalier mingle with the tears of the Puritan over the grave of the mightiest of our mighty dead.

Yes, a reunion has been effected. God grant that the sun may never again look down on us, a divided nation. We are no longer Puritan, no longer Cavalier, but one free, united, undivided, indivisible, American people.

—There are one hundred and fifty papers and magazines edited by colored men published in this country.—Ex.

LITERATURE IN THE SCHOOLS.

MINA M'ELWEE, JUNE 23, '86.

During the rude ages, learning had almost wholly disappeared from among the laity, and knowledge of books belonged only to priests and monks. What the invention of gunpowder did to equalize ranks, the invention of paper and printing did to equalize knowledge. Still the learning of that day had nothing in common with the practical science of modern times. The talents of the learned were occupied with verbal distinctions, not useful investigations. They sought after abstract truth, practical utility being regarded as an end beneath the dignity of the sage.

For three centuries, scholasticism, held its sway; but as the fifteenth century drew to its close, independence burst upon that time-worn scholasticism, and, hurling it out of the way, made room for the advance of thought. Along with the reformation came Bacon to be the guide of the new philosophy. The great object of his method was the improvement of the condition of mankind. He would have the laws of nature understood, because a knowledge of the laws of nature would render industry more effective, would multiply comforts, and better the general condition of mankind. Two centuries and a half of Bacon's theory in practice have revolutionized the educational world.

There is now a demand, more urgent than ever before for practical education; but, alas! practical education has come to mean education that bows with the world at Mammon's shrine.

It is the demand for this so-called practical education that is the chief obstacle in the way of those who are laboring to secure the study of English literature in the schools. It is objected; it is only reading,

and may be done anytime; why so occupy the time that had better be spent in acquiring a business education. The fact is that those who have not been lead into the realm of good literature before maturity seldom care to enter, and a study of the lives of the self-made men whose influence has been felt in the State and national counsels will banish the thought that literature is a useless ornament. With few exceptions, wide and judicious reading has been their stepping-stone to eminence. Their reading has made them familiar with their mother tongue, and given them ease and accuracy of expression; the practice of following great minds through the heights and depths of their thought has not only stored their minds with the treasures of literature, but has also given them a mental power which is peculiarly their own.

The intellectual strength alone which literature imparts would entitle it to a place in the schools, but it is its moral influence that demands a place for it. Nothing influences one's thoughts more than what he reads, and "as a man thinketh so is he."

As long as "The James Boys," "Montana Nat," or "The Border Bandit" is the boys' literature, there will be reports of boys running away from home with revolvers and dime novels in their pockets, and convicts' confessions that they were ruined by bad literature. But the great evil of this literature is seen in the use of slang, the wrong ideas of life, the lack of discrimination between right and wrong and the general spirit of insubordination which is characteristic of American youth.

In a certain sense the youth of the land are not responsible for their literary tastes. In a great many, probably a majority of American homes, not a standard English work is to be found, and even in most of the homes where they are found they are regarded as parlor ornaments rather than

educators of the children, while at almost every street corner may be had for five or ten cents, moral poison enough to destroy souls innumerable.

The child that never learns to read at all is safer than one that learns how and not what to read. People who can read will read some thing; therefore, the only way to fight bad literature is with good literature. Since so little is to be expected from the homes, the work, if it is done at all, must be done in the school.

It will not do to leave it to the high school and colleges; in order that it be done thoroughly it must be begun early. It is the tastes formed in childhood that become a second nature. And besides, what per cent. of American children ever enter the high school or college? As those who drop out by the way are generally the ones with least home advantages, and surrounded with the worst influences, they especially need to be reached.

What the schools have been doing in the past is well told in the words of Charles Francis Adams, Jr. He says: "Here on the threshold of this vast field—you might even call it this wilderness of general literature, full as it is of holes and bogs and pit-falls, all covered over with poisonous plants—here it is that our common school system brings our children, and, having brought them here, it leaves them to go on or not, just as the yplease, or if they do go on, they are to find their own way or lose it as may chance."

Happily the intelligence of the land is awakening to the fact that what the nation needs is not so much more intelligence among its youth as more morality, not so much good grammarians and skilled accountants as men who know the right and will do it at whatever cost.

The theory that the study of literature in the schools, and the judicious reading to which

it will lead, will do much to secure these results is no longer mere theory. It has been reduced to practice in many places; and with what effect may be judged from reports like the following: In his report for 1882, Supt. R. W. Stevenson, of Columbus, says, "The vast amount of reading which was done by the pupils outside of school was found to be a great assistance to teachers in all their work of instruction. Its good effect upon the manners, the conduct and the spirit of the pupils was everywhere apparent. Pockets in which were concealed dime novels and sensational stories gave up their contents and claimed a better literature. The boys were born again and are growing into a new and better life."

The boy who leaves the common school with a taste for good reading is better prepared to meet life with its duties, its temptations and its cares than the graduate of the high school or college without it. Correct literary taste is not religion, but it is the handmaid of religion and all the moral virtues. It opens the door to the past, and enables one to become familiar with the generations that lived before his time. But what changes time has wrought! There he sees men who were applauded by their own generation, with their glory turned into shame, for their lives were false. There, also, he sees the leaders of reform; men who were persecuted, many of them even unto death, but upon whose heads time has placed a crown of glory: for they suffered for truth, and their labor, which seemed to them in vain, has borne the fruit of morality, liberty and peace. Does he now need to be told

Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
While error, wounded writhes in pain,
And dies amidst her worshippers.

It is the confidence that right will at last triumph, based upon the knowledge that it

always has triumphed, that strengthens the hearts and upholds the hands of reformers to-day.

He is led by it also into the realm of fiction, and as he mingles with the race, unreal and yet so real with which fancy has peopled that world, he gathers inspiration from the noble lives rendered more noble by contrast with the Fagans, the Shylocks and the Macbeths. And he returns to his own world better prepared to meet temptation, because he has been skilfully led to admire what was right, and despise what was wrong. Those who can see nothing real in anything but facts, forget that there are facts of mind as well as facts of matter, and he who makes plain great truths by means of lives which are true to nature, although of his own creation, "as truly shows us the footprints of the Creator as does the geologist who reads the language which God has stereotyped on the hills."

All the great truths of the Bible are interwoven with the beauties of our literature, and in this form they drop unsuspected into many an open heart that would be closed resolutely against religious instruction. They may not be able to make men prayerful, but they can make them honest and patriotic and noble. They may not be able to fit a soul for heaven, but they can fit one to live at peace and in harmony with his fellow man, and light him across many of earth's dark places.

—A handsome marble table has just been erected in the chapel of Cheltenham College, England, to the memory of the late Colonel Stewart, C. M. G., Eleventh Hussars, the companion of General Gordon at Khartoum.

—The first wedding in America was that of Edward Wilson and Susannah White, at Plymouth, Mass., in 1621.

THE VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

BY W. H. MOORE.

The day of graduation marks an important epoch in the student's life. It is a turning-point in his career, a time to which he has long looked forward in hopefulness and with no little solicitude, and which, having arrived, brings with it many solemn reflections. The great future, with its responsibilities, looms up as never before, and he realizes that he must now address himself to life's sterner duties. No longer under the care of his Alma Mater, no longer surrounded by the influences of his college life, he stands alone, and firm and self-reliant must prepare to confront the world, with its fortunes and misfortunes, and strive yet more vigorously that he may come to life's close proudly triumphant. To many a parent, too, the hour is a solemn one. It solves finally the questions which for years have given no little anxiety. How shall my son or daughter be best prepared for the work of life, to accomplish his mission as a human being? How and what shall he be taught for these high ends? The fact that youth is now merging into manhood and womanhood; that the years of preparation are at an end, and the years of active life begin; that those who now go forth from the halls of learning to the busy scenes about them are so well qualified to take the places of the men and women who, having done well their part, must now pass off the stage, is dwelt upon with thankful satisfaction, but deep down in the heart, though the face may wear a smile, are solemn thoughts, and those who have them best know what they are.

But these questions, to which we have adverted, are worthy of a few moments' consideration. They are among the most momentous that affect the welfare of humanity. Upon the answers given them depend to a

great extent the happiness and usefulness of the individual, the prosperity and elevation of society; personal, domestic, industrial and national well-being. The questions which they involve have engaged the thoughts and labors of the wisest and best of earth and only because of the conviction that upon their right solution, more than upon aught else, depends the present good and future progress of the race.

It must be a fact apparent to every one who studies carefully and candidly our educational system that the colleges and their course of instruction hold no secondary place; that these have become an essential element in our present social organization, even as they have been in all our past public and private history, and that as a consequence there is no part of the system which is to-day more firmly grounded in public confidence and affection. While it is true, as is the case with many of our institutions, that our system of popular education has been borrowed from the mother country, it is, nevertheless, distinctively our own, so different from the universities of Europe, and even the preparatory schools of England and the Gymnasias of the continent, that it has been called an Americanism. "English in its germ, but American in its development," it clings not servilely to English customs, but has undergone a change to suit the circumstances and meet the growing demands of a young people in a new country. It has not set at naught the methods of the fathers, nor yet evinced a tendency to embrace every new idea or follow out every new reform. The wisdom of the ancients has a prominent place in the curriculum and the study of their classic lore is pursued with delight and profit, while the modern research in every branch of science is investigated with diligence and no less beneficial results. And thus the student finds before him a field wherein

the ancients and moderns with all their stores of knowledge, meet as on common ground, through which he may wander with ever growing enthusiasm gathering precious fruit to his own satisfaction.

But the college holds an important place among our institutions. It stands between the school or academy and the university or professional seminary. The school prepares for the college, the university fits for some profession or special line of work. The college aims not so much to complete for the student his education as to furnish him with the means to complete it for himself. Its object is to develop all the faculties, to lead out all the intellectual and moral powers and give them beauty and strength and symmetry. It is pre-eminently an educational institution, endeavoring to make the student look in upon himself, to know the measure of his strength, to awaken in him new desires, to arouse new motives, and to enable him to lay a broad and firm foundation for liberal culture upon which he can build throughout his life. The knowledge of the school is secular. The teacher cannot go beyond the prescribed course. Even in moral training there is not that freedom and range which is given in the colleges, especially in denominational institutions. Here the professor feels responsible to a much greater degree for the moral instruction of the student, and can and does teach positive denominational doctrine.

The principles of morality, the necessity and good results of right living, upright conduct, are daily enforced. And here the personal influence of the teacher is to be specially noted, as one whose experience qualifies him to direct and assist others. He has by his own study and research attained to that culture which eminently fits him for his position, and has found ever increasing delight in gaining a larger acquaintance with the productions of men and the works

of God. He has forgotten the prejudices which circumstances and early influences had given, and now "walks in the broad field of comprehensive wisdom," and stands firm on the "solid foundation of immutable truth;" and yet is one so young in his thoughts and feelings and aspirations as to appreciate the strivings of youth, and taking them by the hand to lead them carefully along the way, and always alive in his sympathies and enthusiastic in his work, to direct their energies to the solution of the great problems of life, and of the universe. Youth is "quick to perceive, bold to reason and think, yet easily persuaded and influenced, with open hearts for the teachers whom they respect." Teacher and students come in direct communication every day in the class-room. They talk and study about the most delightful and ennobling subjects. Hand in hand they wander through the past, making familiar acquaintance with the wisest and best men of every country and every age; together they delve into the secrets of nature and solve the dark problems of science; and farther still they go into the deeper mysteries of their own spiritual being, and learn, in a better knowledge, of themselves and all these wonderful exhibitions of power about them to look up to God, the Creator of all things and the Giver of all good, and upon this foundation to build all their knowledge. And this only in the recitation room, while every day and twice every Sabbath they go into the very presence of Him of whose wonderful works they learn and study together of His wisdom and His love as recorded in the pages of His Holy Book. Is it any wonder then, that the influence is so great and the impression so lasting?

But students are themselves drawn to each other in a peculiar way. There is much in what Dr. Johnson calls the "collision of minds." Coming from different localities, and mingling with each other day

after day, week after week, and year after year for four or more years, prejudices and peculiarities disappear, and open, broad, genial natures begin to be cultivated. Vanity and self-conceit wear off, and that timidity and self-distrust so often seen gives place to a laudable pride and self-confidence. The impulses of each find proper outlet, and the acquirements of each proper exercise, and the whole body grows into a more symmetrical development. But greater than all this in value is the influence of college friendships. There are no friendships like these. Like David and Jonathan, there are many hearts that are knit together in open, kind, disinterested love. Class-mate, room-mate, friend, are words of deepest import, not forgotten throughout the long years that come and go after their Commencement day. With eager eyes and large hopes, they follow each other into the world rejoicing with each other's successes, and sympathizing with each other in misfortune. The attachments only grow more sacred with age, the memories of those days still fresh, throughout all the shifting scenes of the panorama of this life, even until they lay down their burdens at the very borders of the grave. But, in speaking of the pleasant side of college life we cannot forget its temptations. We do not deny that they exist, but they are no greater than those which everywhere meet the young as soon as they go out from the conservative influences of home. Life is a struggle. Trials and difficulties must be met, and he who begins life with any other thought will be disappointed; but strengthened by the grace of God, and enabled to overcome all, he will close his college career a wiser and a better man.

It is the college, too, that has to do with those who will soon control the affairs of this land, in all its higher departments. "It teaches the teachers, preaches to the preach-

ers, and governs the governors." The 40,000 young men in our colleges to-day are a small proportion of our youth, but the time is near at hand when their influence will be felt as the most powerful in society and public affairs. The college gives the last touch to the student's education, taking him in the last period of youth, before his opinions are so firmly fixed as not to be altered, and receiving him under its care to be guided by those who stand in the double relation of teachers and parents. Alexander's remark is significant: "Philip gave me life, but Aristotle taught me how to live." It is true that next to the home, the college does most to shape the character of those who are soon to be our recognized leaders in every department of public and social life. Too much interest cannot, then, be taken in the success of collegiate education, or too much importance attached to it.

Fellow students of Westminster:—We leave you to-day under the influences, and surrounded by the blessings of a Christian college; we leave you in the possession of grand possibilities, the importance of which to yourselves, to your friends, and to all whom your influence may affect, cannot be over-estimated. The best thing that can be done under such circumstances is to show a proper appreciation of these privileges and to work in a way becoming those to whom such are granted. This is simply duty, and should be carefully, and conscientiously performed. Gratitude that our lines have fallen in such pleasant places, that we have been so highly favored, our own self-respect and a laudable ambition ought to stimulate us to the utmost, and furnish us with every incentive for self-improvement. We are too often dazzled by the achievements of men who have had no such opportunities, self-made men, and are thus led to regard a course in college as

not essential to success in life. And there are those who should know better, but who will tell us that time so spent is simply thrown away. But let us not be deceived. It is true that many have risen to eminence and gained great reputations for learning and ability without the advantages of a collegiate education, but this fact does not argue that everyone can do so. Even these men, great and influential as they may be, would have been better qualified for their work and would have done it better, if they had had the culture and discipline which a first-class college affords. No man's natural ability is ever weakened by the acquisition of knowledge in a systematic way. It may be that these men do not betray so much a want of culture and discipline as a want of symmetry and completeness. They are seldom safe guides—too often inadequate to trying emergencies. Though many have risen to occupy the highest posts of honor in our government, national and state, and this shows the elevating tendency of our institutions, as well as the impartiality with which we regard those who aspire to our highest positions, nevertheless it will be found that those who have given character and shape to our institutions have been men of broad views and of liberal culture. It is a significant fact that the wisest and best of our self-taught men, have been among the first to recognize the necessity, and aid the advancement of college education. If they feel a loss from lack of opportunity and thoroughness in preparation, no youthful aspirant to fame or success should presume to think that he can reach the goal of his ambition by disregarding what such men deem so necessary. I need not here refer to the difficulties which meet the student—his discouragements, his hopes, fears, struggles and temptations. These are too well-known to every student to need rehearsal. But let

me admonish you, in behalf of the class that now leaves you, to study zealously your own interests and those of Westminster, to hold steadfastly to the path of rectitude and the path of duty, to have strong convictions and be faithful to them, to do always what conscience approves and fear to do what it condemns, to live and work with a view to God's glory and your own immortal destiny. You know the tendency of students to think alike, to stand together. At all such times, let duty's call be first, let the voice of conscience be heard. There can be no higher motive than that which springs from sincerity of purpose, and an honest endeavor to adhere to the right. The class of '86 will always remember with pleasure the years spent with you. Let us all, those who go and those who stay, profit by the lessons of those years. Let us not forget that death has been among us, nor fail to hear the voice of God as he speaks in these sad providences. They come to show us more of his mercy and his love, to bring us to self examination and fuller consecration. May it be your aim to keep Westminster still a Christian college, an honor to the country and the church. May you always remember that it is the testimony of the world that it is true of the college student as well, that the child is father to the man, that "as you carve the outlines to-day, the image will appear in the future." May God grant that you may pass pleasantly the years that remain, and come to the close of your course with ranks unbroken, and hearts fresh for the duties that await you, and that when we shall meet in the broad world amid the activities of life, it may be with satisfaction for the past and hope for the future, for the honor of our Alma Mater and the glory of God.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees: we cannot but feel that we owe much to you. We cannot but feel thankful that you have

made Westminster what she is, and made it possible to stand where we do to-day. We look with pride upon the improvements that have been made during our course, and it augurs well for the future that there is among you such a spirit to advance the interests of the College to raise her standard still higher, and to make her in years to come attain to still greater efficiency. But I need not tell you, for you well know it, that this is a critical moment. There are questions that demand your candid consideration and decisive action; difficulties, the settlement of which must be effected now, if Westminster is to advance and not to retrograde. But I cannot dwell upon these things. May the wisdom of God guide you in all your deliberations, and may you do what is best for the College, best for the country and best for the church. With assurances that you shall always have our hearty co-operation, in every effort for her good, for the class of '86, I say farewell.

Members of the Faculty: It is true that to you occasions like this come often, but to us but once. This is the only time we shall be called upon to say farewell as the teachers and as students. It seems strange to say it, and stranger still to think that we no more shall meet together within those walls. We recall with gratitude what you have done for us, your care, your cheerful readiness and untiring zeal, and we leave with high opinions of your abilities as teachers and as scholars. Of course, as in all human relations, there have been unpleasant things. But what is done, is done. Let us forget the past, so much of it at least as mars the pleasure of this hour, and come, mindful only of the pleasant associations, and as those who have worked for years together and have learned to know each other better, but who must now sever these relations, say the last farewell in the kindest words such a parting can suggest. You

have left the impress of your characters upon ours. We cannot forget you, if we would, nor cease to be affected by your influence wherever we may go or in whatever we may engage. The influence of one among you we have felt in a peculiar way. I refer to him who for the last two years has been our President. I but voice the sentiments of my class when I say that his earnest words from the pulpit have had no uncertain sound. Spoken in faith and with power, and enforced by a most exemplary Christian life, they have gone straight to every heart, and, more deeply, perhaps, than was thought, have affected and will still affect, every life. They will continue to stimulate and encourage, and, with the help of God, to aid greatly in gaining the final victory. To all of you, with best wishes for future success, and high hopes, for the class of '86 I say farewell. We trust that your interest in us will not cease with the close of this day, but that you will follow us as we go out into the world, and that we may not prove unworthy, or disappoint your just expectations.

Classmates: I once looked forward with delight to the coming of this day, but I find it sadder than I thought. We have been, some of us three or four, others five years together. How long and dreary was the way, looking forward, how short and pleasant, looking backward! We have had pleasant times together. The class-room recalls much that can never pass from memory. Our associations in the literary society, the Young Men's Christian Association, in the prayer meeting, in the Sabbath School, in the social circle, though severed now, will only grow more bright with coming years. The friends that have been friends, will still be friends, despite the distance that divides.

"Time will the impression deeper make,
As years their deeper furrows wear."

It is a source of joy to us, that nothing but pleasant feelings exists among us, that nothing makes this hour sad but the thought of final separation. Would that there could be written upon every one of our hearts, in ineffaceable letters, the thought that the fashioning of our lives, which has hitherto been more in the hands of others than our own, is now confided to our own discretion. We must now address ourselves to sterner duties. Let us be thankful for the past. If we have made mistakes, let us not mourn over them. The past comes not back again. Let us wisely improve the present, for it is ours, and go forth to meet the shadowy future without a fear, and with a manly heart. We cannot lessen responsibility by brooding over it, or courting despair beforehand. In the words of our President, "let us rather look on it in the light of opportunity, which is the other and the bright side of responsibility, and stand in our lot and do our work as best we can." Let us not be led away in our various vocations, from those studies, which, as Arnold says, are essential to every man. The ties which have bound us so long together, during the years in which we have known each other better than we shall ever again, are now broken, but there is another and a stronger which should still unite us, the tie of Christian brotherhood, and we should go forward, which God grant we may, to exemplify to the world the glorious results of Christian training and hearty consecration to Christian work. May the glory of God run "like a silver thread" through all our actions, and may we stand forth before the world symmetrical men and women, and hence men and women of power, for "Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man." Our paths now diverge, but we will follow each other into the world, and may it be granted us all to live lives of usefulness, holiness and Christian activity:

as the sunset of life approaches, may the reunion of these joys become more sacred, and may we all be permitted to pass triumphantly over the dark river of death to the haven of rest, there to know again these happy associations, made infinitely dearer by the joys of heaven. To all farewell.

Kind friends, we cannot wish to close these exercises without a friendly parting with you, who have to-day and in other years been listeners to our humble efforts. We hope that we have honorably and creditably met your expectations, and that in coming years you will listen with equal interest to those who advance to take our places. To you as citizens we owe much. We trust that you will continue to feel kindly toward this college. You have done much for her, but can do more. We trust that you will ever feel it a duty to support her in her every work, to cling to her with filial devotion in her darkest hours, and to endeavor to raise still higher the proud standard she has reared. She merits your support, and will richly reward your efforts. May there be a still more kindly feeling between students and citizens, and may the years to come be still more pleasant than any that are gone. We leave you with regret. With high hopes for the material and spiritual prosperity of New Wilmington and Westminster, for the class of '86, and for myself, I say farewell.

SERMON BEFORE THE Y. M. C. A.

The exercises of Commencement week begun with a sermon before the Y. M. C. A. by Rev. J. K. McClurkin, '73, of Philadelphia, in the 1st U. P. church, Sabbath afternoon at 3 p. m. The church was filled to its utmost and many went away unable to gain an entrance. Rev. McClurkin was President of the College one year, and occupied the Greek chair for several years.

and is one of Westminster's most honored sons. He preached an excellent sermon from II Kings, 2:8: "And Elijah took his mantle, and wrapped it together, and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither, so that they two went over on dry ground." We shall not attempt to outline the sermon, but just say that those who failed to hear him missed a master discourse.

ABSTRACT OF THE BACCALAUREATE.

Nehemiah 5:7—"Then I consulted with myself."

The introduction was simply a statement of the situation in Jerusalem and of Nehemiah's wise, decisive action in view of it.

The main lessons drawn from the passage were ranged under two heads:

- I. Nehemiah's *soul was in his own keeping*.
- II. Nehemiah *took counsel of his higher nature*—his reason and conscience.

The sermon closed with the following remarks to the class:

Young ladies and gentlemen of the graduating class: problems are already presenting themselves to you requiring prompt solution—problems that no other can solve for you—problems that either time or you will settle. You with your own vigorous grasp or time with its onward flow. Which will it be?

To every one of you has already come again and again that solemn question of Pilate—"What shall I do with Jesus?" Has your answer thus far been what you intend it shall be before life closes? Would that we could part company with every one of you in the confident assurance that Christ is formed within you the hope of glory. If some of you have said—"He is mine," what place have you given Him within

you? Is he in the very centre—on the very throne of your being? Do you rest in his love? Do you bow to his will? What are you doing with Jesus? What does your higher nature bid you do with him? Reason and conscience both say: Let him be enthroned high above every rival claimant for possession of your souls. He only is truly wise who is wise for eternity and wise to-day.

Soon, if you are not already, you will be confronted by another question of very serious import. What use shall I make of my gifts and attainments? Undoubtedly providential opportunities will be a large determining factor here. Yet there is always a large domain in which there is liberty of choice. We may consult with ourselves and the conclusion will correspond with our ideals and general purposes. Let us urge upon you to make Reason Conscience, and God, your advising cabinet. Ask yourself—What am I fitted for? In what direction do my divinity given powers point me? In what avocation am I likely to be successful? Ask yourself—Where are the moral risks so great that I dare not venture on them? In what line will it be likely to develop the best character? Where can I do the most good? Ask God to shine upon your way, to be your interpreter of events, to lead you whithersoever he would have you go. May the Lord guide every one of you by his counsel as long as you live and afterward receive you to glory.

Other problems will present themselves to you as you go, some intricate, others sharply defined, some requiring wisdom, others courage. Some will belong to you personally, others you will meet in common with your fellows. In every age there are great questions of church and state, of morals and reform. Where shall you settle them for yourself? Where but at the bar of your own reason and

conscience? Take no heed to public clamor. Yield not to the dictation of either good men or bad. Endeavor to act rationally, conscientiously and christianly and surely you cannot go far astray in any matter.

These are stirring times in which we live. Sometimes the very foundations seem to be giving way. Who will guard and maintain the pillars of social order? Who will stand in the breach? There is need of right-hearted men and true-hearted women, of moral, thoughtful, law-abiding, God-fearing men and women, with intelligence enough to discern the follies of wild theorists and force enough to resist their designs. No "reed shaken by the wind" will do. There must be men of strength, such as fit the poet's description of Wellington—"towers of strength * * * who stand four-square to all the winds that blow."

But what can you or I do? We seem like the almost invisible mote in the air that the sun-beam discovers to us, like a drop falling into the sea. But not so. Who can tell the value of a single noble life? It may not be great in itself as the world judges and yet be felt the world over through other lives which it has influenced. It may be the slender cord that draws the mighty cable that spans the moral chasm. The pious little maid in Naaman's house had an influence as well as Esther in the palace. Even a single "voice crying in the wilderness" may prepare the way for the coming of Jesus. Do not then take any despairing view of life. Go forth hopefully, strong in your conscious integrity, strong in the truth that has taken possession of you and above all strong in God. Go forth in love to God and men, consulting self unselfishly, with a purpose to do good as you have opportunity, to make your lives a blessing to mankind. Let me commend to you that picture of a loyal soul drawn by the master hand of Milton:

"Among the faithless, faithful only he
Among the innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth nor change his constant mind."

And a greater than Milton has said, as one having both authority and power—"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." May that crown at the last be put upon the head of every one of you!

JUNIOR CONTEST.

The Junior Contest was held in the First U. P. church. The audience was large and very attentive. The music was given by Prof. T. M. Austin and class.

The following is the programme:

Chorus--Selected.....Chorus Class

PRAYER.

Music--Piano Solo.....Prof. T. M. Austin
Rondo Capriccioso.....Mendelssohn.

ORATIONS.

Beauty and Duty.....Miss Franc Donaldson
America's Pyramid.....W. H. Hay

Music--Vocal Solo.....Miss Florence Mealy
Who's at my Window?.....Osborne

ORATIONS.

Truth Conquered, Victorious.....J. W. Hutchison
America's Possibilities.....D. T. McCalmont

Music--Piano Solo.....Miss Ratia Wilson
La Cascade.....Pauer.

ORATIONS.

Our Problems; Solved and Unsolved.....D. O. McLaughry
The Reunion of the Puritan and the Cavalier.....J. B. Ricketts
Heroes in Common Life.....Miss Jessie Wilson

Music--Piano Duet.....Misses Eva Porter and Stella Swartwood
Sonata in D.....Diabelli.

Music--Vocal Solo.....Prof. T. M. Austin
Thy Sentinel am I.....Watson.

Music--Piano Solo.....Miss Lizzie McDowell
Grand Walse Brillante E Flat.....Chopin.

Chorus--Selected.....Chorus Class

The first medal was awarded to J. B. Ricketts; the second, to D. O. McLaughry.

The judges were Rev. McKittrick, of Allegheny; E. S. Templeton, Esq., of Greenville, and G. W. Branden, Esq., of Butler.

ALUMNI REUNION.

The Alumni Reunion was held in the Second U. P. church on Tuesday evening.

Prof. S. R. Thompson presided. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. A. Kennedy. The orator of the evening was Jas. Kennedy, Esq., '76, of Youngstown, Ohio. His subject was "Archimedes," and is found elsewhere in our columns. Miss Luella Donnan, '80, read an essay on "Requirement." The history of the class of '71 was given by W. J. W. Cowden, of Wheeling, W. Va. Rev. W. J. Golden, '80, was the poet of the evening.

At the business meeting of the Alumni Association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—Rev. J. M. McNaugher, '80, Allegheny, Pa.; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Cornie Andrews, '77, Evansburg, Pa.; Recording Secretary, Miss Emma Melhard, '77, New Wilmington, Pa.; Treasurer, Dr. J. G. Templeton, 509 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Executive Committee, Rev. J. M. McNaugher, '80, Allegheny, Pa.; Miss Mary Elliott, '79, New Wilmington, Pa.; Rev. J. Q. A. McDowell, '78, New Castle, Pa.

The following performers were chosen for next year: Orator, J. N. Martin, '81, New Castle, Pa.; Alternate, J. Scott Irvin, '73, Youngstown, Ohio; Essayist, Miss Cornie Andrews, '77, Evansburg, Pa.; Alternate, Mrs. Melissa Black, '72, Apollo, Pa.; Poet, Miss Sophia Reilly, '78, Principal; Alternate, Rev. E. G. McFarland, '82, Glenolden, Pa.; Histrionic, Class '72, Rev. J. D. Lands, '72, Principal; Alternate, John W. Byers, Esq., '72, Minneapolis, Minn.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

The rain of the previous day, and the appearance of rain on Commencement morning made the ground and air disagreeable, and dampened the ardor of the Seniors. But by the time for the exercises to begin, the clouds had so far cleared away that the exercises were held in the campus. The

day turned out to be a pleasant one for the occasion, and the attendance was as large as usual. The performances were interesting throughout, and very creditable to the class.

Music was furnished by the New Wilmington Cornet Band, which made a fine appearance in their new uniform, and rendered excellent music.

The graduating class numbered twenty seven, nine ladies and eighteen gentlemen.

The following was the programme :

9 O'CLOCK A. M.

Music.

Prayer.

Music—Fantasia on Sacred Hymns,Sinter
Greek Salutatory,Miss Sarah M. McElfree, Allegheny
Latin Oration, In Futuram,O. A. Byers, Polaski
Music—Summer Corps Q. S.,Pettie
Astronomical Oration,J. C. Adair, McAlevy's Fort
* Mathematical Oration,J. A. Alexander, New Wilmington
A Nation's Pride,R. T. Campbell, New Wilmington
Music—Winchester Quickstep,Bond
Watchwords and their Influence, Miss E. J. Duffield, Kane City
Man, a Searcher after Truth,M. B. Griffith, Stoneboro
This Way but Once,J. E. Hurrah, New Wilmington
Music—Waltz, Queen of Hearts,Fr. Goetz
Christianity and Rome,Miss Carrie Hay, New Wilmington
Historical Oration,R. L. Hay, New Wilmington
Scientific Oration,G. A. Hover, New Wilmington
Music—McCutcheon's Quickstep.

Ethical Oration,J. C. Kistler, New Texas
Ireland's Malady,S. M. Krohn, New Wilmington
*The New South,J. W. McClung, Timber Ridge, Va
Music—Fantasia, Relief of Ekowe,H. Round

2 O'CLOCK P. M.

Music—Galop: Pleyel's Paraphrase.

English Salutatory,Miss Mary McElwee, New Wilmington
Music—Star Quickstep.

Literary Essay,Miss Mina McElwee, New Wilmington
The Price of Promotion, Miss Jennie McKean, New Wilmington
*The Reign of Thin Things,

Miss Estella McMillan, New Wilmington
Music—Fantasia, La Paserella,Boison
The Class Motto,Samuel McNaugher, Allegheny
Oration on Labor and Capital, W. A. Moore, New Wilmington
Philosophical Oration, Miss Mattie C. Poppino, "
Music—Happy Memories Waltz,Fr. Goetz
The Warp of Life,Miss Annie Shaffer, New Wilmington
Oration on Law,J. L. Snyder, Slippery Rock
Classical Oration,J. N. Swan, Paxton, Ill
Music—Fantasia, The Witch Dance,Fr. Goetz
Political Oration,J. H. Webster, Mercersburg
The Conflict of To-day,E. F. Wilson, New Wilmington
Music—Schottische "Celia,"Pettie
Valedictory,W. H. Moore, Coloma, Md

Conferring of Degrees.

Benediction.

* Excused from speaking.

Owing to our crowded columns we can

only publish the valedictory and the prize essay.

A committee of Rev. Messrs. Howie, Jameson and McMaster awarded the medal to Miss Mina McElwee, for the best essay in thought and style. The diplomas were presented by President Ferguson, with the following farewell address to the class:

Young ladies and gentlemen: Your collegiate course is now at an end, and it only remains that I should say a parting word.

For a number of years you have been pursuing your studies here, for the double purpose of developing and training your powers, and getting before you the bounds and prominent features of various fields of knowledge. You have been occupied with the culture of the intellect mainly. While the culture of the heart has been aimed at, it has not been the chief thing to which your time and strength have been devoted. If it has been something more than accidental, something pervasive and to our thoughts even paramount, still it has not been engrossing. Might I for the moment lay stress on this other side of your education. Would that I could fasten in your memories so that they might be an inspiration to you as long as you live, the sentiment of Arnold—Be earnest. It is not icy intellect alone that is mighty, but the warm heart. It is no trifling indictment of another—"He has more brain than heart," more intelligence than feeling, whether of gratitude, benevolence, reverence or enthusiasm. He or she who loves nothing—yea, who hates nothing—lacks an essential element of the best character. He strikes the golden mean between prudery and fanaticism, in whom feeling follows thought and leads to action. Let your intelligence feed the flame of your earnestness. How strongly the Bible exhorts to every holy emotion! "Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the King." "Let love

be without dissimulation; abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good." Here is no mincing of words, no cool, calculating phrases, but the most pronounced commands to exercise every holy emotion. It seems as if some were afraid to betray any emotion, however just the occasion, lest they should belittle themselves. As if stolid placidity were the ideal condition, and the mark of a great soul. It is a one-sided view, and untrue to nature, and as far as it prevails suppresses much that is essential to a complete development. So I say to you wherever you go—Be an earnest man or woman.

Love God and all holy things. Be able, if you may, to give a reason of the hope that is in you. Furnish arguments for the Being of God. Interpret the personality of God as far as you may by your own. Trace out his attributes of wisdom, power and goodness in nature. But what is all this worth if there is never kindled within your heart a single emotion of delight in God, of admiration, of awe? What if you never feel his presence, his kinship and are never moved to lift your soul to him in adoring praise?

You may be able to talk of virtue like a Socrates, to entangle others and then lead them out into a clear place. But what if your soul is not wedded to it, if it is a picture in your mind that has no embodiment in your life because you do not really love it?

You can discern the evil of your times, can paint in blackest colors its sins and follies, can tell a curdling tale of horror, but what if there be within you no shrinking from the sin—no indignation against the wrong. Without moral earnestness what is life worth? It is but a sham—a painted ship upon a painted ocean—without motive power and without port!

Go forth to meet the responsibilities of

life with an earnest spirit and may the blessing of God go with you.

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. D. McAllister, of Beaver Falls, Pa., and the commencement was over.

SOCIETY CONTEST.

A large and interested audience assembled in the Second U. P. church on Wednesday evening to hear the twenty-first annual contest between the Philo and Adelp'hic Literary Societies. Music was furnished by the New Castle Orchestra.

The performances were to begin promptly at 7:30 but were delayed until 8, as a judge had to be elected by the committees of the two societies in place of Dr. Fradenburg, of Oil City, who was unable to be present.

The following is the programme.

MUSIC.	PRAYER, ESSAYS.	MUSIC.
Faith, a Factor in History.....	J. M. Robertson, New Wilmington	
The Dignity of Man.....	J. S. Thompson, Lucas, O	
	MUSIC.	
	DEBATE.	
Question—Resolved, That Woman Should have the Ballot.	Affirm—J. A. Alexander, New Wilmington	
	Deny—W. T. McConnell, Youngstown, O.	
	MUSIC.	
	ORIGINAL ORATIONS.	
Religion Fettered; Religion Free.	W. H. Moore, New Wilmington	
Christianity, Our National Safeguard.	H. D. Gordon, Richmond, Ohio	
	MUSIC.	
	SELECT ORATIONS.	
The Last Charge of Ney.....	W. R. Irons, New Wilmington	
Address to the Gladiators.....	J. B. Ricketts, Harlansburg	
	MUSIC.	

The result of contest is:

Essay—J. M. Robertson, honor (Adelp'hic), 2 points.

Debate—J. A. Alexander, " (Philo), 4 points.

Oration, Equalized, Philo 1½ points, Adelp'hic 1½ points.

Declamation, J. B. Ricketts, honor (Adelp'hic), 1 point.

Philo 5½ points; Adelp'hic 4½ points.

The judges were: Rev. D. McAllister, Geneva College, Beaver Falls; Rev. Wm. Grassie, Cambridgeboro, and Rev. C. McCracken, Thompsonville, Conn.

THE HOLCAD.

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All matter intended for publication should be in the hands of the editors by the 10th and 26th of each month.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Information solicited concerning the Alumni or those who have been in any way connected with the College.

Address all communications to

THE HOLCAD,

New Wilmington, Pa.

ON account of the merits of the commencement performances, we have yielded part of our editorial space to the literary department, but feel sure that our readers will lose nothing by the change.

We are only sorry that we cannot publish more of the performances. This number can be obtained for ten cents by addressing the HOLCAD, Box 28, New Wilmington, Pa.

ACCORDING to the arrangement made by the trustees at their last meeting the Freshman and Sophomore Greek and Latin are placed under the care of Professor Mitchell. He has, for several years, had charge of the Latin department and has proved himself to be an uncommon instructor. All those who have been under his instruction can testify to his faithfulness and honesty. With him at the head of the Greek and Latin departments we can give

the college an unqualified recommendation to all those who wish to obtain a thorough knowledge of the Classics.

THE higher mathematics generally awaken but little enthusiasm in an ordinary college class. They are looked upon as a hard necessity, and but for the fact that they are a part of the curriculum a large majority of students would gladly substitute some other branch of study more agreeable to their taste. The common lack of interest on the part of many classes makes the position of Professor of mathematics one of the most trying and discouraging in the Faculty of a college.

Professor Wallace has occupied this position in Westminster for three years, and the department has been conducted in a manner which reflects credit upon him as an instructor, and also upon the college. All who have taken an interest in the study can testify to his competency, and those who have gone through the form as with an irksome task can not charge their lack of interest to their instructor.

AT the meeting of the Board a new curriculum was adopted to take effect next year.

Now wouldn't this be a good time to change the holiday from Saturday to Monday? The propriety of this change is so evident to every one that it is unnecessary to comment upon it. Suffice it to say that many colleges have adopted this plan, and none of them have abandoned it.

Taking into consideration the recitations on Monday, and the temptation to study on Sabbath day, we think the experiment is worthy of a trial at least.

SINCE the Campus fence is gone, and such an improvement has been made by its removal, we would suggest that the

money required to rebuild the fence be appropriated towards converting the Campus into a park. We do not wish to make suggestions in regard to the kind of improvements needed, but think that instead of some of those useless forest trees an ornamental tree, or a flower mound, or even a lamp would not only add much to the appearance of the Campus, but also supply a long felt want among the students.

There is no longer any danger of having a park destroyed by cows. Then let us have the Campus beautified, and thus made more attractive and pleasant.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE has again been remembered by another of her many friends.

The physical laboratory received the gift this time, which was a 20-cell plunge battery. It was made in England to the order of Dr. W. M. Herron, of Allegheny City, and by him presented to the college. The cost of the battery is about two hundred dollars, which speaks in the highest terms of Dr. Herron's friendship toward the college, and for which he shall always be held in kind remembrance.

There is still room for the friends of Westminster to show their regards, and we shall be glad to make mention of their gifts also.

COLLEGE AND LOCAL.

--Rain.

--Gloom.

--Sunshine.

--The Alethian Medal for the best essay was awarded to Miss Mina McElwee.

--Preps., you had better take Prof. Taggart's advice; it was good. Do you remember it?

--"Oh, I hope it wont rain till I'm through with my performance. I'd hate to speak in the church."

—The Board of Trustees decided that hereafter there would be no First Prep. year. A wise decision.

—“What’s this world—what is this world a comin’ to? There hasn’t been a base ball game worth speaking of for two weeks.”

—A Second Prep. was excused from one of the class rooms a few days before examination and informed he need not return until sent for.

—“State the connection between the act of breathing and the nervous system,” was the last half of a question in Physiology examination. The student wrote, “I can’t answer this but I know enough that isn’t asked on this paper to make up for it.” Grade unknown.

—The members of the Senior Class started for their respective homes; some with happy faces and glad they were through with the monotonous routine of coming back term after term. Others looked as if they felt the time had really come for them to start out and battle with the world, and what to do or which way to turn they knew not.

—At the last meeting of the Board the following Degrees were conferred: Rev. J. D. Crawford, Belfast, Ireland, Rev. J. A. Gordon, Princeton, India, Rev. W. S. Owens, Steubenville, Ohio, Rev. J. M. Mealy, New Wilmington, Pa., received the Degree of D. D. M. M. Milroy, Montreal, Canada, N. M. Crowe, Prospect, Pa., Rev. J. N. McAuley, Tokio, Japan, the Degree of A. M. Dr. W. M. Herron, Allegheny, Pa., the Degree of Ph. D.

—The following alumni were noticed at Commencement: '57, Judge McMichael; '58, E. N. McElree; '59, J. A. Bailey, J. W. Witherspoon; '61, W. N. Aiken, Mrs. A. H. Harshaw; '62, N. E. Brown; '63, J. R. Brittain; '64, J. L. Robertson, D. M. Thorn, Mrs. Phillips; '65, H. W. Crabbe; '67, W. J. Snodgrass; '68, Alex. Allen; '69, J. W. Stewart;

'71, W. J. W. Cowden, J. W. Van Eman; '72, J. M. Fulton; '73, J. A. Douthett, J. K. McClurkin; '76, A. H. Harshaw, R. A. Jamison, R. B. McFate, N. Winegart, J. R. Porter; '75, W. B. Barr, Hugh Boyd, W. D. Irons; '76, J. B. Johnston, James Kennedy; '77, Miss C. A. Andrews; '78, J. Q. A. McDowell; '80, W. J. Golden, John McNaugher, Miss L. Dorman; '82, H. W. McKean; '83, S. A. Aiken, J. O. McConnell, W. B. McMurray, J. W. Price, J. P. Whitla; '84, Miss Bentley, Miss Campbell, D. K. Cooper, T. F. Cummings, Miss McBride, J. A. McLaughry, J. R. Millin, M. B. Snyder, Miss Snyder, T. W. Swan, James Sword; '85, A. L. Davidson, G. L. Ham, Miss Snyder, J. P. Vance, J. A. Van Orsdel.

—Bound copies of Volume II of the HOLCAD at this office. Price, \$2.25.

PERSONAL.

—Miss Jean Robertson, '91, will spend the summer in Canada.

—Prof. Thompson will have charge of the Chemistry department next year.

—Misses Bell and Corrie Andrews, former students, were in town last week.

—Mrs. Wallace, of Monmouth, Ill., has been elected matron of the Ladies' Hall.

—Mrs. Findley, Prof. Austin's successor, spent Commencement week in Wilmington.

—Miss Alice Crawford, '89, will remain in town during vacation and attend Normal.

—Miss Anna Wallace, '89, was heartily welcomed back. She will be in college next year.

—Miss Belle Paul, '83, of Titusville, Pa., spent Commencement week with her friends in New Wilmington.

—Mr. J. R. Porter and wife, of Bradford, and Miss Sadie Reed, of Homer City, spent last week with Mrs. A. M. Porter.

—Rev. A. H. Harshaw, '74, and Rev. Mr. Howie, conducted the chapel exercises June

18, after which Rev. Howie made a short address to the students, advising them to improve their time and work hard, for there was always room at the top.

—Miss Lizzie Hamilton will not be in college during the coming year. She expects to teach in Venango county.

—Miss Franc Blair, formerly a student of Westminster, was the guest of Miss Carrie Hay, '86, during commencement week.

—Prof. Mitchell has been given full charge of the Greek and Latin departments. He will procure a Tutor for the under classes.

—J. C. Adair, son of one of the members of the Board of Trustees, was chosen by Prof. Thompson to assist in the Laboratory work.

—Prof. Graham's resignation was accepted, and he leaves our college next week. We are sorry to part with him, but hope that our loss will be his gain.

—Prof. and Mrs. Austin started for Greenville Thursday. They go to Boston in the fall, where Prof. expects to finish his musical course, and will not return before this time next year.

CHANGE IN CURRICULUM.

The Board of Directors at its recent meeting adopted the three studies' plan, recommended by the Faculty. In accordance with this the curriculum will be as follows:

CLASSICAL COURSE.

FRESHMAN YEAR.

First Term—Latin, Greek, Trigonometry.

Second Term—Greek, Trigonometry, Anglo-Saxon.

Third Term—Latin, Greek, Trench on words.

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

First Term—Latin, Higher Algebra, English Literature, and Shakespeare.

Second Term—Greek, Analytics, American Literature.

Third Term—Latin, Greek, Botany.

JUNIOR YEAR.

First Term—Chemistry, Physics, Latin, Greek or Calculus.

Second Term—Geology, Physics and Biology, German.

Third Term—Language—*Whitney*, Logic, German.

SENIOR YEAR.

First Term—Mental Science, Political Economy and Constitutional Law, Hebrew, German or Chemistry.

Second Term—Mental Science, and History of Philosophy, Moral Science, Hebrew, German or Chemistry.

Third Term—Astronomy, Evidences of Christianity, Hebrew, German or Chemistry.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

FRESHMAN YEAR.

First Term—Rhetoric, Physiology, English Literature, and Shakespeare.

Second Term—Geometry, Anglo-Saxon, American Literature.

Third Term—Geometry, Botany, Trench on Words.

JUNIOR YEAR.

First Term—Physics, Chemistry, Higher Algebra.

Second Term—Physics, and Biology, German, Geology.

Third Term—German, Language—*Whitney*, Logic.

SENIOR YEAR.

First Term—Political Economy and Constitutional Law, Mental Science, German or Chemistry.

Second Term—Mental Science and History of Philosophy, Moral Science, German or Chemistry.

Third Term—Astronomy, Evidence of Christianity, German or Chemistry.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

FIRST YEAR.

First Term—Geography, Grammar, Arithmetic.

Second Term—Geography, Grammar, Arithmetic.

Third Term—Grammar, Arithmetic, U. S. History.

SECOND YEAR.

First Term—Latin, Algebra, Grammar and Composition.

Second Term—Latin, Algebra, U. S. History.

Third Term—Latin, Algebra, Physical Geography.

THIRD YEAR.

First Term—Rhetoric, Greek, Physiology.

Second Term—Latin, Greek, Geometry.

Third Term—Latin, Greek, Geometry.

